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# FAUST.

## A DRAMATIC POEM.

# FAUST:

## A DRAMATIC POEM.

BY

## GOETHE.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH PROSE, WITH NOTES,

BY

A. HAYWARD, Esq.

SEVENTH EDITION.

LONDON:

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# PREFACE

TO THE

## SECOND EDITION OF THE TRANSLATION.

In this Edition much of the matter has been rearranged, the Notes are augmented by about a third, and an Appendix of some length has been annexed. The translation itself was found to require only a few verbal corrections; yet even as regards the translation, I lay the work before the public with much more confidence than formerly, both on account of the trying ordeal it has passed through, and the many advantages I have enjoyed in revising it.

It is singular (and to the student of German literature at once cheering and delightful) to see the interest which Germans of the cultivated class take in the fame of their great authors, and most particularly of Goethe. They seem willing to undergo every sort of labour to convey to foreigners a just impression of his excellence; and many German gentlemen have voluntarily undertaken the irksome task of verifying

my translation word for word by the original. The amateurs of German literature in this country, also, partake of the same spirit of enthusiasm, and I have received many valuable suggestions in consequence. My German friends will find that I have retained a few expressions objected to by them, but they must do me the justice to remember that they are as likely to err from not knowing the full force of an English idiom, as I am from not knowing the full force of a German one. Another fertile source of improvement has been afforded me by the numerous critical notices of my work.

Besides these advantages, I have recently (1833) paid another visit to Germany, during which I had the pleasure of talking over the puzzling parts of the poem with many of the most eminent living writers and artists, and some of Goethe's intimate friends and connexions. Among those, for instance, whom I have to thank for the kindest and most flattering reception, are Tieck, von Chamisso,* Franz Horn, the Baron de la Motte Fouqué, Dr. Hitzig,† Retzsch, and Madame de Goethe. M. Varnhagen von Ense, and Dr. Eckermann of Weimar (names associated by more than one relation with Goethe's), whom I unfortunately missed seeing, have each favoured me with suggestions or notes. I think, therefore, I may now venture to

* The real author of Peter Schlémil, most unaccountably attributed by the English translator to De la Motte Fouqué.

† President of the Literary Society of Berlin.

say, that the notes to this edition contain the sum of all that can be asserted with confidence as to the allusions and passages which have been made the subject of controversy.

I have no desire to prolong the discussion as to the comparative merit of prose and metrical translations; but, to prevent renewed misconstruction, I take this opportunity of briefly restating my views.

Here (it may be said) is a poem, which, in addition to the exquisite charm of its versification, is supposed to abound in philosophical notions and practical maxims of life, and to have a great moral object in view. It is written in a language comparatively unfettered by rule, presenting great facilities for the composition of words, and, by reason of its ductile qualities, naturally, as it were, and idiomatically adapting itself to every variety of versification. The author is a man whose genius inclined (as his proud position authorised) him to employ the licence thus enjoyed by the writers of his country to the full, and in the compass of this single production he has managed to introduce almost every conceivable description of metre and rhythm. The translator of such a work into English, a language strictly subjected to that "literary legislation,"* from which it is the present (perhaps idle) boast of Germany to be free, is obviously in this dilemma: he must sacrifice either metre or meaning; and in a poem which it is not uncommon to hear referred to in evi-

* Mühlenfel's Lecture.

dence of the moral, metaphysical, or theological views of the author,—which, as already intimated, has exercised a great part of its widely-spread influence by qualities that have no more necessary connection with verse than prose, it is surely best to sacrifice metre.

The dilemma was fairly stated in the Edinburgh Review:—"When people are once aware how very rare a thing a successful translation must ever be, from the nature of the case, they will be more disposed to admit the prudence of lessening the obstacles as much as possible. There will be no lack of difficulties to surmount, (of that the French school may rest assured,) after removing out of the way every restraint that can be spared. If the very measure of the original can be preserved, the delight with which our ear and imagination recognize its return, add incomparably to the triumph and the effect. Many persons, however, are prepared to dispense with this condition, who, nevertheless, shrink from extending their indulgence to a dispensation from metre altogether. But it is really the same question which a writer and his critics have to determine in both cases. If the difficulty of the particular metre, or of metre generally, can be mastered without sacrificing more on their account than they are worth, they ought undoubtedly to be preserved. What, however, in any given case, is a nation to do, until a genius shall arise who can reconcile contradictions which are too strong for ordinary hands? In the meanwhile, is it not the wisest course to make

the most favourable bargain that the nature of the dilemma offers? Unless the public is absurd enough to abjure the literature of all languages which are not universally understood, there can be no member of the public who is not dependent, in one case or another, upon translations. The necessity of this refuge for the destitute being once admitted, it follows that they are entitled to the best that can be got. What is the best? Surely that in which the least of the original is lost—least lost in those qualities which are the most important. The native air and real meaning of a work are more essential qualities than the charm of its numbers, or the embellishments and the passion of its poetic style. The first is the metal and the weight; the second is the plating and the fashion."—No. 115. pp. 112, 113.*

A writer in the Examiner speaks still more decidedly, and claims for prose translators a distinction which we should hardly have ventured to claim for ourselves:—

"Every one knows the magnificent translation left by Shelley of the *Prologue in Heaven* and the *May-Day Night-Scene*; fragments which, of themselves, have won many a young mind to the arduous study of the German language. By the industry of the present translator we learn, that many passages we have been in the habit of admiring in those translations are not

* This article has been translated into French and republished in the *Révue Britannique*.

only perversions but direct contradictions of the corresponding passages in Goethe, and that Shelley wanted a few months' study of German to make him equal to a translation of Faust. We do not think the translator need have troubled himself with any dissertation of this sort, in order to justify the design of a prose translation of Faust. 'My main object,' he says, 'in these criticisms is to shake, if not remove, the very disadvantageous impressions that have hitherto been prevalent of Faust, and keep public opinion suspended concerning Goethe, till some poet of congenial spirit shall arise capable of doing justice to this the most splendid and interesting of his works.' Why not go further than this, and contend that a mind strongly imbued with poetical feeling, and rightly covetous of an acquaintance with the poet, will not rest satisfied with anything short of as exact a rendering of his words as the different phraseology of the two languages will admit? In such a translation, be it never so well executed, we know that much is lost; but nothing that *is* lost can be enjoyed without studying the language. No poetical translation can give the rhythm and rhyme of the original; it can only substitute the rhythm and rhyme of the translator; *and for the sake of this substitute we must renounce some portion of the original sense, and nearly all the expressions; whereas, by a prose translation, we can arrive perfectly at the thoughts, and very nearly at the words of the original.* When these (as in Faust) have sprung

from the brain of an inspired master, have been brooded over, matured, and elaborated during a great portion of a life, and finally issue forth, bearing upon them the stamp of a creative authority, to what are we to sacrifice any part or particle which can be made to survive in a literal transcript or paraphrase of prose? To the pleasure of being simultaneously tickled by the metres of a native poetaster, which, if capable of giving any enjoyment at all, will find themselves better wedded to his own original thoughts, and which, were they the happiest and most musical in the world, can never ring out natural and concording music to aspirations born in another time, clime, and place, nor harmonize, like the original metres, with that tone of mind to which they should form a kind of orchestral accompaniment in its creative mood. *The sacred and mysterious union of thought with verse, twin born and immortally wedded from the moment of their common birth, can never be understood by those who desire verse translations of good poetry.*

"Nevertheless, the translator of poetry must be a poet, although he translates in prose. Such only can have sufficient feeling to taste the original to the core, combined with a sufficient mastery of language to give burning word for burning word, idiom for idiom, and the form of expression which comes most home in English for that which comes most home in German. Such a task, in fact, is one requiring a great proportion of fire, as well as delicacy and judgment, and by

no means what Dr. Johnson thought it—a task to be executed by any one who can read and understand the original."—March 24, 1833.

Another influential journal followed nearly the same line of argument:—

"To the combination—unhappily too rare—of genius and energy, few things are impossible; and we further venture to assert that, of the two undertakings, such a prose translation as the present is far more difficult than a metrical version could be, always supposing the possession of an eminent power of language, and a pure poetical taste, to be equal in the one attempt and the other."—*The Athenæum* for April 27th, 1833.

Some critics have compared a prose translation to a skeleton. The fairer comparison would be to an engraving from a picture; where we lose, indeed, the charm of colouring, but the design, invention, composition, expression, nay the very light and shade of the original, may be preserved.

It may not be deemed wholly inapplicable to remark, that unrhymed verse had to encounter, on its introduction in most countries, a much larger share of prejudiced opposition than prose translations of poetry seem destined to encounter among us. Milton found it necessary to enter on an elaborate and, it must be owned, rather dogmatical defence; and so strong was the feeling against Klopstock, that Goethe's father refused to admit the Messiah into his house on

account of its not being in rhyme, and it was read by his wife and children by stealth.*

Two weighty authorities bearing on the subject have appeared very recently:—

"Verse (says the student in Mr. Bulwer's Pilgrims of the Rhine) cannot contain the refining subtle thoughts which a great prose writer embodies; the rhyme eternally cripples it; it properly deals with the common problems of human nature which are now hackneyed, and not with the nice and philosophising corollaries which may be drawn from them. Thus, though it would seem at first a paradox, commonplace is more the element of poetry than of prose. And, sensible of this, even Schiller wrote the deepest of modern tragedies, his Fiesco, in prose."—p. 317.

This is not quoted as precisely in point, and it is only fair to add that Mr. Coleridge (indeed what else could be expected from the translator of Wallenstein?) was for verse:—

"I have read a good deal of Mr. Hayward's version, and I think it done in a very manly style; but I do not admit the argument for prose translations. I would in general rather see verse attempted in so capable a language as ours. The French cannot help themselves, of course, with such a language as theirs."
—*Table Talk*, vol. ii., p. 118.

* Dichtung und Wahrheit, b. 3. The Messiah is in hexameter verse, distinguished from the Greek and Latin hexameters by the frequent substitution of trochees for spondees.

Mr. Coleridge is here confounding general capability with capability for the purposes of translation, in which the English language is confessedly far inferior to the German, though, considering the causes of this inferiority, many may be induced to regard it more as a merit than a defect. Still the fact is undoubted, that the pliancy and elasticity of the instrument with which they work, enable the Germans to transfer the best works of other nations almost verbatim to their literature,—witness their translations of Shakespeare, in which the very puns are inimitably hit off; whilst our best translations are good only on a principle of compensation: the authors omit a great many of the beauties of their original, and, by way of set-off, insert a great many of their own. In Mr. Coleridge's Wallenstein for example:—

> "The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
> The fair humanities of old religion,
> The Power, the Beauty, and the Majesty;
> That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
> Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
> Or chasms and wat'ry depths; all these have vanished,
> They live no longer in the faith of reason."

These seven lines are a beautiful amplification of two:—

> "Die alten Fabelwesen sind nicht mehr,
> Das reizende Geschlecht ist ausgewandert."

Literally:—

> "The old fable-existences are no more,
> The fascinating race has emigrated."

With regard to the dispute about free and literal

translation, however, Mrs. Austin, by one happy reference, has satisfactorily determined the principle, and left nothing but the application in each individual case to dispute about :—

"It appears to me that Goethe alone (so far as I have seen) has solved the problem. In his usual manner he turned the subject on all sides, and saw that there are two aims of translation, perfectly distinct, nay, opposed ; and that the merit of a work of this kind is to be judged of entirely with reference to its aim.

"'There are two maxims of translation,' says he; 'the one requires that the author of a foreign nation be brought to us in such a manner that we may regard him as our own ; the other, on the contrary, demands of us that we transport ourselves over to him, and adopt his situation, his mode of speaking, his peculiarities. The advantages of both are sufficiently known to all instructed persons from masterly examples.'

"Here, then, 'the battle between free and literal translation,' as the accomplished writer of an article in the last Edinburgh Review calls it, is set at rest for ever, by simply showing that there is nothing to fight about ; that each is good with relation to its end—the one when matter alone is to be transferred, the other when matter and form."—*Characteristics of Goethe, &c.*, vol. i., pp. 32 to 34.

Few will deny that both matter and form are important in Goethe's Faust ; in such a case we want

to know, not what may be said for the author, or how his thoughts and style may be improved upon, but what he himself has said, and how he has said it. This brings me to another notion of mine, which has been rather hastily condemned. At page lxxxix of my original Preface I had said :—"Acting on his theory, he (M. Sainte-Aulaire) has given a clear and spirited, but vague and loose, paraphrase of the poem, instead of a translation of it; invariably shunning the difficulties which various meanings present, by boldly deciding upon one, instead of trying to shadow out all of them —which I regard as one of the highest triumphs a translator can achieve—and avoiding the charge of incorrectness by making it almost impossible to say whether the best construction has suggested itself or not." On this the able critic in the Edinburgh Review remarks :—"Mr. Hayward says, that one of the highest triumphs of a translator, in a passage capable of various meanings, is to shadow out them all. In reply to this, our first remark is, that his own practice, according to his own account of it, is inconsistent with his rule. In the course of his inquiries he says, that 'he has not unfrequently had three or four different interpretations suggested to him by as many accomplished German scholars, each ready to do battle for his own against the world.' What then? Does he say that he has attempted to shadow out them all? So far from it, he insists—we dare say with justice—that readers who may miss their favourite interpreta-

tion in his version of any passage, are bound to give him the credit of having wilfully 'rejected it.'"— No. 115, p. 133.

The writer contrasts, as inconsistent, passages referring to different descriptions of difficulties. The following is an example of my theory. At the beginning of the prison scene (*post*, p. 144) occurs this puzzling line:—

"Fort! dein zagen zögert den Tod heran."

Two interpretations, neither quite satisfactory, are suggested to me: it may mean either that death is advancing whilst Faust remains irresolute, or that death is accelerated by his irresolution. Having, therefore, first ascertained that the German word *zögern* corresponds with the English word *linger*, and that, in strictness, neither could be used as an active verb, I translated the passage literally: "On! thy irresolution lingers death hitherwards;" and thus shadowed out the same meanings, and gave the same scope to commentary, as the original. Of course, this is only practicable where exactly corresponding expressions can be had; for instance, in the passage to which the note at p. 157 relates, we have no corresponding expression for *Das Werdende*, and must therefore be content with a paraphrase; but, in the latter part of the same passage, I see no reason for Shelley's changing *enduring* (the plain translation of *dauernden*) into *sweet and melancholy*, nor for M. Sainte-Aulaire's

rendering the two last lines of the speech by—*et soumettez à l'épreuve de la sagesse les fantômes que de vagues désirs vous presentent*, thereby gaining nothing in point of perspicuity, when he had corresponding French expressions at his command. Not unfrequently the literal meaning of a word (as in ein *dunkler* Ehrenman), or the grammatical construction of a passage (as in *Doch hast Du Speise*, &c.) is disputed; and as it is impossible to construe two ways at once, in such instances rejection is unavoidable.

This may suffice to show the practicability of my theory in the only cases I meant it to embrace. It may be useful to show by an instance how much mischief may result from the neglect of it. The alchymical description, as explained by Mr. Griffiths (p. 173) has been generally regarded as a valuable illustration of the literary peculiarities of Goethe. Now all preceding translators, considering it as rubbish, had skipped, or paraphrased, or mistranslated it; so that the French or English reader, however well acquainted with alchymical terms, could make nothing of it. I was as much in the dark as my predecessors; but I thought that there might be something in it, though I could see nothing; I therefore translated the passage word for word, and then sent it to Mr. Griffiths. His very interesting explanation was the consequence. This may be called an extreme case, but it shows the folly of excluding or altering plain words because we ourselves are unable at the moment to interpret them;

and as a fact within my own immediate experience, I may add, that expressions seemingly indifferent in their proper places, so frequently supply the key to subsequent allusions, that a translator always incurs the risk of breaking some link in the chain of association by a change. For instance, in my first edition I followed Shelley in translating *vereinzelt sich,—masses itself*, under an idle notion that the context required it; and everybody thought me right, until Mr. Heraud (author of "The Descent into Hell," &c. &c.) proved to me that the most obvious signification (*scatters itself*) was the best, and that I had disconnected the following line and marred the continuity of the whole description by the change.

"I was wont boldly to affirm," says Mr. Coleridge, "that it would be scarcely more difficult to push a stone out from the pyramids with the bare hand, than to alter a word, or the position of a word, in Shakspeare or Milton, (in their most important works at least), without making the author say something else, or something worse, than he does say." This observation is strictly applicable to the First Part of Faust.

Again, the most beautiful expressions in poetry (such expressions as Dante is celebrated for) are often in direct defiance of rule and authority, and afford ample scope for cavilling. Is the translator to dilute or filter them, for fear of startling the reader by novelty or involving him in momentary doubt? I am sorry

to say that Mr. Coleridge has given some sanction to those who might be inclined to answer this question affirmatively. After making Wallenstein exclaim:

> "This anguish will be wearied down, I know;
> What pang is permanent with man?"

he adds in a note:—"A very inadequate translation of the original:"

> "Verschmerzen werd' ich diesen Schlag, das weiss ich,
> Denn was verschmerzte nicht der Mensch?"

Literally:

> "I shall *grieve down* this blow, of that I'm conscious;
> What does not man grieve down?"

I trust my very high and constantly expressed admiration of Mr. Coleridge, will be held some apology for the presumption of the remark—but I really see no reason for excluding the literal translation from the text.* One of our most distinguished men of letters, who knew the German poets only through translations, once complained to me that he seldom found them painting, or conveying a fine image, by a word; as in the line—

> "How sweet the moonlight *sleeps* upon that bank."

How should he, unless that mode of translation which I have thus ventured on vindicating, be pursued?

In Appendix, No. 1, I have added an analysis of the second and concluding part of Faust, just full

* Since this was written, the literal translation has been adopted. See the last edition of Coleridge's Works.

enough to give a general notion of the plot, if plot it can be called, where plot is none. I have been recommended to translate the whole, but it struck me that the scenes were too disconnected to excite much interest, and that the poetry had not substance enough to support a version into prose. As I have said already in another place,* the Second Part presents few of those fine trains of philosophic thinking, or those exquisite touches of natural feeling, which form the great attraction of the First. The principal charm will be found to consist in the idiomatic ease of the language, the spirit with which the lighter measures are struck off, and the unrivalled beauty of the descriptive passages; which last are to be found in equal number in both parts, but are the only passages of the continuation which would bear transplanting without a ruinous diminution of effect. Besides, my own opinion is, that the First Part will henceforth be read, as formerly, by and for itself; nor would I advise those who wish to enjoy it thoroughly and retain the most favourable impression of it, to look at the Second Part at all. "Goethe's Faust should have remained a fragment. The heart-thrilling last scene of the First Part, Margaret's heavenly salvation, which works so powerfully upon the mind, should have remained the last; as indeed, for sublimity and impressiveness, it perhaps stands alone in the whole circle of literature. It had a fine effect,—how Faust, in the manner of

* The Foreign Quarterly Review, No. 23, Art. 4.

the spirits that flitted round him, disappeared,—how mists veiled him from our sight, given over to inexorable Destiny, on whom, hidden from us, the duty of condemning or acquitting him devolved. The spell is now broken."*

In Appendix, No. 2, will be found an account of the Story of Faust, and the various productions in art and literature that have grown out of it.

* *Stieglitz, Sage vom Doctor Faust.*

TEMPLE, *January*, 1834.

## ADVERTISEMENT

PREFIXED TO

## THE FIRST PUBLISHED EDITION.

I COMMENCED this translation without the slightest idea of publishing it, and even when, by aid of preface and notes, I thought I had produced a book which might contribute something towards the promotion of German literature in this country, I still felt unwilling to cast it from me beyond the power of alteration or recall. I therefore circulated the whole of the first impression amongst my acquaintance, and made up my mind to be guided by the general tenor of the opinions I might receive from them. I also wished the accuracy of my version to be verified by as many examinations as possible, and I hoped to get some additional matter for the notes. "The complete explanation of an author (says Dr. Johnson) not systematic and consequential, but desultory and vagrant, abounding in casual illusions and light hints, is not to be expected from any single scholiast. What

can be known will be collected by chance from the recesses of obscure and obsolete papers (or from rare and curious books), perused commonly with some other view. Of this knowledge every man has some, and none has much; but when an author has engaged the public attention, those who can add anything to his illustration, communicate their discoveries, and time produces what had eluded diligence."

The result of the experiment has been so far satisfactory, that I am now emboldened to lay the work before the public, with some not unimportant alterations and additions suggested by subsequent inquiry or by friends.

TEMPLE, *Feb. 25th*, 1833.

# TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

## TO THE EDITION PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

THE outline of Faust's story is already familiar enough, and I have given all that I think necessary in the way of illustration or commentary in the notes. In this place, therefore, I have principally to explain the motives which led to the following hazardous and, some may think, presumptuous undertaking.

It was first suggested to me by a remark made by Mr. Charles Lamb to an honoured friend of mine :* that he had derived more pleasure from the meagre Latin versions of the Greek tragedians, than from any other versions of them he was acquainted with. The following remarks by Goethe himself confirmed me in it:—

"We Germans had the advantage that several significant works of foreign nations were first translated in an easy and clear manner. Shakspeare

* [The Rev. H. F. Cary, translator of Dante and Pindar.]—"I have read of a man who being, by his ignorance of Greek, compelled to gratify his curiosity with the Latin printed on the opposite page, declared that, from the rude simplicity of the lines, literally rendered, he formed nobler ideas of the Homeric majesty than from the laboured elegance of polished versions."—*Johnson's Life of Pope.*

translated into prose, first by Wieland, then by Eschenburg, being a reading generally intelligible and adapted to every reader, was enabled to spread rapidly, and produce a great effect. I honour both rhythm and rhyme, by which poetry first becomes poetry; but the properly deep and radically operative,—the truly developing and quickening, is that which remains of the poet, when he is translated into prose. The inward substance then remains in its purity and fulness: which, when it is absent, a dazzling exterior often deludes us with the semblance of, and, when it is present, conceals."*

This will be admitted to be very high authority in favour of prose translations of poetry; and no one who knows "Faust" will deny, that it is the poem of all others of which a prose translation is most imperatively required,—for the simple reason, that it teems with thought, and has long exercised a widely-spread influence by qualities independent of metre and rhyme. I am not aware that I can illustrate my meaning better than by the following extract from a German Review.† It forms part of a critical notice

* *Aus meinem Leben: Ditchtung und Wahrheit.*—Th. iii. b. 11. Hardly a single sentence of the English version, published under the title of Memoirs of Goethe, is to be depended upon. The translation of Shakspeare, mentioned by Goethe, was originally undertaken by Wieland, who, according to Grüber, was paid at the rate of two *Thalers* (six shillings) per sheet. He completed twenty-two of the plays; which were afterwards re-published by Eschenburg with the rest translated by himself.

† *Die Blätter für Literarische Unterhaltung.—Leipzig.*

of a work by M. Rosenkranz, and (with all its exaggeration and enthusiasm) may be taken as a fair sample of the light in which "Faust" is considered in Germany:—

"The various attempts to continue the infinite matter of Faust where Goethe drops it, although in themselves fruitless and unsuccessful, at least show in what manifold ways this great poem may be conceived, and how it presents a different side to every individuality. As the sun-beam breaks itself differently in every eye, and the starred heaven and nature are different for every soul-mirror, so it is with this immeasurable and exhaustless poem. We have illustrators and continuers of Faust, who, captivated by the practical wisdom which pervades it, considered the whole poem as one great collection of maxims of life; we have met with others who saw nothing else in it but a pantheistical solution of the enigma of existence; others again, more alive to the genius of poetry, admired only the poetical clothing of the ideas, which otherwise seemed to them to have little significance; and others again saw nothing peculiar but the felicitous exposition of a philosophical theory, and the specification of certain errors of practical life. All these are right; for from all these points of view Faust is great and significant; but whilst it appears to follow these several directions as radiations from a focus, at the same time it contains (but for the most part concealed) its peculiar, truly great, and principal

direction; and this is the reconcilement of the great contradiction of the world, the establishment of peace between the Real and the Ideal. No one who loses sight of this the great foundation of Faust, will find himself in a condition—we do not say to explain or continue, but even to read and comprehend the poem. This principal basis underlies all its particular tendencies—the religious, the philosophical, the scientific, the practical; and for this very reason is it, that the theologian, the scholar, the soldier, the man of the world, and the student of philosophy, to whatever school he may belong, are all sure of finding something to interest them in this all-embracing production."

Surely a work of which this, or anything like it, can be said, deserves to be translated as literally as the genius of our language will admit; with an almost exclusive reference to the strict meaning of the words, and a comparative disregard of the beauties which are commonly thought peculiar to poetry, should they prove irreconcileable with the sense. I am not saying that they will prove so, for the noblest conceptions and most beautiful descriptions in Faust would be noble and beautiful in any language capable of containing them, be it as unmusical and harsh as it would,—

> "As sunshine broken on a rill,
> Though turned astray, is sunshine still."

Still less am I saying that such a translation would

be the best, or should be the only one. But I venture to think that it may possess some interest and utility now; when, at the distance of nearly half a century from the first appearance of the work, nothing at all approximating to an accurate version of it exists. With one or two exceptions, all attempts by foreigners (foreigners as regards Germany, I mean), to translate even solitary scenes or detached passages from Faust, are crowded with the most extraordinary mistakes, not of words merely, but of spirit and tone; and the author's fame has suffered accordingly. For no warnings on the part of those who know and would fain manifest the truth, can entirely obviate the deteriorating influence of such versions on the mind. "I dare say," the reader replies, "that what you tell me about this translation may be right, but the author's meaning can hardly be so obscured or perverted as to prevent my forming some notion of his powers."

Now I print this translation with the view of proving to a certain number of my literary friends, and through them perhaps to the public at large, that they have hitherto had nothing from which they can form a just estimate of Faust; and with this view, and this view only, I shall prefix a few remarks on the English and French translators who have preceded me.

[Here followed remarks on Lord Francis Egerton (now Lord Ellesmere), Shelley, the author of the trans-

lation published with the English edition of Retzsch's Outlines, the author of the translated passages in Blackwood's Magazine, No. 39 (Dr. Anster), Madame de Stael, and MM. de Sainte-Aulaire, Stapfer, and Gerard. These remarks are omitted because their original purpose has been fulfilled.]

My main object in these criticisms is to shake, if not remove, the very disadvantageous impressions that have hitherto been prevalent of "Faust," and keep public opinion suspended concerning Goethe till some poet of congenial spirit shall arise, capable of doing justice to this, the most splendid and interesting of his works. By my translation, also, I shall be able to show what he is not, though it will be quite impossible for me to show what he is. "Il me reste (says M. Stapfer), à protester contre ceux qui, après la lecture de cette traduction, s'imagineraient avoir acquis une idée complète de l'original. Porté sur tel ouvrage traduit que ce soit, le jugement serait erroné; il le serait surtout à l'égard de celui-ci, à cause de la perfection continue du style. Qu'on se figure tout le charme de l'Amphitryon de Molière joint à ce que les poésies de Parny offrent de plus gracieux, alors seulement on pourra se croire dispensé de le lire."

If I do not say something of the sort, it is only because I cannot decide with what English names Molière and Parny would be most aptly replaced. The merely English reader, however, will perhaps take my simple assurance, that, from the admitted

beauty of Goethe's versification, no writer loses more by being submitted to the crucible of prose; though, at the same time, very few writers can afford to lose so much; as Dryden said of Shakspeare, if his embroideries were burnt down, there would still be silver at the bottom of the melting-pot. The bloom-like beauty of the songs, in particular, vanishes at the bare touch of a translator; as regards these, therefore, I may as well own at once that I am inviting my friends to a sort of Barmecide entertainment, where fancy must supply all the materials for banqueting. I have one comfort, however: the poets have hitherto tried their hands at them in vain; and I am backed by very high authority in declaring the most beautiful—*Meine Ruh' ist hin*—to be utterly untranslatable. Indeed, it is only by a lucky chance that a succession of simple heartfelt expressions or idiomatic felicities in one language, are ever capable of exact representation in another. Two passages already quoted appear well adapted to exemplify what I mean. When Margaret exclaims:—

"Sag Niemand dass du schon *bey* Gretchen warst,"

it is quite impossible to render in English the finely shaded meaning of *bey*. Here, therefore, Germany has the best of it, but when we translate—

"Schön war ich auch, und das war mein *verderben*,"

"I was fair too, but that was my *undoing*"—we greatly improve upon the original, and add a delicacy which I defy any German to imitate.

My only object in giving a sort of rhythmical arrangement to the lyrical parts, was to convey some notion of the variety of versification which forms one great charm of the poem. The idea was first suggested to me by Milton's translation of the Ode to Pyrrha, entitled: "Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ, rendered almost word for word without rime, according to the Latin measure, as near as the language will admit." But I have seldom, if ever, made any sacrifice of sense for the purpose of rounding a line in the lyrics or a period in the regular prose; proceeding throughout on the rooted conviction, that, if a translation such as mine be not literal, it is valueless. By literal, however, must be understood merely that I have endeavoured to convey the precise meaning of Goethe: an object often best attainable by preserving the exact form of expression employed by him, unless, indeed, it be an exclusively national one. Even then I have not always rejected it: for one great advantage to be anticipated from such translations is the naturalisation of some of those pregnant modes of expression in which the German language is so remarkably rich. Idioms, of course, belong to a wholly different category. My remarks apply only to those phrases and compounds where nothing is wanting to make an Englishman perfectly *au fait* of them, but to think out the full meaning of the words. In all such cases I translate literally, in direct defiance to those sagacious critics, who expect to catch

the spirit of a work of genius as dogs lap water from the Nile, and vote a German author unreadable unless all his own and his country's peculiarities are planed away. In short, my theory is, that if the English reader, not knowing German, be made to stand in the same relation to "Faust" as the English reader, thoroughly acquainted with German, stands in towards it—*i.e.*, if the same impressions be conveyed through the same sort of medium, whether bright or dusky, coarse or fine—the very extreme point of a translator's duty has been attained.

But though pretty confident of the correctness of this theory, I am far from certain that my practice uniformly accords with it. As the translation, however, has been executed at leisure moments, was finished many months ago, and has undergone the careful revisal of friends, I think I can answer for its general accuracy; but in a work so crowded with elliptical and idiomatic, nay even provincial, modes of expression, and containing so many doubtful allusions, as "Faust," it is morally impossible to guard against individual errors, or what, at any rate, may be represented as such by those who will not give the translator credit for having weighed and rejected the constructions they may chance to prefer. In the course of my inquiries, I have not unfrequently had three or four different interpretations suggested to me by as many accomplished German scholars, each ready to do battle for his own against the world. There are

also some few meanings which all reasonable people confess themselves unable to un-earth,—or rather, un-heaven ; for it is by rising, not sinking, that Goethe leaves his readers behind, and in nearly all such instances, we respect, despite of our embarrassment, the aspirations of a master-mind, soaring proudly up into the infinite unknown, and though failing possibly in the full extent of its aim, yet bringing back rich tokens of its flight.

"Faust" has never yet been published with notes, with the exception of a very few added to the French translations, in which none of the real difficulties are removed. I have endeavoured to supply this deficiency by bringing together all the information I could collect among an extensive circle of German acquaintance. I have also ransacked all the commentaries I could get, though nothing can be more unsatisfactory than the result. They are almost exclusively filled with trashy amplifications of the text, not unfrequently dilating into chapters what Goethe had condensed in a line. I have named the whole of them in an Appendix. That of Dr. Schubart is said to be the only one which ever received any token of approbation from Goethe. A few parallel passages from English poets will also be found in the notes. They are merely such as incidentally suggested themselves ; except, indeed, that I re-read the greater part of Wordsworth, Coleridge and Shelley, during the progress of the undertaking.

I fear it will be quite impossible for me to acknow-

ledge all the assistance I have received, but there are a few kind co-operators whom I think it a duty to name, though without their knowledge and perhaps contrary to their wish.

I certainly owe most to my old master and friend Mr. Heilner, whose consummate critical knowledge of both languages enabled him to afford the most effective aid in disentangling the perplexities of the work; and to my friend Mr. Hills, one of the best German scholars I know, in whose richly-stored mind and fine taste I found a perfect treasure-house of all that is most beautiful in the most beautiful creations of genius, and an almost infallible criterion of propriety. But it is also with pride and pleasure that I offer my best acknowledgments for very valuable aid to—Mrs. John Austin, the elegant translator of The German Prince's Tour: Dr. Bernays, Professor of the German Language and Literature at King's College, and one of those who have reflected most honour on that Institution by their works: my clever and warm-hearted friend, Mr. Heller, Attaché to the Prussian Embassy: Mr. A. Troppaneger, a German gentleman of learning and taste now residing in London: Dr. Jacob Grimm, the first philologist of this or perhaps of any age, and an eminently successful cultivator of the most interesting department of German literature besides: and last not least, A. W. von Schlegel, whose enduring claims to general admiration are at once too various to be easily enumerated and too well known to need enu-

merating. There is yet another highly distinguished friend, whose name I should have been enabled to add, had not his regretted absence in a foreign country deprived me of it. When I reflect how much I owed to him on a former occasion of the kind, I cannot contemplate the omission without a pang.*

In conclusion I have only to say, that, as I followed no one implicitly, my friends are not answerable for my mistakes; and that I shall be much obliged to any one who will suggest any amendment in the translation or any addition to the notes, as at some future time I may re-print or publish the work.

* [I alluded to Mr. G. C. Lewis, translator of Boekh's Domestic Policy of the Athenians and (with Mr. H. Tuffnell) Müller's History of the Dorians. He looked over my translations from Savigny for me.]

TEMPLE, *January 5th*, 1833.

# DEDICATION.

YE approach again, ye wavering shapes, which once, in the morning of life, presented yourselves to my troubled view! Shall I try, this time, to hold you fast? Do I feel my heart still inclined to that delusion? Ye crowd upon me! well then, ye may hold dominion over me, as ye rise around out of vapour and mist. My bosom feels youthfully agitated by the magic breath which atmospheres your train.

Ye bring with you the images of happy days, and many loved shades arise: like to an old half-expired Tradition, rises First-love, with Friendship, in their company. The pang is renewed; the plaint repeats the labyrinthine mazy course of life, and names the dear ones, who, cheated of fair hours by fortune, have vanished away before me.

They hear not the following lays—the souls to whom I sang my first. Dispersed is the friendly throng—the first echo, alas, has died away! My sorrow voices

itself to the stranger many: their very applause makes my heart sick; and all that in other days was gladdened by my song—if still living, strays scattered through the world.

And a yearning, long unfelt, for that quiet pensive Spirit-realm seizes me. 'Tis hovering even now, in half-formed tones,—my lisping lay, like the Æolian harp. A tremor seizes me: tear follows tear: the austere heart feels itself growing mild and soft. What I have, I see as in the distance; and what is gone, becomes a reality to me.

# PROLOGUE FOR THE THEATRE.

MANAGER—THEATRE-POET—MERRYMAN.

*Manager.* YE two, who have so often stood by me in need and tribulation, say, what hopes do you happen to entertain of our undertaking upon German ground? I wish very much to please the multitude, particularly because it lives and lets live. The posts, the boards, are put up, and every one looks forward to a feast. There they sit already, cool, with elevated brows, and would fain be set a wondering. I know how the spirit of the people is propitiated; yet I have never been in such a dilemma as now. True, they are not accustomed to the best, but they have read a terrible deal. How shall we manage it—that all be fresh and new, and pleasing and instructive, at once? For assuredly I like to see the multitude, when the stream rushes towards our booth, and, with powerfully-repeated undulations, forces itself through the narrow portal of grace—when, in broad day-light, already before four, they elbow their way to the paying-place, and risk breaking their necks for a ticket, as in a famine at bakers' doors for bread. It is the poet only that works this miracle on people so various—my friend, oh! do it to-day!

*Poet.* Oh! speak not to me of that motley multitude, at whose very aspect one's spirit takes flight. Veil from me that undulating throng, which sucks us, against our will, into the whirlpool. No! conduct me to the quiet, heavenly nook, where alone pure enjoyment blooms for the poet—where love and friendship, with godlike hand, create and cherish our hearts' blessings. Ah! what there hath gushed from us in the depths of the breast, what the lip stammered tremblingly to itself—now failing, and now perchance succeeding—the wild moment's sway swallows up. Often only when it has endured through years, does it appear in completed form. What glitters, is born for the moment; the genuine remains unlost to posterity.

*Merryman.* If I could but hear no more about posterity! Suppose I chose to talk about posterity, who then would make fun for cotemporaries? *That* they will have—and ought to have it. The presence of a gallant lad, too, is always something, I should think. Who knows how to impart himself agreeably—he will never be soured by popular caprice. He desires a large circle, to agitate it the more certainly. Then do but try your best, and show yourself a model. Let Fancy, with all her choruses,—Reason, Understanding, Feeling, Passion, but—mark me well—not without Folly, be heard.

*Manager.* But, most particularly, let there be incident enough. People come to look; their greatest pleasure is to see. If much is spun off before their eyes, so that the many can gape with astonishment, you have then gained in breadth immediately; you are a great favourite. You can only subdue the mass by mass. Each eventually picks out something for himself. Who brings much, will bring something to many a one, and all leave the house content. If you

give a piece, give it at once in pieces! With such a hash, you cannot but succeed. It is easily served out, as easily as invented. What avails it to present a whole? the public will pull it to pieces for you notwithstanding.

*Poet.* You feel not the baseness of such a handicraft; how little *that* becomes the true artist! The daubing of these fine sparks, I see, is already a maxim with you.

*Manager.* Such a reproof does not mortify me at all. A man who intends to work properly, must have an eye to the best tool. Consider, you have soft wood to split; and only look whom you are writing for! Whilst one is driven by ennui, the other comes satiated from a meal of too many dishes; and, what is worst of all, very many a one comes from reading the newspapers. People hurry dissipated to us, as to masquerades; and curiosity only wings every step. The ladies give themselves and their finery as a treat, and play with us without pay. What are you dreaming about on your poetical height? What is it that makes a full house merry? Look closely at your patrons! Half are cold, half raw. One hopes for a game of cards after the play; another, a wild night on the bosom of a wench. Why, poor fools that ye are, do ye give the sweet Muses much trouble for such an end? I tell you, only give more, and more, and more again; thus you can never be wide of your mark. Try only to mystify the people; to satisfy them is hard—What is come to you? Delight or pain?

*Poet.* Begone and seek thyself another servant! The poet, forsooth, is wantonly to sport away for thy sake the highest right, the right of man, which Nature bestows upon him! By what stirs he every heart? By what subdues he every element? Is it not the har-

mony—which bursts from out his breast, and sucks the world back again into his heart? When Nature, carelessly winding, forces the thread's interminable length upon the spindle; when the confused multitude of all Beings jangles out of tune and harsh,—who, life-infusing, so disposes the ever equably-flowing series, that it moves rhythmically? Who calls the Individual to the general consecration—where it strikes in glorious accords? Who bids the tempest rage to passions? the evening-red glow in the pensive spirit? Who scatters on the loved one's path all beauteous blossomings of spring? Who wreathes the unmeaning green leaves into a garland of honour for deserts of all kinds? Who ensures Olympus?—associates Gods? Man's Power revealed in the Poet.

*Merryman.* Employ these fine powers then, and carry on your poetical affairs as one carries on a love-adventure.—Accidentally one approaches, one feels, one stays, and little by little one gets entangled. The happiness increases,—then it is disturbed; one is delighted,—then comes distress; and before one is aware of it, it is even a romance. Let us also give a play in this manner. Do but grasp into the thick of human life! Every one lives it,—to not many is it known; and seize it where you will, it is interesting. Little clearness in motley images! much falsehood and a spark of truth! this is the way to brew the best liquor, which refreshes and edifies all the world. Then assembles youth's fairest flower to see your play, and listens to the revelation. Then every gentle mind sucks melancholy nourishment for itself from out your work; then one while this, and one while that, is stirred up; each one sees what he carries in his heart. They are as yet equally ready to weep and to laugh; they still honour the soaring, are pleased with the glitter.

One who is formed, there is no such thing as pleasing; one who is forming, will always be grateful.

*Poet.* Then give me also back again the times, when I myself was still forming; when a fountain of crowded lays sprang freshly and unbrokenly forth; when mists veiled the world before me,—the bud still promised miracles; when I gathered the thousand flowers which profusely filled all the dales! I had nothing, and yet enough,—the longing after truth, and the pleasure in delusion! Give me back those impulses untamed,—the deep, pain-fraught happiness, the energy of hate, the might of love!—Give me back my youth!

*Merryman.* Youth, my good friend, you want indeed, when foes press you hard in the fight,—when the loveliest of lasses cling with ardour round your neck,—when from afar, the garland of the swift course beckons from the hard-won goal,—when, after the dance's maddening whirl, one drinks away the night carousing. But to strike the familiar lyre with spirit and grace, to sweep along, with happy wanderings, towards a self-appointed aim;—that, old gentlemen, is your duty, and we honour you not the less on that account. Old age does not make childish, as men say; it only finds us still as true children.

*Manager.* Words enough have been interchanged; let me now see deeds also. Whilst you are turning compliments, something useful may be done. What boots it to stand talking about being in the vein? The hesitating never is so. If ye once give yourselves out for poets,—command poesy. You well know what we want; we would sip strong drink—now brew away immediately! What is not doing to-day is not done to-morrow; and no day should be wasted in dallying. Resolution should boldly seize the possible by the fore-

lock at once. She will then not let it go, and works on, because she cannot help it.

You know, upon our German stage, every one tries what he likes. Therefore spare me neither scenery nor machinery upon this day. Use the greater and the lesser light of heaven; you are free to squander the stars; there is no want of water, fire, rocks, beasts, and birds. So tread, in this narrow booth, the whole circle of creation; and travel, with considerate speed, from Heaven, through the World, to Hell.

# FAUST.

## PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

THE LORD—THE HEAVENLY HOSTS. *Afterwards* MEPHISTOPHELES.

*The Three Archangels come forward.*

*Raphael.* The sun chimes in, as ever, with the emulous music of his brother spheres, and performs his prescribed journey with thunder-speed. His aspect gives strength to the angels, though none can fathom him. Thy inconceivably sublime works are glorious as on the first day.

*Gabriel.* And rapid, inconceivably rapid, the pomp of the earth revolves; the brightness of paradise alternates with deep, fearful night. The sea foams up in broad waves at the deep base of the rocks; and rock and sea are whirled on in the ever rapid course of the spheres.

*Michael.* And storms are roaring as if in rivalry, from sea to land, from land to sea, and form all around a chain of the deepest ferment in their rage. There, flashing desolation flares before the path of the thunder-clap. But thy messengers, Lord, respect the mild going of thy day.

*The Three.* Thy aspect gives strength to the angels, though none can fathom thee, and all thy sublime works are glorious as on the first day.

*Mephistopheles.* Since, Lord, you approach once again, and inquire how things are going on with us, and on other occasions were generally not displeased to see me—therefore is it that you see me also among your suite. Excuse me, I cannot talk fine, not though the whole circle should cry scorn on me. My pathos would certainly make you laugh, had you not left off laughing. I have nothing to say about suns and worlds ; I only mark how men are plaguing themselves. The little god of the world continues ever of the same stamp, and is as odd as on the first day. He would lead a somewhat better life of it, had you not given him a glimmering of heaven's light. He calls it reason, and uses it only to be more brutal than every other brute. He seems to me, with your Grace's leave, like one of the long-legged grasshoppers, which is ever flying, and bounding as it flies, and then sings its old song in the grass ;—and would that he did but lie always in the grass ! He thrusts his nose into every puddle.

*The Lord.* Have you nothing else to say to me ? Are you always coming for no other purpose than to complain ? Is nothing ever to your liking upon earth ?

*Mephistopheles.* No, Lord ! I find things there, as ever, miserably bad. Men, in their days of wretchedness, move my pity ; even I myself have not the heart to torment the poor things.

*The Lord.* Do you know Faust ?

*Mephistopheles.* The Doctor ?

*The Lord.* My servant ?

*Mephistopheles.* Verily ! he serves you after a

fashion of his own. The fool's meat and drink are not of earth. The ferment impels him towards the far away. He himself is half conscious of his madness. Of heaven — he demands its brightest stars; and of earth—its every highest enjoyment; and all the near, and all the far, contents not his deeply-agitated breast.

*The Lord.* Although he does but serve me in perplexity now, I shall soon lead him into light. When the tree buds, the gardener knows that blossom and fruit will deck the coming years.

*Mephistopheles.* What will you wager? you shall lose him yet, if you give me leave to guide him quietly my own way.

*The Lord.* So long as he lives upon the earth, so long be it not forbidden to thee. Man is liable to error, whilst his struggle lasts.

*Mephistopheles.* I am much obliged to you for that; for I have never had any fancy for the dead. I like plump, fresh cheeks the best. I am not at home to a corpse. I am like the cat with the mouse.

*The Lord.* Enough, it is permitted thee. Divert this spirit from his original source, and bear him, if thou canst seize him, down on thy own path with thee. And stand abashed, when thou art compelled to own—a good man, in his dark strivings, may still be conscious of the right way.

*Mephistopheles.* Well, well,—only it will not last long. I am not at all in pain for my wager. Should I succeed, excuse my triumphing with my whole soul. Dust shall he eat, and with a relish, like my cousin, the renowned snake.

*The Lord.* There also you are free to act as you like. I have never hated the like of you. Of all the spirits that deny, the scoffer is the least offensive to

me. Man's activity is all too prone to slumber : he soon gets fond of unconditional repose ; I am therefore glad to give him a companion, who stirs and works, and must, as devil, be doing. But ye, the true children of heaven, rejoice in the living profusion of beauty. The creative essence, which works and lives through all time, embrace you within the happy bounds of love ; and what hovers in changeful seeming, do ye fix firm with everlasting thoughts.

[*Heaven closes, the Archangels disperse.*

*Mephistopheles* (*alone*). I like to see the Ancient One occasionally, and take care not to break with him. It is really civil in so great a Lord, to speak so kindly with the Devil himself.

# THE DRAMA.

## NIGHT.

FAUST *in a high-vaulted narrow Gothic chamber, seated restlessly at his desk.*

*Faust.* I have now, alas, by zealous exertion, thoroughly mastered philosophy, the jurist's craft, and medicine,—and to my sorrow, theology too. Here I stand, poor fool that I am, just as wise as before. I am called Master, ay, and Doctor, and have now for nearly ten years been leading my pupils about—up and down, crossways and crooked ways—by the nose; and see that we can know nothing! This it is that almost burns up the heart within me. True, I am cleverer than all the solemn triflers—doctors, masters, writers, and priests. No doubts nor scruples trouble me; I fear neither hell nor the devil. For this very reason is all joy torn from me. I no longer fancy I know anything worth knowing; I no longer fancy I could teach anything to better and to convert mankind. Then I have neither land nor money, nor honour and rank in the world. No dog would like to live so any longer. I have therefore devoted myself to magic—whether, through the power and voice of the Spirit, many a mystery might not become known

to me; that I may no longer, with bitter sweat, be obliged to speak of what I do not know; that I may learn what holds the world together in its inmost core, see all the springs and seeds of production, and drive no longer a paltry traffic in words.

Oh! would that thou, radiant moonlight, wert looking for the last time upon my misery; thou, for whom I have sat watching so many a midnight at this desk; then, over books and papers, melancholy friend, didst thou appear to me! Oh! that I might wander on the mountain-tops in thy loved light—hover with spirits round the mountain caves—flit over the fields in thy glimmer, and, disencumbered from all the fumes of knowledge, bathe myself sound in thy dew!

Woe is me! am I still penned up in this dungeon?—accursed, musty, walled hole!—where even the precious light of heaven breaks mournfully through painted panes, stinted by this heap of books,—which worms eat—dust begrimes—which, up to the very top of the vault, a smoke-smeared paper encompasses; with glasses, boxes ranged round, with instruments piled up on all sides, ancestral lumber stuffed in with the rest. This is thy world, and a precious world it is!

And dost thou still ask, why thy heart flutters confinedly in thy bosom?—Why a vague aching deadens within thee every stirring principle of life?—Instead of the animated nature, for which God made man, thou hast nought around thee but beasts' skeletons and dead men's bones, in smoke and mould.

Up! away! out into the wide world! And this mysterious book, from Nostradamus' own hand, is it not guide enough for thee! Thou then knowest the course of the stars, and, when nature instructs thee,

the soul's essence then rises up to thee, as one spirit speaks to another. Vain! that dull poring here expounds the holy signs to thee! Ye are hovering, ye Spirits, near me; answer me if you hear me.

[*He opens the book and perceives the sign of the Macrocosm.*

Ah! what rapture thrills all at once through all my senses at this sight! I feel fresh, hallowed life-joy, new-glowing, shoot through nerve and vein. Was it a god that traced these signs?—which still the storm within me, fill my poor heart with gladness, and, by a mystical intuition, unveil the powers of nature all around me. Am I a god? All grows so bright! I see, in these pure lines, Nature herself working in my soul's presence. Now for the first time do I conceive what the sage saith,—"The spirit-world is not closed. Thy sense is shut, thy heart is dead! Up, acolyte! bathe, untired, thy earthly breast in the morning-red." [*He contemplates the sign.*

How all weaves itself into the whole; one works and lives in the other. How heavenly powers ascend and descend, and reach each other the golden buckets,—with bliss-exhaling pinions, press from heaven through earth, all ringing harmoniously through *the* All.

What a show! but Ah! a show only! Where shall I seize thee, infinite nature? Ye breasts, where? ye sources of all life, on which hang heaven and earth, towards which the blighted breast presses —ye gush, ye suckle, and am I thus languishing in vain?

[*He turns over the book indignantly, and sees the sign of the Spirit of the Earth.*

How differently this sign affects me! Thou, Spirit of the Earth, art nearer to me. Already do I feel my energies exalted, already glow as with new

wine; I feel courage to venture into the world; to endure earthly weal, earthly woe; to wrestle with storms, and stand unshaken mid the shipwreck's crash.—Clouds thicken over me; the moon pales her light; the lamp dies away; exhalations arise; red beams flash round my head; a cold shuddering flickers down from the vaulted roof and fastens on me! I feel it—thou art flitting round me, prayer-compelled Spirit. Unveil thyself! Ah! what a tearing in my heart—all my senses are up-stirring to new sensations! I feel my whole heart surrendered to thee. Thou must—thou must!—should it cost me my life.

[*He seizes the book and pronounces mystically the sign of the Spirit. A red flame flashes up; the* SPIRIT *appears in the flame.*

*Spirit.* Who calls to me?

*Faust* (*averting his face*). Horrible vision!

*Spirit.* Thou hast compelled me hither, by dint of long sucking at my sphere. And now—

*Faust.* Torture! I endure thee not.

*Spirit.* Thou, prayest, panting, to see me, to hear my voice, to see my face. Thy powerful invocation works upon me. I am here! What pitiful terror seizes thee, the demigod! Where is the soul's calling? Where is the breast, that created a world in itself, and upbore and cherished it? which, with tremors of delight, swelled to lift itself to a level with us, the Spirits. Where art thou, Faust? whose voice rang to me, who pressed towards me with all his energies? Art thou he? thou, who, at the bare perception of my breath, art shivering through all the depths of life, a trembling, writhing worm?

*Faust.* Shall I yield to thee, child of fire? I am he, am Faust thy equal.

*Spirit.* In the tides of life,
In the storm of action,
I am tossed up and down,
I drift hither and thither,
Birth and grave,
An eternal sea,
A changeful weaving,
A glowing life—
Thus I work at the whizzing loom of time,
And weave the living clothing of the Deity.

*Faust.* Busy spirit, thou who sweepest round the wide world, how near I feel to thee!

*Spirit.* Thou art mate for the Spirit whom thou conceivest, not for me. [*The Spirit vanishes.*

*Faust* (*collapsing*). Not for thee! For whom then? I, the image of the Deity, and not mate for even thee! [*A knocking at the door.*

Oh, death! I know it: that is my amanuensis. My fairest fortune is turned to nought. That the unidea'd groveller must disturb this fulness of visions!

[WAGNER *enters in his dressing-gown and night-cap, with a lamp in his hand.* FAUST *turns round in displeasure.*

*Wagner.* Excuse me—I hear you declaiming; you were surely reading a Greek tragedy. I should like to improve myself in this art, for now-a-days it influences a good deal. I have often heard say, a player might instruct a priest.

*Faust.* Yes, when the priest is a player, as may likely enough come to pass occasionally.

*Wagner.* Ah! when a man is so confined to his study, and hardly sees the world of a holyday—hardly through a telescope, only from afar—how is he to lead it by persuasion?

*Faust.* If you do not feel it, you will not get it by

hunting for it,—if it does not gush from the soul, and subdue the hearts of all hearers with original delight. Sit at it for ever—glue together—cook up a hash from the feast of others, and blow the paltry flames out of your own little heap of ashes! You may gain the admiration of children and apes, if you have a stomach for it; but you will never touch the hearts of others, if it does not flow fresh from your own.

*Wagner.* But it is elocution that makes the orator's success. I feel well that I am still far behind hand.

*Faust.* Try what can be got by honest means—Be no tinkling fool!—Reason and good sense are expressed with little art. And when you are seriously intent on saying something, is it necessary to hunt for words? Your speeches, I say, which are so glittering, in which ye crisp the shreds of humanity, are unrefreshing as the mist-wind which whistles through the withered leaves in autumn.

*Wagner.* Oh, God! art is long, and our life is short. Often indeed, during my critical studies, do I suffer both in head and heart How hard it is to compass the means by which one mounts to the fountain-head; and before he has got half way, a poor devil must probably die!

*Faust.* Is parchment the holy well, a drink from which allays the thirst for ever? Thou hast not gained refreshment, if it gushes not from thy own soul.

*Wagner.* Excuse me! it is a great pleasure to transport one's-self into the spirit of the times; to see how a wise man has thought before us, and to what a glorious height we have at last carried it.

*Faust.* Oh, yes, up to the very stars. My friend, the past ages are to us a book with seven seals. What you term the spirit of the times, is at bottom

only your own spirit, in which the times are reflected. A miserable exhibition, too, it frequently is! One runs away from it at the first glance! A dirt-tub and a lumber-room!—and, at best, a puppet-show play, with fine pragmatical saws, such as may happen to sound well in the mouths of the puppets!

*Wagner.* But the world! the heart and mind of man! every one would like to know something about that.

*Faust.* Aye, what is called knowing! Who dares call the child by its true name? The few who have ever known anything about it, who sillily enough did not keep a guard over their full hearts, who revealed what they had felt and seen to the multitude,—these, time immemorial, have been crucified and burned. I beg, friend—the night is far advanced—for the present we must break off.

*Wagner.* I could fain have kept waking to converse with you so learnedly. To-morrow, however, the first day of Easter, permit me a question or two more. Zealously have I devoted myself to study. True, I know much; but I would fain know all. [*Exit.*

*Faust* (*alone*). How all hope only quits not the brain, which clings perseveringly to trash,—gropes with greedy hand for treasures, and exults at finding earth-worms!

Dare such a human voice sound here, where all around me teemed with spirits? Yet ah, this once I thank thee, thou poorest of all the sons of earth. Thou didst snatch me from despair, which had well-nigh got the better of sense. Alas! the vision was so giant-great, that I felt quite shrunk into a dwarf.

I, formed in God's own image, who already thought myself near to the mirror of eternal truth; who revelled, in heaven's lustre and clearness, with the

earthly part of me stripped off; I, more than cherub, whose free spirit already, in its imaginative soarings, aspired to glide through nature's veins, and, in creating, enjoy the life of gods—how must I atone for it! a thunder-word has swept me wide away.

I dare not presume to mate myself with thee. If I have possessed the power to draw thee to me, I had no power to hold thee. In that blest moment, I felt so little, so great; you cruelly thrust me back upon the uncertain lot of humanity. Who will teach me? What am I to shun? Must I obey that impulse? Alas! our actions, equally with our sufferings, clog the course of our lives.

Something foreign, and more foreign, is ever clinging to the noblest conception the mind can form. When we have attained to the good of this world, what is better is termed falsehood and vanity. The glorious feelings which gave us life, grow torpid in the worldly bustle.

If phantasy, at one time, on daring wing, and full of hope, dilates to infinity,—a little space is now enough for her, when venture after venture has been wrecked in the whirlpool of time. Care straightway nestles in the depths of the heart, hatches vague tortures there, rocks herself restlessly, and frightens joy and peace away. She is ever putting on new masks; she may appear as house and land, as wife and child, as fire, water, dagger and poison. You tremble before all that does not befall you, and must be always wailing what you never lose.

I am not like the godheads; I feel it but too deeply. I am like the worm, which drags itself through the dust,—which, as it seeks its living in the dust, is crushed and buried by the step of the passer-by.

Is it not dust? all that in a hundred shelves contracts this lofty wall—the frippery, which, with its thousand forms of emptiness, cramps me up in this moth-world? Shall I find what I want here? Must I go on reading in a thousand books, that men have every where been miserable, that now and then there has been a happy one.

Thou, hollow scull, what mean'st thou by that grin? but that thy brain, like mine, was once bewildered,—sought the bright day, and, with an ardent longing after truth, went miserably astray in the twilight?

Ye instruments are surely mocking me, with your wheels and cogs, cylinders and collars. I stood at the gate, ye were to be the key; true, your wards are curiously twisted, but you raise not the bolt. Inscrutable at broad day, nature does not suffer herself to be robbed of her veil; and what she does not choose to reveal to thy mind, thou wilt not wrest from her by levers and screws.

Thou, antiquated lumber, which I have never used, thou art here only because my father had occasion for you. Thou, old roll, hast been growing smoke-besmeared since the dim lamp first smouldered at this desk. Far better would it be for me to have squandered away the little I possess, than to be sweating here under the burthen of that little. To possess what thou hast inherited from thy sires, enjoy it. What one does not profit by, is an oppressive burden; what the moment brings forth, that only can it profit by.

But why are my looks fastened on that spot: is that phial there a magnet to my eyes? Why, of a sudden, is all so exquisitely bright, as when the moonlight breathes round one benighted in the wood?

I hail thee, thou precious phial, which I now take down with reverence ; in thee I honour the wit and art of man. Thou abstraction of kind soporific juices, thou concentration of all refined deadly essences, show thy favour to thy master ! I see thee, and the pang is mitigated ; I grasp thee, and the struggle abates ; the spirit's flood-tide ebbs by degrees. I am beckoned out into the wide sea ; the glassy wave glitters at my feet ; another day invites to other shores.

A chariot of fire waves, on light pinions, down to me. I feel prepared to permeate the realms of space, on a new track, to new spheres of pure activity. This sublime existence, this god-like beatitude ! And thou, worm but now, dost thou merit it ? Aye, only resolutely turn thy back on the lovely sun of this earth ! Dare to tear up the gates which each willingly slinks by ! Now is the time to show by deeds that man's dignity yields not to God's sublimity,—to quail not in presence of that dark abyss, in which phantasy damns itself to its own torments—to struggle onwards to that pass, round whose narrow mouth all Hell is flaming ; calmly to resolve upon the step, even at the risk of dropping into nothingness.

Now come down, pure crystal goblet, on which I have not thought for many a year,—forth from your old receptacle ! You glittered at my father's festivities ; you gladdened the grave guests, as one passed you to the other. The gorgeousness of the many artfully-wrought images,—the drinker's duty to explain them in rhyme, to empty the contents at a draught,—remind me of many a night of my youth. I shall not now pass you to a neighbour : I shall not now display my wit on your devices. Here is a juice which soon intoxicates. It fills your cavity with its brown flood. Be this last draught—which I have

brewed, which I choose—quaffed, with my whole soul, as a solemn festal greeting to the morn.

[*He places the goblet to his mouth. The ringing of bells and singing of choruses.*

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen!
Joy to the mortal,
Whom the corrupting,
Creeping, hereditary
Imperfections enveloped.

*Faust.* What deep humming, what clear strain, draws irresistibly the goblet from my mouth? Are ye hollow-sounding bells already proclaiming the first festal hour of Easter? Are ye choruses already singing the comforting hymn, which once, round the night of the sepulchre, pealed forth, from angel lips, assurance to a new covenant!

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

With spices
Had we embalmed him;
We, his faithful ones,
Had laid him out.
Clothes and bands
Cleanlily swathed we round;
Ah! and we find
Christ no more here!

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen!
Happy the loving one,
Who the afflicting,
Wholesome and chastening
Trial has stood!

*Faust.* Why, ye heavenly tones, subduing and soft, do you seek me out in the dust? Peal out, where weak men are to be found! I hear the message, but want faith. Miracle is the pet child of faith. I dare not aspire to those spheres from whence the glad tidings sound; and yet, accustomed to this sound from infancy, it even now calls me back to life. In other days, the kiss of heavenly love descended upon me in the solemn stillness of the Sabbath; then the full-toned bell sounded so fraught with mystic meaning, and a prayer was intense enjoyment. A longing, inconceivably sweet, drove me forth to wander over wood and plain, and amidst a thousand burning tears, I felt a world rise up to me. This anthem harbingered the gay sports of youth, the unchecked happiness of spring festivity. Recollection now holds me back, with childlike feeling, from the last decisive step. Oh! sound on, ye sweet heavenly strains! The tear is flowing, earth has me again.

CHORUS OF DISCIPLES.

The Buried One,
Already on high,
Living, sublime,
Has gloriously raised himself!
He is, in reviving bliss,
Near to creating joy.
Ah! on earth's bosom
Are we for suffering here!
He left us, his own,
Languishing here below!
Alas! we weep over,
Master, thy happy lot!

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen
Out of corruption's lap.
Joyfully tear yourselves
Loose from your bonds!
Ye, in deeds giving praise to him,
Love manifesting,
Breaking bread brethren-like,
Travelling and preaching him,
Bliss promising—
You is the master nigh,
For you is he here!

## BEFORE THE GATE.

*Promenaders of all kinds pass out.*

*Some Mechanics.* Why that way ?

*Others.* We are going up to the Jägerhaus.

*The Former.* But we are going to the mill.

*A Mechanic.* I advise you to go to the Wasserhof.

*A Second.* The road is not at all pleasant.

*The others.* What shall you do then ?

*A Third.* I am going with the others.

*A Fourth.* Come up to Burghdorf ; you are there sure of finding the prettiest girls and the best beer, and rows of the first order.

*A Fifth.* You wild fellow, is your skin itching for the third time ? I don't like going there ; I have a horror of the place.

*Servant Girl.* No, no, I shall return to the town.

*Another.* We shall find him to a certainty by those poplars.

*The First.* That is no great gain for me. He will walk by your side. With you alone does he dance upon the green. What have I to do with your pleasures ?

*The Second.* He is sure not to be alone to-day. The curly-head, he said, would be with him.

*Student.* The devil ! how the brave wenches step out ; come along, brother, we must go with them. Strong beer, stinging tobacco, and a girl in full trim, —that now is my taste.

*Citizen's Daughters.* Now do but look at those

fine lads! It is really a shame. They might have the best of company, and are running after these servant-girls.

*Second Student to the First.* Not so fast! there are two coming up behind; they are trimly dressed out. One of them is my neighbour; I have a great liking for the girl. They are walking in their quiet way, and yet will suffer us to join them in the end.

*The First.* No, brother. I do not like to be under restraint. Quick, lest we lose the game. The hand that twirls the mop on a Saturday, will fondle you best on Sundays.

*Townsman.* No, the new Burgomaster is not to my taste; now that he has become so, he is daily getting bolder; and what is he doing for the town? Is it not growing worse every day? One is obliged to submit to more restraints than ever, and pay more than in any time before.

*Beggar* (*sings*). Ye good gentlemen, ye lovely ladies, so trimly dressed and rosy cheeked, be pleased to look upon me, to regard and relieve my wants. Do not suffer me to sing here in vain. The free-handed only is light-hearted. Be the day, which is a holiday to all, a harvest-day to me.

*Another Townsman.* I know nothing better on Sundays and holidays than a chat of war and war's alarms, when people are fighting, behind, far away in Turkey. A man stands at the window, takes off his glass, and sees the painted vessels glide down the river; then returns home glad at heart at eve, and blesses peace and times of peace.

*Third Townsman.* Aye, neighbour, I have no objection to that; they may break one another's heads, and turn everything topsy-turvy, for aught I care; only let things at home remain as the are.

*An Old Woman to the Citizens' Daughters.* Hey dey: how smart! the pretty young creatures. Who would not be smitten with you? Only not so proud! it is all very well; and what you wish, I should know how to put you in the way of getting.

*Citizen's Daughter.* Come along, Agatha. I take care not to be seen with such witches in public; true, on Saint Andrew's eve, she showed me my future sweetheart in flesh and blood.

*The other.* She showed me mine in the glass, soldier-like, with other bold fellows; I look around, I seek him everywhere, but I can never meet with him.

*Soldier.*

Towns with lofty
Walls and battlements,
Maidens with proud
Scornful thoughts,
I fain would win.
Bold the adventure,
Noble the reward.

And the trumpets
Are our summoners
As to joy
So to death.
That is a storming,
That is a life for you!

Maidens and towns
Must surrender.
Bold the adventure,
Noble the reward—
And the soldiers
Are off.

FAUST *and* WAGNER.

*Faust.* River and rivulet are freed from ice by the gay quickening glance of the spring. The joys of hope are budding in the dale. Old winter, in his weakness, has retreated to the bleak mountains ; from thence he sends, in his flight, nothing but impotent showers of hail, in flakes, over the green-growing meadows. But the Sun endures no white. Production and growth are everywhere stirring ; he is about to enliven everything with colours. The landscape wants flowers ; he takes gaily-dressed men and women instead. Turn and look back from this rising ground upon the town. Forth from the gloomy portal presses a motley crowd. Every one suns himself so willingly to-day. They celebrate the rising of the Lord, for they themselves have arisen ;—from the damp rooms of mean houses, from the bondage of mechanical drudgery, from the confinement of gables and roofs, from the stifling narrowness of streets, from the venerable gloom of churches, are they all raised up to the open light of day. But look, look ! how quickly the mass scatters itself through the gardens and fields ; how the river, in breadth and length, tosses many a merry bark upon its surface, and how this last wherry, overladen almost to sinking, moves off. Even from the farthest paths of the mountain, gay-coloured dresses glance upon us. I hear already the bustle of the village ; here is the true heaven of the multitude ; big and little are huzzaing joyously. Here, I am a man —here, I may be one.

*Wagner.* To walk with you, Sir Doctor, is honour and profit. But I would not lose myself here alone, because I am an enemy to coarseness ef every sort. Fiddling, shouting, skittle-playing, are sounds tho-

roughly detestable to me. People run riot as if the devil was driving them, and call it merriment, call it singing.

### RUSTICS UNDER THE LIME TREE.

DANCE AND SONG.

The swain dressed himself out for the dance,
With party-coloured jacket, ribbon and garland,
Smartly was he dressed!
The ring round the lime-tree was already full,
And all were dancing like mad.
Huzza! Huzza!
Tira-lira-hara-la!
Merrily went the fiddle-stick.

He pressed eagerly in,
Gave a maiden a push
With his elbow:
The buxom girl turned round
And said—"Now that I call stupid."
Huzza! Huzza!
Tira-lira-hara-la!
"Don't be so ill bred."

Yet nimbly sped it in the ring;
They turned right, they turned left,
And all the petticoats were flying.
They grew red, they grew warm,
And rested panting arm-in-arm,
Huzza! Huzza!
Tira-lira-hara-la!
And elbow on hip.

"Have done now! don't be so fond!"
How many a man has cajoled and

Deceived his betrothed.
But he coaxed her aside,
And far and wide echoed from the lime-tree
Huzza! Huzza!
Tira-lira-hara-la!
Shouts and fiddle-sticks.

*Old Peasant.* Doctor, this is really good of you, not to scorn us to-day, and great scholar as you are, to mingle in this crowd. Take then the fairest jug, which we have filled with fresh liquor: I pledge you in it, and pray aloud that it may do more than quench your thirst—may the number of drops which it holds be added to your days!

*Faust.* I accept the refreshing draught, and wish you all health and happiness in return.

[*The people collect round him.*

*Old Peasant.* Of a surety it is well done of you, to appear on this glad day. You have been our friend in evil days, too, before now. Many a one stands here alive whom your father tore from the hot fever's rage, when he stayed the pestilence. You too, at that time a young man, went into every sick-house: many a dead body was borne forth, but you came out safe. You endured many a sore trial. The Helper above helped the helper.

*All.* Health to the tried friend—may he long have the power to help!

*Faust.* Bend before Him on high, who teaches how to help, and sends help.

[*He proceeds with Wagner.*

*Wagner.* What a feeling, great man, must you experience at the honours paid you by this multitude. Oh, happy he who can turn his gifts to so good an account. The father points you out to his boy; all

ask, and press, and hurry round. The fiddle stops, the dancer pauses. As you go by, they range themselves in rows, caps fly into the air, and they all but bend the knee as if the Host were passing.

*Faust.* Only a few steps further, up to that stone yonder! Here we will rest from our walk. Here many a time have I sat, thoughtful and solitary, and mortified myself with prayer and fasting. Rich in hope, firm in faith, I thought to extort the stoppage of that pestilence from the Lord of Heaven, with tears, and sighs, and wringing of hands. The applause of the multitude now sounds to me like derision. Oh! couldst thou read in my inmost soul, how little father and son have merited such an honour! My father was a worthy, sombre man, who, honestly but in his own way, meditated, with whimsical application, on nature and her hallowed circles; who, in the company of adepts, shut himself up in the dark laboratory, and fused contraries together after numberless recipes. There was a red lion, a bold lover, married to the lily in the tepid bath, and then both, with open flame, tortured from one bridal chamber to another. If the young queen, with varied hues, then appeared in the glass—this was the physic; the patients died, and no one inquired who recovered. Thus did we, with hellish electuaries, rage in these vales and mountains far worse than the pestilence. I myself have given the poison to thousands; they pined away, and I must survive to hear the reckless murderers praised!

*Wagner.* How can you make yourself uneasy on that account? Is it not enough for a good man to practise conscientiously and scrupulously the art that has been handed over to him? If, in youth, you honour your father, you will willingly learn from

him : if, in manhood, you extend the bounds of knowledge, your son may mount still higher than you.

*Faust.* Oh, happy he, who can still hope to emerge from this sea of error ! We would use the very thing we know not, and cannot use what we know. But let us not embitter the blessing of this hour by such melancholy reflections. See, how the green-girt cottages shimmer in the setting Sun ! He bends and sinks—the day is overlived. Yonder he hurries off, and quickens other life. Oh ! that I have no wing to lift me from the ground, to struggle after, for ever after, him ! I should see, in everlasting evening beams, the stilly world at my feet,—every height on fire,— every vale in repose,—the silver brook flowing into golden streams. The rugged mountain, with all its dark defiles, would not then break my godlike course.—Already the sea, with its heated bays, opens on my enraptured sight. Yet the god seems at last to sink away. But the new impulse wakes. I hurry on to drink his everlasting light,—the day before me and the night behind,—the heavens above, and under me the waves.—A glorious dream ! as it is passing, he is gone. Alas, no bodily wing will so easily keep pace with the wings of the mind. Yet it is the inborn tendency of our being for feeling to strive upwards and onwards ; when, over us, lost in the blue expanse, the lark sings its trilling lay : when, over rugged pine-covered heights, the outspread eagle soars ; and over marsh and sea, the crane struggles onwards to her home.

*Wagner.* I myself have often had my whimsical moments, but I never yet experienced an impulse of the kind. One soon looks one's fill of woods and fields. I shall never envy the wings of the bird. How differently the pleasures of the mind bear us,

from book to book, from page to page. With them, winter nights become cheerful and bright, a happy life warms every limb, and, ah! when you actually unroll a precious manuscript, all heaven comes down to you.

*Faust.* Thou art conscious only of one impulse. Oh, never become acquainted with the other! Two souls, alas, dwell in my breast: the one would fain separate itself from the other. The one clings, with persevering fondness, to the world, with organs like cramps of steel: the other lifts itself energetically from the mist to the realms of an exalted ancestry. Oh! if there be spirits in the air, which hover ruling 'twixt earth and heaven, descend ye, from your golden atmosphere, and lead me off to a new variegated life. Aye, were but a magic mantle mine, and could it bear me into foreign lands, I would not part with it for the costliest garments—not for a king's mantle.

*Wagner.* Invoke not the well-known troop, which diffuses itself, streaming, through the atmosphere, and prepares danger in a thousand forms, from every quarter, to man. The sharp-fanged spirits, with arrowy tongues, press upon you from the north; from the east, they come parching, and feed upon your lungs. If the south sends from the desert those which heap fire after fire upon thy brain, the west brings the swarm which only refreshes, to drown fields, meadows, and yourself. They are fond of listening, ever keenly alive for mischief: they obey with pleasure, because they take pleasure to delude; they feign to be sent from heaven, and lisp like angels when they lie. But let us be going; the earth is already grown grey, the air is chill, the mist is falling; it is only in the evening that we set a proper value on our homes. Why do you stand still, and gaze with astonishment

thus? What can thus fix your attention in the gloaming?

*Faust.* Seest thou the black dog ranging through the corn and stubble?

*Wagner.* I saw him long ago; he did not strike me as any thing particular.

*Faust.* Mark him well! for what do you take the brute?

*Wagner.* For a poodle, who, in his way, is puzzling out the track of his master.

*Faust.* Dost thou mark how, in wide spiral curves, he quests round and ever nearer us? and, if I err not, a line of fire follows upon his track.

*Wagner.* I see nothing but a black poodle; you may be deceived by some optical illusion.

*Faust.* It appears to me, that he is drawing light magical nooses, to form a toil around our feet.

*Wagner.* I see him bounding hesitatingly and shily around us, because, instead of his master, he sees two strangers.

*Faust.* The circle grows narrow; he is already close.

*Wagner.* You see, it is a dog, and no spirit. He growls and hesitates, crouches on his belly and wags with his tail—all as dogs are wont to do.

*Faust.* Come to us!—Hither!

*Wagner.* It's a droll creature of a dog. Stand still, and he will sit on his hind legs; speak to him, and he will jump upon you; lose aught, and he will fetch it to you, and jump into the water for your stick.

*Faust.* I believe you are right; I find no trace of a spirit, and all is training.

*Wagner.* Even a wise man may become attached to a dog when he is well brought up. And he richly deserves all your favour,—he, the accomplished pupil of your students, as he is. [*They enter the gate of the town.*

## FAUST'S STUDY.

FAUST *entering with the poodle.*

I have left plain and meadow veiled in deep night, which wakes the better soul within us with a holy feeling of foreboding awe. Wild desires are now sunk in sleep, with every deed of violence: the love of man is stirring—the love of God is stirring now.

Be quiet, poodle, run not hither and thither. What are you snuffling at on the threshold? Lie down behind the stove; there is my best cushion for you. As without, upon the mountain path, you amused us by running and gambolling, so now receive my kindness as a welcome quiet guest.

Ah! when the lamp is again burning friendily in our narrow cell, then all becomes clear in our bosom,—in the heart that knows itself. Reason begins to speak, and hope to bloom, again; we yearn for the streams—oh yes, for the fountain, of life.

Growl not, poodle; the brutish sound ill harmonises with the hallowed tones which now possess my whole soul. We are accustomed to see men deride what they do not understand—to see them snarl at the good and beautiful, which is often troublesome to them. Is the dog disposed to snarl at it like them? But ah! I feel already that, much as I may wish for it, contentment wells no longer from my breast. Yet why must the stream be so soon dried up, and we again lie thirsting? I have had so much experience of that! This want,

however, admits of being compensated. We learn to prize that which is not of this earth; we long for revelation, which nowhere burns more majestically or more beautifully than in the New Testament. I feel impelled to open the original text—to translate for once, with upright feeling, the sacred original into my darling German.

[*He opens a volume, and disposes himself for the task.*

It is written: "In the beginning was the Word." Here I am already at a stand—who will help me on? I cannot possibly value the Word so highly; I must translate it differently, if I am truly inspired by the spirit. It is written: "In the beginning was the Sense." Consider well the first line, that your pen be not over hasty. Is it the sense that influences and produces every thing? It should stand thus: "In the beginning was the Power." Yet, even as I am writing down this, something warns me not to keep to it. The spirit comes to my aid! At once I see my way, and write confidently: "In the beginning was the Deed."

If I am to share the chamber with you, poodle, cease your howling—cease your barking. I cannot endure so troublesome a companion near to me. One of us two must quit the cell. It is with reluctance that I withdraw the rights of hospitality; the door is open—the way is clear for you. But what do I see! Can that come to pass by natural means? Is it shadow—is it reality? How long and broad my poodle grows! He raises himself powerfully; that is not the form of a dog! What a phantom I have brought into the house!—he looks already like a hippopotamus, with fiery eyes, terrific teeth. Ah! I am sure of thee! Solomon's key is good for such a half-hellish brood.

*Spirits in the passage.*
One is caught within!
Stay without, follow none!
As in the gin the fox,
Quakes an old lynx of hell.
But take heed!
Hover thither, hover back,
Up and down,
And he is loose!
If ye can aid him,
Leave him not in the lurch!
For he has already done
Much to serve us.

*Faust.* First to confront the beast,
Use I the spell of the four:
Salamander shall glow,
Undine twine,
Sylph vanish,
Kobold be moving
Who did not know
The elements,
Their power and properties,
Were no master
Over the spirits.

Vanish in flame,
Salamander!
Rushingly flow together,
Undine!
Shine in meteor beauty,
Sylph!
Bring homely help,
Incubus! Incubus!
Step forth and make an end of it.

No one of the four sticks in the beast. He lies

undisturbed and grins at me. I have not yet made him feel. Thou shalt hear me conjure stronger.

Art thou, fellow,
A scapeling from hell!
Then see this sign!
To which bend the dark troop.

He is already swelling up with bristling hair.

Reprobate!
Can'st thou read him?—
The unoriginated,
Unpronounceable,
Through all heaven diffused,
Vilely transpierced?

Driven behind the stove, it is swelling like an elephant; it fills the whole space, it is about to vanish into mist. Rise not to the ceiling! Down at thy master's feet! Thou see'st I do not threaten in vain. I will scorch thee with holy fire. Wait not for the thrice glowing light. Wait not for the strongest of my spells.

[*Mephistopheles (comes forward as the mist sinks, in the dress of a travelling scholar, from behind a stove.*)

Wherefore such a fuss? What may be your pleasure?

*Faust.* This, then, was the kernel of the poodle! A travelling scholar? The *casus* makes me laugh.

*Mephistopheles.* I salute your learned worship. You have made me sweat with a vengeance.

*Faust.* What is thy name?

*Mephistopheles.* The question strikes me as trifling for one who rates the Word so low; who, far estranged from all mere outward seeming, looks only to the essence of things.

*Faust.* With such gentlemen as you, one may generally learn the essence from the name, since it appears but too plainly, if your name be fly-god, destroyer, liar. Now, in a word, who art thou then?

*Mephistopheles.* A part of that power, which is ever willing evil and ever producing good.

*Faust.* What is meant by this riddle?

*Mephistopheles.* I am the spirit which constantly denies, and that rightly; for everything that has originated, deserves to be annihilated. Therefore better were it that nothing should originate. Thus, all that you call sin, destruction, in a word, Evil, is my proper element.

*Faust.* You call yourself a part, and yet stand whole before me.

*Mephistopheles.* I tell you the modest truth. Although man, that microcosm of folly, commonly esteems himself a whole, I am a part of the part, which in the beginning was all; a part of the darkness which brought forth light,—the proud light, which now contests her ancient rank and space with mother night. But he succeeds not; since, strive as he will, he cleaves, as if bound, to bodies. He streams from bodies, he gives beauty to bodies, a body stops him in his course, and so, I hope, he will perish with bodies before long.

*Faust.* Now I know thy dignified calling. Thou art not able to destroy on a great scale, and so art just beginning on a small one.

*Mephistopheles.* And, to say truth, little progress has been made in it. That which is opposed to nothing —the something, this clumsy world, much as I have tried already, I have not yet learnt how to come at it,—with waves, storms, earthquakes, fire. Sea and land remain undisturbed after all! And the damned

set, the brood of brutes and men, there is no such thing as getting the better of them neither. How many I have already buried! And new fresh blood is constantly circulating! Things go on so—it is enough to make one mad! From air, water, earth—in wet, dry, hot, cold—germs by thousands evolve themselves. Had I not reserved fire, I should have nothing apart for myself.

*Faust.* So thou opposest thy cold devil's fist, clenched in impotent malice, to the ever stirring, the beneficent creating power. Try thy hand at something else, wondrous son of Chaos.

*Mephistopheles.* We will think about it in good earnest—more of that anon! Might I be permitted this time to depart?

*Faust.* I see not why you ask. I have now made acquaintance with you; call on me in future as you feel inclined. Here is the window, here the door; there is also a chimney for you.

*Mephistopheles.* To confess the truth, a small obstacle prevents me from walking out—the wizard-foot upon your threshold.

*Faust.* The Pentagram embarrasses you? Tell me then, thou child of hell, if that repels thee, how cam'st thou in? How was such a spirit entrapped?

*Mephistopheles.* Mark it well; it is not well drawn; one angle, the outward one, is, as thou see'st, a little open.

*Faust.* It is a lucky accident. Thou shouldst be my prisoner then? This is a chance hit.

*Mephistopheles.* The poodle observed nothing when he jumped in. The thing looks differently now; the devil cannot get out.

*Faust.* But why do you not go through the window?

*Mephistopheles.* It is a law binding on devils and phantoms, that they must go out the same way they stole in. The first is free to us; we are slaves as regards the second.

*Faust.* Hell itself has its laws? I am glad of it; in that case a compact, a binding one, may be made with you gentlemen?

*Mephistopheles.* What is promised, that shalt thou enjoy to the letter; not the smallest deduction shall be made from it. But this is not to be discussed so summarily, and we will speak of it the next time. But I most earnestly beg of you to let me go this once.

*Faust.* Wait yet another moment, and tell me something worth telling.

*Mephistopheles.* Let me go now! I will soon come back; you may then question me as you like.

*Faust.* I have laid no snare for thee; thou hast run into the net of thy own free will. Let whoever has got hold of the devil, keep hold of him; he will not catch him a second time in a hurry.

*Mephistopheles.* If you like, I am ready to stay and keep you company here, but upon condition that I may beguile the time properly for you by my arts.

*Faust.* I shall attend with pleasure; you may do so, provided only that the art be an agreeable one.

*Mephistopheles.* My friend, you will gain more for your senses in this one hour, than in the whole year's monotony. What the delicate spirits sing to you, the lovely images which they call up, are not an unsubstantial play of enchantment. Your smell will be charmed, you will then delight your palate, and then your feelings will be entranced. No preparation is necessary; we are all assembled—strike up!

SPIRITS.

Vanish ye dark
Arched ceilings above!
More charmingly look in
The friendly blue sky!
Were the dark clouds
Melted away!
Little stars sparkle,
Softer suns shine in.
Etherial beauty
Of the children of heaven,
Tremulous bending
  Hovers across;
Longing desire
  Follows after.
And the fluttering
Ribbons of drapery
Cover the plains,
Cover the bower,
Where lovers,
Deep in thought,
Give themselves for life.
Bower on bower!
Sprouting tendrils!
Down-weighing grapes
Gush into the vat
Of the hard-squeezing press.
The foaming wines
Gush in brooks,
Rustle through
Pure, precious stones,
Leave the heights
Behind them lying,
Broaden to seas

Around the charm of
Green-growing hills.
And the winged throng
Sips happiness,
Flies to meet the sun,
Flies to meet the bright
Isles, which dancingly
Float on the waves;
Where we hear
Shouting in choruses,
Where we see
Dancers on meads;
All in th' open air
Disporting alike.
Some are clambering
Over the heights,
Others are swimming
Over the seas,
Others are hovering—
All towards the life,
All towards the far away
Loving stars of
Bliss-giving grace.

*Mephistopheles.* He slumbers! Well done, my airy, delicate youngsters! Ye have fairly sung him to sleep. I am your debtor for this concert. Thou art not yet the man to hold fast the devil! Play round him with sweet dreamy visions; plunge him in a sea of illusion. But to break the spell of this threshold I need a rat's tooth. I have not to conjure long; one is already rustling hither, and will hear me in a moment.

The lord of rats and mice, of flies, frogs, bugs and lice, commands thee to venture forth and gnaw this

threshold so soon as he has smeared it with oil. Thou com'st hopping forth already! Instantly to the work! The point which repelled me is towards the front on the ledge; one bite more, and it is done.—Now Faust, dream on, till we meet again.

*Faust* (*waking*). Am I then once again deceived? Does the throng of spirits vanish thus? Was it in a lying dream that the devil appeared to me, and was it a poodle that escaped?

## FAUST'S STUDY.

FAUST.—MEPHISTOPHELES.

*Faust.* Does any one knock? Come in! Who wants to disturb me again?

*Mephistopheles.* It is I.

*Faust.* Come in.

*Mephistopheles.* You must say so three times.

*Faust.* Come in, then!

*Mephistopheles.* So far, so good. We shall go on very well together, I hope; for, to chase away your fancies, I am here, like a youth of condition, in a coat of scarlet laced with gold, a mantle of stiff silk, a cock's feather in my hat, and a long pointed sword at my side. And to make no more words about it, my advice to you is to array yourself in the same manner immediately, that unrestrained, emancipated, you may try what life is.

*Faust.* In every dress, I dare say, I shall feel the torture of the contracted life of this earth. I am too old to do nothing but play, too young to be without a wish. What can the world afford me!—"Thou shalt renounce!" "Thou shalt renounce!" That is the eternal song which rings in every one's ears; which, our whole life long, every hour is hoarsely singing to us. In the morning I wake only to horror. I would fain weep bitter tears to see the day, which, in its course, will not accomplish a wish for me, no, not one; which, with wayward captiousness, weakens even the presentiment of every joy, and disturbs the

creation of my busy breast by a thousand ugly realities. Then again, when night comes round, I must stretch myself in anguish on my bed ; here, too, no rest is vouchsafed to me ; wild dreams are sure to harrow me up. The God, that dwells in my bosom, that can stir my inmost soul, that sways all my energies—he is powerless as regards things without ; and thus existence is a load to me, death an object of earnest prayer, and life detestable.

*Mephistopheles.* And yet death is never an entirely welcome guest.

*Faust.* Oh ! happy the man around whose brows he wreathes the bloody laurel in the glitter of victory —whom, after the maddening dance, he finds in a maiden's arms. Oh that I had sunk away, enrapt, exanimate, before the great spirit's power !

*Mephistopheles.* And yet a certain person did not drink a certain brown juice on a certain night.

*Faust.* Playing the spy, it seems, is thy amusement.

*Mephistopheles.* I am not omniscient ; but I know much.

*Faust.* Since a sweet familiar tone drew me from those thronging horrors, and played on what of childlike feeling remained in me with the concording note of happier times,—my curse on every thing that entwines the soul with its jugglery, and spell-binds it in this den of wretchedness with blinding and flattering influences. Accursed, first, be the lofty opinion in which the mind wraps itself ! Accursed, the blinding of appearances, by which our senses are subdued ! Accursed, what plays the pretender to us in dreams, —the cheat of glory, of the lasting of a name ! Accursed, what flatters us as property, as wife and child, as slave and plough ! Accursed be Mammon when

he stirs us to bold deeds with treasures, when he smooths our couch for indolent delight! My curse on the balsam-juice of the grape! My curse on that highest grace of love! My curse on Hope, my curse on Faith, and my curse, above all, on Patience!

CHORUS OF SPIRITS (*invisible*).

Woe, woe,
Thou hast destroyed it,
The beautiful world,
With violent hand;
It tumbles, it falls abroad.
A demigod has shattered it to pieces!
We bear away
The wrecks into nothingness,
And wail over
The beauty that is lost.
Mighty
Among the sons of earth,
Proudlier
Build it again,
Build it up in thy bosom!
A new career of life,
With unstained sense
Begin,
And new lays
Shall peal out thereupon.

*Mephistopheles.* These are the little ones of my train. Listen, how, with wisdom beyond their years, they counsel you to pleasure and action. Out into the world, away from solitariness, where senses and juices stagnate—would they fain lure you.

Cease to trifle with your grief—which, like a vulture, feeds upon your vitals. The worst company

will make you feel that you are a man among men. Yet I do not mean to thrust you amongst the pack. I am none of your great men; but if, united with me, you will wend your way through life, I will readily accommodate myself to be yours upon the spot. I am your companion; and, if it suits you, your servant, your slave!

*Faust.* And what am I to do for you in return?

*Mephistopheles.* For that you have still a long day of grace.

*Faust.* No, no; the devil is an egoist, and is not likely to do, for God's sake, what is useful to another. Speak the condition plainly out; such a servant is a dangerous inmate.

*Mephistopheles.* I will bind myself to your service *here*, and never sleep nor slumber at your call. When we meet on *the other side*, you shall do as much for me.

*Faust.* I care little about *the other side:* if you first knock this world to pieces, the other may arise afterwards if it will. My joys flow from this earth, and this sun shines upon my sufferings: if I can only separate myself from them, what will and can, may come to pass. I will hear no more about it—whether there be hating and loving in the world to come, and whether there be an Above or Below in those spheres too.

*Mephistopheles.* In this mood, you may venture. Bind yourself; and during these days, you shall be delighted by my arts; I will give thee what no human being ever saw yet.

*Faust.* What, poor devil, wilt thou give? Was a man's mind, in its high aspiring, ever comprehended by the like of thee? But if thou hast food which satisfies not; ruddy gold which, volatile, like quicksilver, melts away in the hand; a game, at which

one never wins; a maiden, who, on my breast, is already ogling my neighbour; the bright godlike joy of honour, which vanishes like a meteor!—Show me the fruit which rots before it is plucked, and trees which every day grow green anew.

*Mephistopheles.* Such a task affrights me not. I have such treasures at my disposal. But, my good friend, the time will come round when we may feast on what is really good in peace.

*Faust.* If ever I stretch myself, calm and composed, upon a couch, be there at once an end of me. If thou canst ever flatteringly delude me into being pleased with myself—if thou canst cheat me with enjoyment, be that day my last. I offer the wager.

*Mephistopheles.* Done!

*Faust.* And my hand upon it! If I ever say to the passing moment—"Stay, thou art so fair!" then mayst thou cast me into chains; then will I readily perish; then may the death-bell toll; then art thou free from thy service. The clock may stand, the index-hand may fall: be time a thing no more for me!

*Mephistopheles.* Think well of it; we shall bear it in mind.

*Faust.* You have a perfect right so to do. I have formed no rash estimate of myself. As I drag on, I am a slave; what care I, whether thine or another's.

*Mephistopheles.* This very day, at the doctor's feast, I shall enter upon my duty as servant. Only one thing—to guard against accidents, I must trouble you for a line or two.

*Faust.* Pedant, dost thou, too, require writing? Hast thou never known man nor man's word? Is it not enough that my word of mouth disposes of my days for all eternity? Does not the world rave on in

all its currents, and am I to be bound by a promise? Yet this prejudice is implanted in our hearts: who would willingly free himself from it? Happy the man who bears truth pure in his breast; he will never have cause to repent any sacrifice! But a parchment, written and stamped, is a spectre which all shrink from. The word dies away in the very pen; in wax and leather is the mastery. What, evil spirit, wouldst thou of me? Brass, marble, parchment, paper? Shall I write with style, graver, pen? I leave the choice to thee.

*Mephistopheles.* How can you put yourself in a passion and overwork your rhetoric in this manner? Any scrap will do: you will subscribe your name with a drop of blood.

*Faust.* If this will fully satisfy you, the whim shall be complied with.

*Mephistopheles.* Blood is quite a peculiar sort of juice.

*Faust.* But fear not that I shall break this compact. What I promise, is precisely what all my energies are striving for. I have aspired too high: I belong only to thy class. The Great Spirit has spurned me; Nature shuts herself against me. The thread of thought is snapped; I have long loathed every sort of knowledge. Let us quench our glowing passions in the depths of sensuality; let every wonder be forthwith prepared beneath the hitherto impervious veil of sorcery. Let us cast ourselves into the rushing of time, into the rolling of accident. There pain and pleasure, success and disappointment, may succeed each other as they will—man's proper element is restless activity.

*Mephistopheles.* Nor end nor limit is prescribed to you. If it is your pleasure to sip the sweets of every

thing, to snatch at all as you fly by, much good may it do you—only fall to and don't be coy.

*Faust.* I tell thee again, pleasure is not the question: I devote myself to the intoxicating whirl;—to the most agonizing enjoyment—to enamoured hate—to animating vexation. My breast, cured of the thirst of knowledge, shall henceforth bare itself to every pang. I will enjoy in my own heart's core all that is parcelled out among mankind; grapple in spirit with the highest and deepest; heap the weal and woe of the whole race upon my breast, and thus dilate my own individuality to theirs, and perish also, in the end, like them.

*Mephistopheles.* Oh, believe me, who many thousand years have chewed the cud on this hard food, that, from the cradle to the bier, no human being digests the old leaven. Believe a being like me, this Whole is only made for a god. *He* exists in an eternal halo; *us* he has brought forth into darkness; and only day and night are proper for *you*.

*Faust.* But I will.

*Mephistopheles.* That is well enough to say! But I am only troubled about one thing; time is short, art is long. I should suppose you would suffer yourself to be instructed. Take a poet to counsel; make the gentleman set his imagination at work, and heap all noble qualities on your honoured head,—the lion's courage, the stag's swiftness, the fiery blood of the Italian, the enduring firmness of the North. Make him find out the secret of combining magnanimity with cunning, and of being in love, after a set plan, with the burning desires of youth. I myself should like to know such a gentleman—I would call him Mr. Microcosm.

*Faust.* What, then, am I, if it be not possible to

attain the crown of humanity, which every sense is striving for?

*Mephistopheles.* Thou art in the end—what thou art. Put on wigs with million of curls—set thy foot upon ell-high socks,—thou abidest ever what thou art.

*Faust.* I feel it; in vain have I scraped together and accumulated all the treasures of the human mind upon myself; and when I sit down at the end, still no new power wells up within: I am not a hair's breadth higher, nor a whit nearer the Infinite.

*Mephistopheles.* My good Sir, you see things precisely as they are ordinarily seen; we must manage matters better, before the joys of life pass away from us. What the deuce! you have surely hands and feet, and head and——. And what I enjoy with spirit, is that then the less my own? If I can pay for six horses, are not their powers mine? I dash along and am a proper man, as if I had four-and-twenty legs. Quick, then, have done with poring, and straight away into the world with me. I tell you, a fellow that speculates is like a brute driven in a circle on a barren heath by an evil spirit, whilst fair green meadow lies everywhere around.

*Faust.* How shall we set about it?

*Mephistopheles.* We will just start and take our chance. What a place of martyrdom! what a precious life to lead!—wearying one's self and a set of youngsters to death. Leave that to your neighbour, Mr. Paunch! Why will you plague yourself to thrash straw? The best that you can know, you dare not tell the lads. Even now I hear one in the passage.

*Faust.* I cannot possibly see him.

*Mephistopheles.* The poor boy has waited long; he must not be sent away disconsolate. Come, give me

your cap and gown: the mask will become me to admiration. [*He changes his dress.*

Now trust to my wit. I require but a quarter of an hour. In the mean time prepare for our pleasant trip.

[*Exit* FAUST.

MEPHISTOPHELES *in* FAUST'S *gown.*

Only despise reason and knowledge, the highest strength of humanity; only permit thyself to be confirmed in delusion and sorcery-work by the spirit of lies,—and I have thee unconditionally. Fate has given him a spirit which is ever pressing onwards uncurbed, —whose overstrained striving o'erleaps the joys of earth. Him will I drag through the wild passages of life, though vapid unmeaningness. He shall sprawl, stand amazed, stick fast,—and meat and drink shall hang, for his insatiableness, before his craving lips: he shall pray for refreshment in vain; and had he not already given himself up to the devil, he would, notwithstanding, inevitably be lost. [*A* STUDENT *enters.*

*Student.* I am but just arrived, and come, full of devotion, to pay my respects to, and make acquaintance with, a man whom all name to me with reverence.

*Mephistopheles.* I am flattered by your politeness. You see a man, like many others. Have you yet made any inquiry elsewhere?

*Student.* Interest yourself for me, I pray you. I come with every good disposition, a little money, and youthful spirits; my mother could hardly be brought to part with me, but I would fain learn something worth learning in the world.

*Mephistopheles.* You are here at the very place for it.

*Student.* Honestly speaking, I already wish myself away. These walls, these halls, are by no means to my taste. The space is exceedingly confined; there is not a tree, nothing green, to be seen; and in the lecture-rooms, on the benches,—hearing, sight, and thinking fail me.

*Mephistopheles.* It all depends on habit. Thus, at first, the child does not take kindly to the mother's breast, but soon finds a pleasure in nourishing itself. Just so will you daily experience a greater pleasure at the breasts of wisdom.

*Student.* I shall hang delightedly upon her neck: do but tell me how I am to attain it.

*Mephistopheles.* Tell me before you go further, what faculty you fix upon?

*Student.* I should wish to be profoundly learned, and should like to comprehend what is upon earth or in heaven, science and nature.

*Mephistopheles.* You are here upon the right scent; but you must not suffer your attention to be distracted.

*Student.* I am heart and soul in the cause. A little relaxation and pastime, to be sure, would not come amiss on bright summer holidays.

*Mephistopheles.* Make the most of time, it glides away so fast. But method teaches you to gain time. For this reason, my good friend, I advise you to begin with a course of logic. In this study, the mind is well broken in,—laced up in Spanish boots, so that it creeps circumspectly along the path of thought, and runs no risk of flickering, ignis-fatuus-like, in all directions. Then many a day will be spent in teaching you that one, two, three—is necessary for that which formerly you hit off at a blow, as easily as eating and drinking. It is with the fabric of thought as with a weaver's master-piece; where one treadle moves a thousand

threads: the shuttles shoot backwards and forwards: the threads flow unseen: ties, by thousands, are struck off at a blow. Your philosopher,—he steps in and proves to you, it must have been so: the first would be so, the second so, and therefore the third and fourth so; and if the first and second were not, the third and fourth would never be. The students of all countries put a high value on this, but none have become weavers. He who wishes to know and describe anything living, seeks first to drive the spirit out of it; he has then the parts in his hand; only, unluckily, the spiritual bond is wanting. Chemistry terms it *encheiresis naturæ*, and mocks herself without knowing it.

*Student.* I cannot quite comprehend you.

*Mephistopheles.* You will soon improve in that respect, if you learn to reduce and classify all things properly.

*Student.* I am so confounded by all this, I feel as if a mill-wheel was turning round in my head.

*Mephistopheles.* In the next place, before everything else, you must set to at metaphysics. There see that you conceive profoundly what is not made for human brains. A fine word will stand you in stead for what enters and what does not enter there. And be sure, for this half-year, to adopt the strictest regularity. You will have five lectures every day. Be in as the clock strikes. Be well prepared beforehand with the paragraphs carefully conned, that you may see the better that he says nothing but what is in the book; yet write away as zealously as if the Holy Ghost were dictating to you.

*Student.* You need not tell me that a second time. I can imagine how useful it is. For what one has in black and white, one can carry home in comfort.

*Mephistopheles.* But choose a faculty.

*Student.* I cannot reconcile myself to jurisprudence.

*Mephistopheles.* I cannot much blame you. I know the nature of this science. Laws descend, like an inveterate hereditary disease; they trail from generation to generation, and glide imperceptibly from place to place. Reason becomes nonsense; beneficence, calamity. Woe to thee that thou art a grandson! Of the law that is born with us—of that, unfortunately, there is never a question.

*Student.* You increase my repugnance. Oh, happy he, whom you instruct. I should almost like to study theology.

*Mephistopheles.* I do not wish to mislead you. As for this science, it is so difficult to avoid the wrong way; there is so much hidden poison in it, which is hardly to be distinguished from the medicine. Here, again, it is best to attend but one master, and swear by his words. Generally speaking, stick to words; you will then pass through the safe gate into the temple of certainty.

*Student.* But there must be some meaning connected with the word.

*Mephistopheles.* Right! only we must not be too anxious about that; for it is precisely where meaning fails that a word comes in most opportunely. Disputes may be admirably carried on with words; a system may be built with words; words form a capital subject for belief; a word admits not of an iota being taken from it.

*Student.* Your pardon, I detain you by my many questions, but I must still trouble you. Would you be so kind as to add a pregnant word or two on medicine. Three years is a short time, and the field, God knows, is far too wide. If one has but a hint, one can feel one's way along further.

*Mephistopheles* (*aside*). I begin to be tired of the prosing style. I must play the devil true to character again. [*Aloud.*

The spirit of medicine is easy to be caught; you study through the great and little world, and let things go on in the end—as it pleases God. It is vain that you wander scientifically about; no man will learn more than he can; he who avails himself of the passing moment—that is the proper man. You are tolerably well built, nor will you be wanting in boldness, and if you do but confide in yourself, other souls will confide in you. In particular, learn how to treat the women: their eternal ohs! and ahs! so thousandfold, are to be cured from a single point, and if you only assume a moderately demure air, you will have them all under your thumb. You must have a title, to convince them that your art is superior to most others, and then you are admitted from the first to all those little privileges which another spends years in coaxing for. Learn how to feel the pulse adroitly, and boldly clasp them, with hot wanton looks, around the tapering hip, to see how tightly it is laced.

*Student.* There is some sense in that; one sees at any rate the where and the how.

*Mephistopheles.* Grey, my dear friend, is all theory, and green the golden tree of life.

*Student.* I vow to you, all is as a dream to me. Might I trouble you another time to hear your wisdom speak upon the grounds.

*Mephistopheles.* I am at your service, to the extent of my poor abilities.

*Student.* I cannot possibly go away without placing my album in your hands. Do not grudge me this token of your favour.

*Mephistopheles.* With all my heart.

[*He writes and gives it back.*

*Student* (*reads*). Eritis sicut Deus, scientes bonum et malum.

[*He closes the book reverentially, and takes his leave.*

*Mephistopheles.* Only follow the old saying and my cousin the snake, and some time or other you, with your likeness to God, will be sorry enough.

*Faust* (*enters*). Whither now?

*Mephistopheles.* Where you please; to see the little, then the great world. With what joy, what profit, will you revel through the course!

*Faust.* But with my long beard, I want the easy manners of society. I shall fail in the attempt. I never knew how to present myself in the world; I feel so little in the presence of others. I shall be in a constant state of embarrassment.

*Mephistopheles.* My dear friend, all that will come of its own accord; so soon as you feel confidence in yourself, you know the art of life.

*Faust.* How, then, are we to start? Where are your carriages, horses, and servants.

*Mephistopheles.* We have but to spread out this mantle; that shall bear us through the air. Only you will take no heavy baggage on this bold trip. A little inflammable air, which I will get ready, will lift us quickly from this earth; and if we are light, we shall mount rapidly. I wish you joy of your new course of life.

## AUERBACH'S CELLAR IN LEIPZIG.

(*Drinking bout of merry Fellows.*)

*Frosch.* Will no one drink? no one laugh? I will teach you to grin. Why, you are like wet straw to-day, yet at other times you blaze brightly enough.

*Brander.* That is your fault; you contribute nothing towards it: no nonsense, no beastliness—

*Frosch* (*throws a glass of wine over Brander's head*). There are both for you!

*Brander.* You double hog!

*Frosch.* Why, you wanted me to be so.

*Siebel.* Out with him who quarrels! With open heart strike up the song! swill and shout! holla, holla, ho!

*Altmayer.* Woe is me! I am a lost man. Cotton, here! the knave splits my ears.

*Siebel.* It is only when the vault echoes again, that one feels the true power of the bass.

*Frosch.* Right: out with him who takes anything amiss. A! taralara, da!

*Altmayer.* A! taralara!

*Frosch.* Our throats are tuned. [*He sings.*

"The dear, holy Romish empire, how holds it still together?"

*Brander.* A nasty song! psha, a political song! an offensive song! Thank God every morning of your life, that you have not the Romish empire to care for. I, at least, esteem it no slight gain that I

am not emperor nor chancellor. But we cannot do without a head. We will choose a pope. You know what sort of qualification turns the scale, and elevates the man.

*Frosch* (*sings*). Soar up, Madam Nightingale, give my sweetheart ten thousand greetings for me.

*Siebel.* No greeting to the sweetheart; I will not hear of it.

*Frosch.* Greeting to the sweetheart, and a kiss too! Thou shalt not hinder me. [*He sings.*

Open bolts! in stilly night.
Open bolts! the lover wakes.
Shut bolts! at morning's dawn.

*Siebel.* Aye, sing, sing on, and praise and celebrate her; my turn for laughing will come. She has taken me in; she will do the same for you. May she have a hobgoblin for a lover! He may toy with her on a cross way. An old he-goat, on his return from the Blocksberg, may wicker good night to her on the gallop. A hearty fellow of genuine flesh and blood is far too good for the wench. I will hear of no greeting, unless it be to smash her windows.

*Brander* (*striking on the table.*) Attend, attend; listen to me! You gentlemen must allow me to know something of life. Love-sick folks sit here, and I must give them something suitable to their condition by way of good night. Attend! a song of the newest cut! and strike boldly in with the chorus.

[*He sings.*

"There was a rat in the cellar, who lived on nothing but fat and butter, and had raised himself up a paunch fit for Doctor Luther himself. The cook had laid poison for him; then the world became too hot for him, as if he had love in his body.

*Chorus.* "As if he had love in his body."

"He ran round, he ran out, he drank of every puddle; he gnawed and scratched the whole house, but his fury availed nothing; he gave many a bound of agony; the poor beast was soon done for, as if he had love in his body.

*Chorus.* "As if," &c.

"He came running into the kitchen, for sheer pain, in open daylight, fell on the earth and lay convulsed, and panted pitiably. Then the poisoner exclaimed, with a laugh—Ha! he is at his last gasp, as if he had love in his body."

*Chorus.* "As if," &c.

*Siebel.* How the flats chuckle! It is a fine thing, to be sure, to lay poison for the poor rats.

*Brander.* They stand high in your favour, I dare say.

*Altmayer.* The bald-pated paunch! The misadventure makes him humble and mild. He sees in the swollen rat his own image drawn to the life.

FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES.

*Mephistopheles.* Before all things else, I must bring you into merry company, that you may see how lightly life may be passed. These people make every day a feast. With little wit and much self-complacency, each turns round in the narrow circle-dance, like kittens playing with their tails. So long as they have no headache to complain of, and so long as they can get credit from their host, they are merry and free from care.

*Brander.* They are just off a journey; one may see as much from their strange manner. They have not been here an hour.

*Frosch.* Thou art right; Leipsic is the place for me: it is a little Paris, and gives its folks a finish.

*Siebel.* What do you take the strangers to be?

*Frosch.* Let me alone; in the drinking of a bumper I will worm it out of them as easily as draw a child's tooth. They appear to me to be noble; they have a proud and discontented look.

*Brander.* Mountebanks to a certainty, I wager.

*Altmayer.* Likely enough.

*Frosch.* Now mark; I will smoke them.

*Mephistopheles to Faust.* These people would never scent the devil, if he had them by the throat.

*Faust.* Good morrow, gentlemen.

*Siebel.* Thanks, and good morrow to you.

[*Aside, looking at* MEPHISTOPHELES *askance.*

Why does the fellow halt on one foot?

*Mephistopheles.* Will you permit us to sit down with you. We shall have company to cheer us instead of good liquor, which is not to be had.

*Altmayer.* You seem a very dainty gentleman.

*Frosch.* I dare say you are lately from Rippach? Did you sup with Mr. Hans before you left?

*Mephistopheles.* We passed him without stopping to-day. The last time we spoke to him, he had much to say of his cousins; he charged us with compliments to each. [*With an inclination towards* FROSCH.

*Altmayer* (*aside*). Thou hast it there! he knows a thing or two.

*Siebel.* A knowing fellow!

*Frosch.* Only wait, I shall have him presently.

*Mephistopheles.* If I am not mistaken, we heard some practised voices singing in chorus? No doubt singing must echo admirably from this vaulted roof.

*Frosch.* I dare say you are a dilettante.

*Mephistopheles.* Oh, no! The power is weak, but the desire is strong.

*Altmayer.* Give us a song.

*Mephistopheles.* As many as you like.

*Siebel.* Only let it be bran new.

*Mephistopheles.* We are just returned from Spain, the fair land of wine and song. [*He sings.*

"There was once upon a time a king who had a great flea"—

*Frosch.* Hark! A flea! Did you catch that? A flea is a fine sort of chap.

*Mephistopheles* (*sings*). "There was once upon a time a king; he had a great flea, and was as fond of it as if it had been his own son. Then he called his tailor; the tailor came. 'There, measure the youngster for clothes, and measure him for breeches.'"

*Brander.* Only don't forget to impress it on the tailor to measure with the greatest nicety, and, as he loves his head, to make the breeches sit smoothly.

*Mephistopheles* (*sings*). "He was now attired in velvet and silk, had ribbons on his coat, had a cross besides, and was forthwith made minister, and had a great star. Then his brothers and sisters also became great folks. And the ladies and gentlemen at court were dreadfully tormented; from the queen to the waiting-woman they were pricked and bitten, yet dared not crack nor scratch them away. But we crack and stifle fast enough when one pricks.

*Chorus.* "But we crack," &c.

*Frosch.* Bravo! bravo! That was capital.

*Siebel.* So perish every flea.

*Brander.* Point your fingers, and nick them cleverly.

*Altmayer.* Liberty for ever! Wine for ever!

*Mephistopheles.* I would willingly drink a glass in honour of liberty, were your wine a thought better.

*Siebel.* You had better not let us hear that again!

*Mephistopheles.* I am afraid the landlord would feel hurt, or I would treat these worthy gentlemen out of our own stock.

*Siebel.* O, bring it in; I take the blame upon myself.

*Frosch.* Give us a good glass, and we shall not be sparing of our praise; only don't let your samples be too small; for if I am to give an opinion, I require a regular mouthful.

*Altmayer* (*aside*). They are from the Rhine, I guess.

*Mephistopheles.* Bring a gimlet.

*Brander.* What for? You surely have not the casks at the door?

*Altmayer.* Behind there, is a tool-chest of the landlord's.

*Mephistopheles* (*taking the gimlet, to* FROSCH). Now say, what wine would you wish to taste?

*Frosch.* What do you mean? Have you so many sorts?

*Mephistopheles.* I give every man his choice.

*Altmayer* (*to* FROSCH). Ah! you begin to lick your lips already.

*Frosch.* Well! if I am to choose, I will take Rhine wine. Our father-land affords the very best of gifts.

*Mephistopheles* (*boring a hole in the edge of the table where* FROSCH *is sitting*). Get a little wax to make stoppers immediately.

*Altmayer.* Ah! these are jugglers' tricks.

*Mephistopheles* (*to* BRANDER). And you?

*Brander.* I choose champagne, and let it be right sparkling.

[MEPHISTOPHELES *bores; one of the others has in the mean time prepared the wax-stoppers and stopped the holes.*

One cannot always avoid what is foreign; what is

good often lies so far off. A true German cannot abide Frenchmen, but willingly drinks their wines.

*Siebel* (*as* MEPHISTOPHELES *approaches him*). I must own I do not like acid wine; give me a glass of genuine sweet.

*Mephistopheles* (*bores*). You shall have Tokay in a twinkling.

*Altmayer*. No, gentlemen; look me in the face. I see plainly you are only making fun of us.

*Mephistopheles*. Ha! ha! that would be taking too great a liberty with such distinguished guests. Quick! only speak out at once. What wine can I have the pleasure of serving you with?

*Altmayer*. With any! only don't lose time in asking. [*After all the holes are bored and stopped.*

*Mephistopheles* (*with strange gestures*).

The vine bears grapes.
The he-goat bears horns.
Wine is juicy, vines are wood;
The wooden table can also give wine.
A deep glance into nature!
Behold a miracle, only have faith;
Now draw the stoppers and be merry.

*All* (*as they draw the stoppers, and the wine he chose runs into each man's glass*). Oh! beautiful spring, that flows for us!

*Mephistopheles*. Only take care not to spill any of it. [*They drink repeatedly.*

*All* (*sing*).

We are as happy as cannibals,
As five hundred swine.

*Mephistopheles*. These people are now in their glory; mark how merry they are.

*Faust*. I should like to be off now.

*Mephistopheles.* But first attend; their brutishness will display itself right gloriously.

*Siebel* (*drinks carelessly; the wine is spilt upon the ground, and turns to flame*). Help! fire! help! Hell is burning.

*Mephistopheles* (*conjuring the flame*). Be quiet, friendly element. (*To* SIEBEL.) This time it was only a drop of the fire of purgatory.

*Siebel.* What may that be? Hold! you shall pay dearly for it. It seems that you do not know us.

*Frosch.* He had better not try that a second time.

*Altmayer.* I think we had better send him packing quietly.

*Siebel.* What, Sir, dare you play off your hocus-pocus here?

*Mephistopheles.* Silence, old wine-butt.

*Siebel.* Broomstick! will you be rude to us too?

*Brander.* But hold! or blows shall rain.

*Altmayer* (*draws a stopper from the table*; *fire flies out against him*). I burn! I burn!

*Siebel.* Sorcery; thrust home! the knave is fair game. [*They draw their knives and fall upon* MEPHISTOPHELES.

*Mephistopheles* (*with solemn gestures*).

False form and word,
Change sense and place.
Be here, be there!

[*They stand amazed and gaze on each other.*

*Altmayer.* Where am I? What a beautiful country!

*Frosch.* Vineyards! Can I believe my eyes?

*Siebel.* And grapes close at hand!

*Brander.* Here, under these green leaves, see, what a stem! see what a bunch!

[*He seizes* SIEBEL *by the nose. The others do the same one with the other, and brandish their knives.*

*Mephistopheles* (*as before*). Error, loose the band-

age from their eyes! And do ye remember the devil's mode of jesting!.

[*He disappears with* FAUST. *The fellows start back from one another.*

*Siebel.* What's the matter?

*Altmayer.* How?

*Frosch.* Was that thy nose?

*Brander* (*to* SIEBEL). And I have thine in my hand!

*Altmayer.* It was a shock which thrilled through every limb! Give me a chair, I am sinking.

*Frosch.* No, do but tell me; what has happened?

*Siebel.* Where is the fellow? If I meet with him, it shall be as much as his life is worth.

*Altmayer.* I myself saw him at the cellar door, riding out upon a cask. My feet feel as heavy as lead.

[*Turning towards the table.*

My! I wonder whether the wine is running still?

*Siebel.* It was all a cheat, a lie, and a make-believe.

*Frosch.* Yet it seemed to me as if I was drinking wine.

*Brander.* But how was it with the grapes?

*Altmayer.* Let any one tell me after that, that one is not to believe in wonders!

## WITCH'S KITCHEN.

*A large cauldron is hanging over the fire on a low hearth. Different figures are seen in the fumes which rise from it. A Female Monkey is sitting by the cauldron and skimming it, and taking care that it does not run over. The Male Monkey is seated near with the young ones, and warming himself. The walls and ceiling are hung with the strangest articles of Witch furniture.*

*Faust.* I loathe this mad concern of witchcraft. Do you promise me that I shall recover in this chaos of insanity. Do I need an old hag's advice? And will this mess of cookery really take thirty years from my body? Woe is me, if you know of nothing better! Hope is already gone. Has nature and has a noble spirit discovered no sort of balsam?

*Mephistopheles.* My friend, now again you speak wisely! There is also a natural mode of renewing youth. But it is in another book, and is a strange chapter.

*Faust.* Let me know it.

*Mephistopheles.* Well! to have a mean without money, physician, or sorcery: betake thyself straightway to the field, begin to hack and dig, confine thyself and thy sense within a thoroughly contracted circle; support thyself on simple food; live with beasts as a beast, and think it no robbery to manure the land you crop. That is the best way, believe me, to keep you young to eighty.

*Faust.* I am not used to it. I cannot bring myself to take the spade in hand. The confined life does not suit me at all.

*Mephistopheles.* Then you must have recourse to the witch after all.

*Faust.* But why the old woman in particular? Cannot you brew the drink yourself?

*Mephistopheles.* That were a pretty pastime! I would rather build a thousand bridges in the time. Not art and science only, but patience is required for the job. A quiet spirit is busy at it for years; time only makes this fine fermented liquor strong. And the ingredients are exceedingly curious. The devil, it is true, has taught it her, but the devil cannot make it. (*Perceiving the* MONKEYS). See what a pretty breed! That is the lass—that the lad. (*To the* MONKEYS). It seems your mistress is not at home?

*The Monkeys.*

At the feast,
Out of the house,
Out and away by the chimney-stone.

*Mephistopheles.* How long does she usually rake?

*The Monkeys.* Whilst we are warming our paws.

*Mephistopheles* (*to* FAUST). What think you of the pretty creatures?

*Faust.* The most disgusting I ever saw.

*Mephistopheles.* Nay, a discourse like the present is precisely what I am fondest of engaging in. (*To the* MONKEYS). Tell me, accursed whelps, what are ye stirring up with the porridge?

*Monkeys.* We are cooking coarse beggars' broth.

*Mephistopheles.* You will have plenty of customers.

*The He Monkey* (*approaches and fawns on* MEPHISTOPHELES).

O quick throw the dice,
And make me rich—
And let me win!
My fate is a sorry one,
And had I money
I should not want for consideration.

*Mephistopheles.* How happy the monkey would think himself, if he could only put into the lottery.

[*The Young* MONKEYS *have, in the mean time, been playing with a large globe, and roll it forwards.*

*The He Monkey.*

That is the world;
It rises and falls,
And rolls unceasingly.
It rings like glass:
How soon breaks that?
It is hollow within;
It glitters much here,
And still more here—
I am alive!
My dear son,
Keep thee aloof;
Thou must die!
It is of clay,
This makes potsherds.

*Mephistopheles.* What is the sieve for?

*The He Monkey* (*takes it down*). Wert thou a thief, I should know thee at once.

[*He runs to the female and makes her look through.*

Look through the sieve!
Dost thou recognise the thief?
And darest not name him?

*Mephistopheles* (*approaching the fire*). And this pot?

*The Monkeys.*

The half-witted sot!
He knows not the pot!
He knows not the kettle!

*Mephistopheles.* Uncivil brute!

*The He Monkey.* Take the brush here, and sit down on the settle. [*He makes* MEPHISTOPHELES *sit down.*

*Faust* (*who all this time has been standing before a*

*looking-glass, now approaching and now standing off from it*). What do I see? What a heavenly image shows itself in this magic mirror! O Love! lend me the swiftest of thy wings, and bear me to her region! Ah! when I do not remain upon this spot, when I venture to go near, I can only see her as in a mist. The loveliest image of a woman! Is it possible, is woman so lovely? Must I see in these recumbent limbs the innermost essence of all Heavens? Is there anything like it upon earth?

*Mephistopheles.* When a God first works hard for six days, and himself says bravo at the end, it is but natural that something clever should come of it. For this time look your fill. I know where to find out such a love for you, and happy he whose fortune it is to bear her home as a bridegroom.

[FAUST *continues looking into the mirror.* MEPHISTOPHELES, *stretching himself on the settle and playing with the brush, continues speaking.*

Here I sit, like the king upon his throne; here is my sceptre—I only want the crown.

*The Monkeys* (*who have hitherto been playing all sorts of strange antics, bring* MEPHISTOPHELES *a crown, with loud acclamations*). Oh, be so good as to glue the crown with sweat and blood.

[*They handle the crown awkwardly, and break it into two pieces, with which they jump about.*

Now it is done.
We speak and see;
We hear and rhyme—

*Faust* (*before the mirror*). Woe is me! I am becoming almost mad!

*Mephistopheles* (*pointing to the* MONKEYS). My own head begins to totter now.

*The Monkeys.*

—And if we are lucky—
And if things fit,
Then there are thoughts.

*Faust* (*as before*). My breast is beginning to burn. Do but let us begone immediately.

*Mephistopheles* (*in the same position*). Well, no one can deny, at any rate, that they are sincere poets.

[*The cauldron, which the She* MONKEY *has neglected, begins to boil over; a great flame arises, which streams up the chimney. The* WITCH *comes shooting down through the flame with horrible cries.*

*The Witch.*

Ough, ough, ough, ough!
Damned beast! Accursed sow!
Neglecting the cauldron, scorching your dame—
Cursed beast!

[*Espying* FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES.

What now?
Who are ye?
What would ye here?
Who hath come slinking in?
The plague of fire
Into your bones!

[*She dips the skimming ladle into the cauldron, and sprinkles flames at* FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, *and the* MONKEYS. *The* MONKEYS *whimper.*

*Mephistopheles* (*who inverts the brush which he holds in his hand, and strikes amongst the glasses and pots*).

To pieces!
To pieces!
There lies the porridge!
There lies the glass!

It is only carrying on the jest—beating time, thou carrion, to thy melody.

[*As the* WITCH *steps back in rage and amazement.*

Dost thou know me, thou atomy, thou scarecrow? Dost thou know thy lord and master? What is there to hinder me from striking in good earnest, from dashing thee and thy monkey-spirits to pieces? Hast thou no more any respect for the red doublet? Canst thou not distinguish the cock's feather? Have I concealed this face? Must I then name myself?

*The Witch.* O master, pardon this rough reception. But I see no cloven foot. Where then are your two ravens?

*Mephistopheles.* This once, the apology may serve. For, to be sure, it is some while since we saw each other. The march of intellect too, which licks all the world into shape, has even reached the devil. The northern phantom is now no more to be seen. Where do you see horns, tail, and claws? And as for the foot, which I cannot do without, it would prejudice me in society; therefore, like many a gallant, I have worn false calves these many years.

*The Witch* (*dancing*). I am almost beside myself, to see the gallant Satan here again.

*Mephistopheles.* The name, woman, I beg to be spared.

*The Witch.* Wherefore? What has it done to you?

*Mephistopheles.* It has been long written in story books; but men are not the better for that; they are rid of the wicked one, the wicked have remained. You may call me Baron, that will do very well. I am a cavalier, like other cavaliers. You doubt not of my gentle blood; see here, this is the coat of arms I bear!

[*He makes an unseemly gesture.*

*The Witch* (*laughs immoderately*). Ha, ha! That is in your way. You are the same mad wag as ever.

*Mephistopheles* (*to* FAUST). My friend, attend to this. This is the way to deal with witches.

*The Witch.* Now, sirs, say what you are for.

*Mephistopheles.* A good glass of the juice you wot of. I must beg you to let it be of the oldest. Years double its power.

*The Witch.* Most willingly. Here is a bottle out of which I sometimes sip a little myself; which, besides, no longer stinks the least. I will give you a glass with pleasure. (*Aside*). But if this man drinks it unprepared, you well know he cannot live an hour.

*Mephistopheles.* He is a worthy friend of mine, on whom it will have a good effect. I grudge him not the best of thy kitchen. Draw thy circle, spell thy spells, and give him a cup full.

[*The* WITCH, *with strange gestures, draws a circle and places rare things in it; in the mean time, the glasses begin to ring, and the cauldron to sound, and make music. Lastly, she brings a great book, and places the* MONKEYS *in the circle, who are made to serve her for a reading desk and hold the torches. She signs to* FAUST *to approach.*

*Faust* (*to* MEPHISTOPHELES). But tell me what is to come of all this? This absurd apparatus, these frantic gestures, this most disgusting jugglery—I know them of old and thoroughly abominate them.

*Mephistopheles.* Pooh! that is only fit to laugh at. Don't be so fastidious. As medicîner she is obliged to play off some hocus-pocus, that the dose may operate well on you. [*He makes* FAUST *enter the circle.*

*The Witch* (*with a strong emphasis, begins to declaim from the book*).

You must understand,
Of one make ten,
And let two go,
And three make even;
Then art thou rich.
Lose the four.

Out of five and six,
So says the Witch,
Make seven and eight,
Then it is done,
And nine is one,
And ten is none.
That is the witches one-times-one.

*Faust.* It seems to me that the hag is raving.

*Mephistopheles.* There is a good deal more of it yet —I know it well ; the whole book is to the same tune. I have wasted many an hour upon it, for a downright contradiction remains equally mysterious to wise folks and fools. My friend, the art is old and new. It has ever been the fashion to spread error instead of truth by three and one, and one and three. It is taught and prattled uninterruptedly. Who will concern themselves about dolts ? Men are wont to believe, when they hear only words, that there must be something in it.

*The Witch continues.*

The high power
Of knowledge,
Hidden from the whole world !
And he who thinks not,
On him is it bestowed ;
He has it without trouble.

*Faust.* What sort of nonsense is she reciting to us ? My head is splitting ! I seem to hear a hundred thousand idiots declaiming in full chorus.

*Mephistopheles.* Enough, enough, excellent Sibyl ! Hand us thy drink, and fill the cup to the brim without more ado ; for this draught will do my friend no harm. He is a man of many grades, who has taken many a good gulp already.

[*The* WITCH *with many ceremonies pours the liquor into a cup ; as* FAUST *lifts it to his mouth a light flame arises.*

Down with it at once. Do not stand hesitating. It

will soon warm your heart. Are you hail-fellow well-met with the devil, and afraid of fire?

[*The* WITCH *dissolves the circle*—FAUST *steps out.*

Now forth at once! You must not rest.

*The Witch.* Much good may the draught do you.

*Mephistopheles* (*to the* WITCH). And if I can do any thing to pleasure you, you need only mention it to me on Walpurgis' night.

*The Witch.* Here is a song! if you sing it occasionally, it will have a particular effect on you.

*Mephistopheles* (*to* FAUST). Come quick, and be guided; it is absolutely necessary for you to perspire, to make the spirit work through blood and bone. I will afterwards teach you to value the nobility of idleness, and you will feel ere long, with heartfelt delight, how Cupid bestirs himself and bounds hither and thither.

*Faust.* Let me only look another moment in the glass. That female form was too, too lovely.

*Mephistopheles.* Nay, nay; you shall soon see the model of all womankind in flesh and blood. (*Aside.*) With this draught in your body, you will soon see an Helen in every woman.

## THE STREET.

*Faust* (MARGARET *passing by*). My pretty lady, may I take the liberty of offering you my arm and escort?

*Margaret.* I am neither lady, nor pretty, and can go home by myself.

[*She disengages herself, and exit.*

*Faust.* By heaven, this girl *is* lovely! I have never seen the like of her. She is so well-behaved and virtuous, and something snappish withal. The redness of her lip, the light of her cheek—I shall never forget them all the days of my life. The manner in which she cast down her eyes is deeply stamped upon my heart; and how tart she was—it was absolutely ravishing! [MEPHISTOPHELES *enters.*

*Faust.* Hark, you must get me the girl.

*Mephistopheles.* Which?

*Faust.* She passed but now.

*Mephistopheles.* What, she? She came from her confessor, who absolved her from all her sins. I stole up close to the chair. It is an innocent little thing, that went for next to nothing to the confessional. Over her I have no power.

*Faust.* Yet she is past fourteen!

*Mephistopheles.* You positively speak like Jack Rake, who covets every sweet flower for himself, and fancies that there is neither honour nor favour which is not to be had for the plucking. But this will not always do.

*Faust.* My good Mr. Sermoniser, don't plague me with your morality. And, in a word, I tell you this:

if the sweet young creature does not lie this very night in my arms, at midnight our compact is at an end.

*Mephistopheles.* Consider what is possible. I need a fortnight, at least, only to find an opportunity.

*Faust.* Had I but seven hours clear, I should not want the devil's assistance to seduce such a child.

*Mephistopheles.* You talk now almost like a Frenchman: but don't fret about it, I beg. What boots it to go straight to enjoyment? The delight is not so great by far, as when you have kneaded and moulded the doll on all sides with all sorts of nonsense, as many a French story teaches.

*Faust.* But I have appetite without all that.

*Mephistopheles.* Now, seriously and without offence, I tell you once for all, that the lovely girl is not to be had in such a hurry; nothing here is to be taken by storm; we must have recourse to stratagem.

*Faust.* Get me something belonging to the angel. Carry me to her place of repose; get me a kerchief from her bosom, a garter of my love.

*Mephistopheles.* That you may see my anxiety to minister to your passion,—we will not lose a moment; this very day I will conduct you to her chamber.

*Faust.* And shall I see her? have her?—

*Mephistopheles.* No. She will be at a neighbour's. In the meantime, you, all alone, and in her atmosphere, may feast to satiety on future joys.

*Faust.* Can we go now?

*Mephistopheles.* It is too early.

*Faust.* Get me a present for her. [*Exit.*

*Mephistopheles.* Making presents directly! That 's capital! That 's the way to succeed! I know many a fine place and many a long-buried treasure. I must look them over a bit. [*Exit*

## EVENING.

*A neat little Room.*

*Margaret* (*braiding and binding up her hair*). I would give something to know who that gentleman was to-day! He had a gallant bearing, and is of a noble family I am sure. I could read that on his brow; besides, he would not else have been so impudent.

[*Exit.*

MEPHISTOPHELES—FAUST.

*Mephistopheles.* Come in—as softly as possible—only come in!

*Faust* (*after a pause*). Leave me alone, I beg of you.

*Mephistopheles* (*looking round*). It is not every maiden that is so neat. [*Exit.*

*Faust* (*looking round*). Welcome, sweet twilight, that pervades this sanctuary! Possess my heart, delicious pangs of love, you who live languishing on the dew of hope! What a feeling of peace, order, and contentment breathes round! What abundance in this poverty! What bliss in this cell!

[*He throws himself upon the leathern easy chair by the side of the bed.*

Oh! receive me, thou, who hast welcomed, with open arms, in joy and sorrow, the generations that are past. Ah, how often has a swarm of children clustered about this patriarchal throne. Here, perhaps, in gratitude for her Christmas-box, with the warm round cheek of childhood—has my beloved piously kissed the withered

hand of her grandsire. Maiden, I feel thy spirit of abundance and order breathe round me—that spirit which daily instructs thee like a mother—which bids thee spread the cloth neatly upon the table and curl the sand at thy feet. Dear hand! so godlike! you make the hut a heaven; and here—(*He lifts up a bed-curtain*) —what blissful tremor seizes me! Here could I linger for whole hours! Nature! here, in light dreams, you matured the born angel. Here lay the child! its gentle bosom filled with warm life; and here, with weavings of hallowed purity, the divine image developed itself.

And thou, what has brought thee hither? How deeply moved I feel! What would'st thou here? Why grows thy heart so heavy? Poor Faust, I no longer know thee.

Am I in an enchanted atmosphere? I panted so for instant enjoyment, and feel myself dissolving into a dream of love. Are we the sport of every pressure of the air?

And if she entered this very moment, how would'st thou atone for thy guilt! The big boaster, alas, how small! would lie, dissolved away, at her feet.

*Mephistopheles.* Quick! I see her coming below.

*Faust.* Away, away! I return no more.

*Mephistopheles.* Here is a casket tolerably heavy. I took it from somewhere else. Only place it instantly in the press here. I swear to you, she will be fairly beside herself. I put baubles in it to gain another; but child is child, and play is play.

*Faust.* I know not—shall I?

*Mephistopheles.* Is that a thing to ask about? Perchance you mean to keep the treasure for yourself? In that case I advise you to spare the precious hours for your lusts, and further trouble to me. I hope you

are not avaricious. I scratch my head, rub my hands—
[*He places the casket in the press and closes the lock.*
But away, quick!—to bend the sweet young creature to your heart's desire; and now you look as if you were going to the lecture-room—as if Physic and Metaphysic were standing grey and bodily before you there. But away! [*Exeunt.*

*Margaret* (*with a lamp*). It feels so close, so sultry here. [*She opens the window*]. And yet it is not so very warm without. I begin to feel I know not how. I wish my mother would come home. I tremble all over; but I am a silly, timid woman.

[*She begins to sing as she undresses herself.*

SONG.

There was a king in Thule,
Faithful even to the grave,
To whom his dying mistress
Gave a golden goblet.

He prized nothing above it;
He emptied it at every feast;
His eyes overflowed as often
As he drank out of it.

And when he came to die,
He reckoned up the cities in his kingdom;
He grudged none of them to his heir,
But not so with the goblet.

He sat at the royal banquet,
With his knights around him,
In his proud ancestral hall, there
In his castle on the sea.

There stood the old toper,
Took a parting draught of life's glow,
And threw the hallowed goblet
Down into the waves.

He saw it splash, fill, and sink
Deep into the sea;
His eyes fell, he never
Drank a drop more.

[*She opens the press to put away her clothes, and perceives the casket.*

How came this beautiful casket here? I am sure I locked the press. It is very strange! What is in it, I wonder? Perhaps some one brought it as a pledge, and my mother lent upon it. A little key hangs by the ribbon; I have a good mind to open it. What is this? Good heavens! look! I have never seen anything like it in all my born days! A set of trinkets! a countess might wear such on the highest festival. How would the chain become me? To whom can such finery belong?

[*She puts them on, and walks before the looking-glass.*

If the earrings were but mine! one cuts quite a different figure in them. What avails your beauty, young maiden? That may be all pretty and good, but they let it all be. You are praised, half in pity; but after gold presses—on gold hangs—everything.—Alas, for us poor ones!

## PUBLIC WALK.

FAUST *walking up and down thoughtfully. To him*

*Mephistopheles.* By all despised love! By the elements of hell! Would that I knew something worse to curse by!

*Faust.* What is the matter? What is it that pinches you so sharply? I never saw such a face in my life!

*Mephistopheles.* I could give myself to the devil directly, were I no devil myself.

*Faust.* Is your brain disordered? It becomes you truly, to rave like a madman.

*Mephistopheles.* Only think! A priest has carried off the jewels provided for Margaret. The mother gets sight of the thing, and begins at once to have a secret horror of it. Truly the woman hath a fine nose, is ever snuffling in her prayer-book, and smells in every piece of furniture whether the thing be holy or profane; and she plainly smells out in the jewels, that there was not much blessing in them. "My child," said she, "unrighteous wealth ensnares the soul, consumes the blood. We will consecrate it to the Mother of God; she will gladden us with heavenly manna." Margaret made a wry face; it is after all, thought she, a gift horse; and truly, he cannot be godless, who brought it here so handsomely. The mother sent for a priest. Scarcely had he heard the jest, but he seemed well pleased with the sight. He spoke: "This shows a good disposition; who conquers himself,—he is the gainer. The church has a good

stomach; she has eaten up whole countries, and has never yet over-eaten herself. The church alone, my good women, can digest unrighteous wealth."

*Faust.* That is a general custom; a Jew and a King can do it too.

*Mephistopheles.* So saying he swept off clasp, chain and ring, as if they were so many mushrooms; thanked them neither more nor less than if it had been a basket of nuts; promised them all heavenly reward—and very much edified they were.

*Faust.* And Margaret—

*Mephistopheles.* Is now sitting full of restlessness; not knowing what to do with herself; thinks day and night on the trinkets, and still more on him who brought them to her.

*Faust.* My love's grief distresses me. Get her another set immediately. The first were no great things after all.

*Mephistopheles.* Oh! to be sure, all is child's play to the gentleman!

*Faust.* Do it, and order it as I wish. Stick close to her neighbour. Don't be a milk-and-water devil; and fetch a fresh set of jewels.

*Mephistopheles.* With all my heart, honoured Sir.

[FAUST *exit.*

A love-sick fool like this puffs away into the air, sun, moon, and stars, by way of pastime for his mistress.

## THE NEIGHBOUR'S HOUSE.

*Martha* (*alone*). God forgive my dear husband; he has not acted well towards me. He goes straight away into the world, and leaves me widowed and lonely. Yet truly I never did anything to vex him; God knows I loved him to my heart. (*She weeps*). Perhaps he is actually dead. Oh, torture! Had I but a certificate of his death!

MARGARET *enters.*

*Margaret.* Martha!

*Martha.* What is the matter, Margaret?

*Margaret.* My knees almost sink under me! I have found just such another casket in my press, of ebony, and things quite grand, far costlier than the first.

*Martha.* You must say nothing about it to your mother. She would carry it to the confessional again.

*Margaret.* Now, only see! do but look at them!

*Martha* (*dresses her up in them*). Oh! you happy creature.

*Margaret.* Unfortunately, I must not be seen in them in the street, nor in the church.

*Martha.* Do but come over frequently to me, and put on the trinkets here in private. Walk a little hour up and down before the looking-glass; we shall have our enjoyment in that. And then an occasion offers, a holiday happens, where, little by little, one lets folks see them;—first a chain, then the pearl ear-

rings. Your mother, perhaps, will not observe it, or one may make some pretence to her.

*Margaret.* But who could have brought the two caskets? There is something not right about it.

[*Some one knocks.*

*Margaret.* Good God! can that be my mother?

*Martha* (*looking through the blinds*). It is a stranger —come in!

*Mephistopheles* (*enters*). I have made free to come in at once; I have to beg pardon of the ladies.

[*He steps back respectfully on seeing* MARGARET.

I came to inquire after Mrs. Martha Schwerdtlein.

*Martha.* I am she; what is your pleasure, Sir?

*Mephistopheles* (*aside to her*). I know you now—that is enough. You have a visitor of distinction there. Excuse the liberty I have taken. I will call again in the afternoon.

*Martha* (*aloud*). Only think, child—of all things in the world! this gentleman takes you for a lady.

*Margaret.* I am a poor young creature. Oh! Heavens, the gentleman is too obliging. The jewels and ornaments are none of mine.

*Mephistopheles.* Ah! it is not the jewels alone. She has a mien, a look, so striking. How glad I am that I may stay.

*Martha.* What do you bring then? I am very curious—

*Mephistopheles.* I wish I had better news. I hope you will not make me suffer for it. Your husband is dead, and sends you his compliments.

*Martha.* Is dead! the good soul! Oh, woe is me! My husband is dead! Ah, I shall die!

*Margaret.* Dear, good Martha, don't despair.

*Mephistopheles.* Listen to the melancholy tale.

*Margaret.* For this reason I should wish never to

be in love for all the days of my life. The loss would grieve me to death.

*Mephistopheles.* Joy must have sorrow—sorrow, joy.

*Martha.* Relate to me the close of his life.

*Mephistopheles.* He lies buried in Padua at St. Antony's, in a well-consecrated spot for an eternally cool bed of rest.

*Martha.* Have you nothing else for me?

*Mephistopheles.* Yes, a request, big and heavy! be sure to have three hundred masses sung for him. For the rest, my pockets are empty.

*Martha.* What! not a coin by way of token? Not a trinket? what every journeyman mechanic husbands at the bottom of his pouch, saved as a keepsake, and rather starves, rather begs—

*Mephistopheles.* Madam, I am very sorry. But he really has not squandered away his money. He also bitterly repented of his sins; aye, and bewailed his ill-luck still more.

*Margaret.* Ah! that mortals should be so unlucky! Assuredly I will sing many a *requiem* for him.

*Mephistopheles.* You deserve to be married directly. You are a sweet girl.

*Margaret.* Oh, no, there is time enough for that.

*Mephistopheles.* If not a husband, then a gallant in the meantime. It were one of the best gifts of heaven to have so sweet a thing in one's arms.

*Margaret.* That is not the custom in this country.

*Mephistopheles.* Custom or not, such things do come to pass though.

*Martha.* But relate to me—

*Mephistopheles.* I stood by his death-bed. It was somewhat better than dung,—of half-rotten straw; but he died like a Christian, and found that he had still much more upon his score. "How thoroughly,"

he cried, "must I detest myself—to run away from my business and my wife in such a manner. Oh! the recollection is death to me. If she could but forgive me in this life!"—

*Martha* (*weeping*). The good man! I have long since forgiven him.

*Mephistopheles.* "But, God knows, she was more in fault than I."

*Martha.* He lied then! What, tell lies on the brink of the grave!

*Mephistopheles.* He certainly fabled with his last breath, if I am but half a connoisseur. "I," said he, "had no occasion to gape for pastime—first to get children, and then bread for them—and bread in the widest sense,—and could not even eat my share in peace."

*Martha.* Did he thus forget all my truth, all my love—my drudgery by day and night?

*Mephistopheles.* Not so; he affectionately reflected on it. He said: "When I left Malta, I prayed fervently for my wife and children; and heaven was so far favourable, that our ship took a Turkish vessel, which carried a treasure of the great sultan. Bravery had its reward, and, as was no more than right, I got my fair share of it."

*Martha.* How! Where! Can he have buried it?

*Mephistopheles.* Who knows where it is now scattered to the four winds of heaven? A fair damsel took an interest in him as he was strolling about, a stranger, in Naples. She showed great fondness and fidelity towards him; so much so, that he felt it even unto his blessed end.

*Martha.* The villain! the robber of his children! And all the wretchedness, all the poverty, could not check his scandalous life.

*Mephistopheles.* But consider, he has paid for it with his life. Now, were I in your place, I would mourn him for one chaste year, and have an eye towards a new sweetheart in the meantime.

*Martha.* Oh God! but I shall not easily in this world find another like my first. There could hardly be a kinder-hearted fool: he only loved being away from home too much, and stranger women, and stranger wine, and the cursed dicing.

*Mephistopheles.* Well, well, things might have gone on very well, if he, on his part, only had the same indulgence for you. I protest, upon this condition, I would change rings with you myself!

*Martha.* Oh, the gentleman is pleased to jest.

*Mephistopheles* (*aside*). Now it is full time to be off. I dare say she would take the devil himself at his word.—(*To* MARGARET). How goes it with your heart?

*Margaret.* What do you mean, Sir?

*Mephistopheles* (*aside*). Good, innocent child.—(*Aloud*).—Farewell, ladies!

*Margaret.* Farewell!

*Martha.* Oh, but tell me quickly! I should like to have a certificate where, how, and when my love died and was buried. I was always a friend to regularity, and should like to read his death in the paper.

*Mephistopheles.* Aye, my good madam, the truth is manifested by the testimony of two witnesses all the world over; and I have a gallant companion, whom I will bring before the judge for you. I will fetch him here.

*Martha.* Oh, pray do!

*Mephistopheles.* And the young lady will be here too?—a fine lad! has travelled much, and shows all possible politeness to the ladies.

*Margaret.* I should be covered with confusion in the presence of the gentleman.

*Mephistopheles.* In the presence of no king on earth.

*Martha.* Behind the house there, in my garden, we shall expect you both this evening.

## THE STREET.

FAUST—MEPHISTOPHELES.

*Faust.* How goes it? Is it in train? Will it soon do?

*Mephistopheles.* Bravo! Do I find you all on fire? Margaret will very shortly be your's. This evening you will see her at her neighbour Martha's. This is a woman especially chosen, as it were, for the procuress and gypsey calling.

*Faust.* So far so good.

*Mephistopheles.* Something, however, is required of us.

*Faust.* One good turn deserves another.

*Mephistopheles.* We have only to make a formal deposition that the stretched limbs of her lord repose in holy ground in Padua.

*Faust.* Wisely done! We shall first be obliged to take the journey thither, I suppose.

*Mephistopheles.* Sancta simplicitas! There is no necessity for that. Only bear witness without knowing much about the matter.

*Faust.* If you have nothing better to propose, the scheme is at an end.

*Mephistopheles.* Oh, holy man! There 's for you now! Is it the first time in your life that you have borne false testimony? Have you not confidently given definitions of God, of the world, and of whatever moves in it—of man, and of the workings of his head and heart—with unabashed front, dauntless breast? And, looking fairly at the real nature of

things, did you—you must confess you did not—did you know as much of these matters as of Mr. Schwerdtlein's death ?

*Faust.* Thou art and ever wilt be a liar, a sophist.

*Mephistopheles.* Aye, if one did not look a little deeper. To-morrow, too, will you not, in all honour, make a fool of poor Margaret, and swear to love her with all your soul ?

*Faust.* And truly from my heart.

*Mephistopheles.* Fine talking ! Then will you speak of eternal truth and love—of one exclusive, all-subduing passion ;—will that also come from the heart ?

*Faust.* Peace—it will !—when I feel, and seek a name for the passion, the phrenzy, but find none ; then range with all my senses through the world, grasp at all the most sublime expressions, and call this flame, which is consuming me, endless, eternal, eternal !—is that a devilish play of lies ?

*Mephistopheles.* I am right for all that.

*Faust.* Hear ! mark this, I beg of you, and spare my lungs. He who is determined to be right and has but a tongue, will be right undoubtedly. But come, I am tired of gossiping. For you are right, particularly because I cannot help myself.

## GARDEN.

MARGARET *on* FAUST'S *arm*, MARTHA *with* MEPHISTOPHELES, *walking up and down.*

*Margaret.* I am sure, Sir, that you are only trifling with me—letting yourself down to shame me. Travellers are wont to put up with things out of good nature. I know too well that my poor prattle cannot entertain a man of your experience.

*Faust.* A glance, a word from thee, gives greater pleasure than all the wisdom of this world.

[*He kisses her hand.*

*Margaret.* Don't inconvenience yourself! How can you kiss it? It is so coarse, so hard. I have been obliged to do—heaven knows what not; my mother is indeed too close. [*They pass on.*

*Martha.* And you, Sir, are always travelling in this manner?

*Mephistopheles.* Alas, that business and duty should force us to it! How many a place one quits with regret, and yet may not tarry in it!

*Martha.* It does very well in the wild years of youth, to rove about freely through the world. But the evil day comes at last, and to sneak a solitary old bachelor to the grave—that was never well for any one yet.

*Mephistopheles.* I shudder at the distant view of it.

*Martha.* Then, worthy Sir, think better of it in time. [*They pass on.*

*Margaret.* Aye! out of sight out of mind! Polite-

ness sits easily on you. But you have plenty of friends: they are more sensible than I am.

*Faust.* O, thou excellent creature! believe me, what is called sensible, often better deserves the name of vanity and narrow-mindedness.

*Margaret.* How?

*Faust.* Alas, that simplicity, that innocence, never appreciates itself and its own hallowed worth! That humility, lowliness—the highest gifts of love-fraught, bounteous nature—

*Margaret.* Only think of me one little minute; I shall have time enough to think of you.

*Faust.* You are much alone, I dare say?

*Margaret.* Yes, our household is but small, and yet it must be looked after. We keep no maid; I am obliged to cook, sweep, knit and sew, and run early and late. And my mother is so precise in everything! Not that she has such pressing occasion to stint herself. We might do more than many others. My father left a nice little property—a small house and garden in the suburbs. However, my days at present are tolerably quiet. My brother is a soldier; my little sister is dead. I had my full share of trouble with her, but I would gladly take all the anxiety upon myself again, so dear was the child to me.

*Faust.* An angel, if it was like thee!

*Margaret.* I brought it up, and it loved me dearly. It was born after my father's death. We gave up my mother for lost, so sad was the condition she then lay in; and she recovered very slowly, by degrees. Thus she could not think of suckling the poor little worm, and so I brought it up, all by myself, with milk and water. It thus became my own. On my arm, in my bosom, it smiled, and sprawled, and grew.

*Faust.* You felt, no doubt, the purest joy.

*Margaret.* And many anxious hours, too. The little one's cradle stood at night by my bed-side: it could scarcely move but I was awake; now obliged to give it drink; now to take it to bed to me; now, when it would not be quiet, to rise from bed, and walk up and down in the room dandling it; and early in the morning, stand already at the wash-tub: then go to market and see to the house; and so on, day after day. Under such circumstances, Sir, one is not always in spirits; but food and rest relish the better for it. [*They pass on.*

*Martha.* The poor women have the worst of it. It is no easy matter to convert an old bachelor.

*Mephistopheles.* It only depends on one like you to teach me better.

*Martha.* Tell me plainly, Sir, have you never met with any one? Has your heart never attached itself any where?

*Mephistopheles.* The proverb says—a hearth of one's own, a good wife, are worth pearls and gold.

*Martha.* I mean, have you never had an inclination?

*Mephistopheles.* I have been in general very politely received.

*Martha.* I wished to say—was your heart never seriously affected?

*Mephistopheles.* One should never venture to joke with women.

*Martha.* Ah, you do not understand me.

*Mephistopheles.* I am heartily sorry for it. But I understand—that you are very kind. [*They pass on.*

*Faust.* You knew me again, you little angel, the moment I entered the garden.

*Margaret.* Did you not see it? I cast down my eyes.

*Faust.* And you forgive the liberty I took—my impudence as you were lately leaving the cathedral.

*Margaret.* I was frightened; such a thing had never happened to me before; no one could say any thing bad of me. Alas, thought I, has he seen any thing bold, unmaidenly, in thy behaviour? It seemed as if the thought suddenly struck him, "I need stand on no ceremony with this girl." I must own, I knew not what began to stir in your favour *here;* but certainly I was right angry with myself for not being able to be more angry with you.

*Faust.* Sweet love!

*Margaret.* Wait a moment!

[*She plucks a star-flower, and picks off the leaves one after the other.*

*Faust.* What is that for—a nosegay?

*Margaret.* No, only a game.

*Faust.* How!

*Margaret.* Go! You will laugh at me.

[*She plucks off the leaves and murmurs to herself.*

*Faust.* What are you murmuring?

*Margaret* (*half aloud.*) He loves me—he loves me not!

*Faust.* Thou angelic being!

*Margaret continues.* Loves me—not—loves me—not—(*Plucking off the last leaf with fond delight*).—He loves me!

*Faust.* Yes, my child. Let this flower-prophecy be to thee as a judgment from heaven. He loves thee! dost thou understand what that means? He loves thee! [*He takes both her hands.*

*Margaret.* I tremble all over!

*Faust.* Oh, tremble not. Let this look, let this pressure of the hand, say to thee what is unutterable!—to give ourselves up wholly, and feel a bliss which must be eternal! Eternal!—its end would be despair! No, no end! no end!

[MARGARET *presses his hands, breaks from him, and runs away. He stands a moment in thought, and then follows her.*

*Martha* (*approaching*). The night is coming on.

*Mephistopheles.* Aye, and we will away.

*Martha.* I would ask you to stay here longer, but it is much too wicked a place. One would suppose no one had any other object or occupation than to gape after his neighbour's incomings and outgoings. And one comes to be talked about, behave as one will. And our pair of lovers?

*Mephistopheles.* Have flown up the walk yonder. Wanton butterflies!

*Martha.* He seems fond of her.

*Mephistopheles.* And she of him. Such is the way of the world.

## A SUMMER HOUSE.

MARGARET *runs in, gets behind the door, holds the tip of her finger to her lips, and peeps through the crevice.*

*Margaret.* He comes!

*Faust* (*enters*). Ah, rogue, is it thus you trifle with me? I have caught you at last. [*He kisses her.*

*Margaret* (*embracing him and returning the kiss*). Dearest! from my heart I love thee!

[MEPHISTOPHELES *knocks.*

*Faust* (*stamping*). Who is there?

*Mephistopheles.* A friend.

*Faust.* A brute.

*Mephistopheles.* It is time to part, I believe.

*Martha* (*comes up*). Yes, it is late, Sir.

*Faust.* May I not accompany you?

*Margaret.* My mother would—farewell!

*Faust.* Must I then go? Farewell!

*Martha.* Adieu!

*Margaret.* Till our next speedy meeting!

[FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES *exeunt.*

*Margaret.* Gracious God! How many things such a man can think about! How abashed I stand in his presence, and say yea to everything! I am but a poor silly girl; I cannot understand what he sees in me.

## FOREST AND CAVERN.

*Faust* (*alone*). Sublime spirit! thou gavest me, gavest me everything I prayed for. Not in vain didst thou turn thy face in fire to me. Thou gavest me glorious nature for a kingdom, with power to feel, to enjoy her. It is not merely a cold wondering visit that thou permittest me; thou grudgest me not to look into her deep bosom, as into the bosom of a friend. Thou passest in review before me the whole series of animated things, and teachest me to know my brothers in the still wood, in the air, and in the water. And when the storm roars and creaks in the forest, and the giant-pine, precipitating its neighbour-boughs and neighbour-stems, sweeps, crushing, down, —and the mountain thunders with a dead hollow muttering to the fall,—then thou bearest me off to the sheltered cave; then thou showest me to myself, and deep mysterious wonders of my own breast reveal themselves. And when the clear moon, with its soothing influences, rises full in my view,—from the wall-like rocks, out of the damp underwood, the silvery forms of past ages hover up to me, and soften the austere pleasure of contemplation.

Oh, now I feel that nothing perfect falls to the lot of man! With this beatitude, which brings me nearer and nearer to the gods, thou gavest me the companion, whom already I cannot do without; although, cold and insolent, he degrades me in my own eyes, and turns thy gifts to nothing with a breath. He is ever

kindling a wildfire in my heart for that lovely image. Thus do I reel from desire to enjoyment, and in enjoyment languish for desire.

*Mephistopheles* (*enters*). Have you not had enough of this kind of life? How can you delight in it for any length of time? It is all well enough to try once, but then on again to something new.

*Faust.* I would you had something else to do than to plague me in my happier hour.

*Mephistopheles.* Well, well! I will let you alone if you wish. You need not say so in earnest. Truly, it is little to lose an ungracious, peevish and crazy companion in you. The livelong day one has one's hands full. One cannot read in your worship's face what pleases you, and what to let alone.

*Faust.* That is just the right tone! He would fain be thanked for wearying me to death.

*Mephistopheles.* Poor son of earth! what sort of life would you have led without me? I have cured you, for some time to come, of the crotchets of imagination, and, but for me, you would already have taken your departure from this globe. Why mope in caverns and fissures of rocks, like an owl? Why sip in nourishment from sodden moss and dripping stone, like a toad? A fair, sweet pastime! The doctor still sticks to you.

*Faust.* Dost thou understand what new life-power this wandering in the desert procures for me? Aye, could'st thou have but a dim presentiment of it, thou would'st be devil enough to grudge me my enjoyment.

*Mephistopheles.* A super-earthly pleasure! To lie on the mountains in darkness and dew—clasp earth and heaven ecstatically—swell yourself up to a godhead—rake through the earth's marrow with your thronging presentiments—feel the whole six days' work in your

bosom—in haughty might enjoy I know not what—now overflow, in love's raptures, into all, with your earthly nature cast aside—and then the lofty intuition (*with a gesture*)—I must not say how—to end!

*Faust.* Fye upon you!

*Mephistopheles.* That is not to your mind. You are entitled to cry fye! so morally! We must not name to chaste ears what chaste hearts cannot renounce. And, in a word, I do not grudge you the pleasure of lying to yourself occasionally. But you will not keep it up long. You are already driven back into your old course, and, if this holds much longer, will be fretted into madness or torture and horror. Enough of this! your little love sits yonder at home, and all to her is confined and melancholy. You are never absent from her thoughts. She loves you all subduingly. At first, your passion came overflowing, like a snow-flushed rivulet; you have poured it into her heart, and lo! your rivulet is dry again. Methinks, instead of reigning in the woods, your worship would do well to reward the poor young monkey for her love. The time seems lamentably long to her; she stands at the window and watches the clouds roll away over the old town-walls. "Were I a bird!" so runs her song, during all the day and half the night. One while she is cheerful, mostly cast down,—one while fairly outwept:—then, again, composed, to all appearance—and ever lovesick!

*Faust.* Serpent! serpent!

*Mephistopheles* (*aside*). Good! if I can but catch you!

*Faust.* Reprobate! take thyself away, and name not the lovely woman. Bring not the desire for her sweet body before my half-distracted senses again!

*Mephistopheles.* What is to be done, then? She thinks that you are off, and in some manner you are.

*Faust.* I am near her, and were I ever so far off, I can never forget, never lose her. Nay, I already envy the body of the Lord when her lips are touching it.

*Mephistopheles.* Very well, my friend. I have often envied you the twin-pair, which feed among roses.

*Faust.* Pander! begone.

*Mephistopheles.* Good again! You rail, and I cannot help laughing. The God, who made lad and lass, well understood the noble calling of making opportunity too. But away, it is a mighty matter to be sad about! You should betake yourself to your mistress's chamber—not, I think, to death.

*Faust.* What are the joys of heaven in her arms? Let me kindle on her breast! Do I not feel her wretchedness unceasingly? Am I not the outcast—the houseless one?—the monster without aim or rest—who, like a cataract, dashed from rock to rock, in devouring fury towards the precipice? And she, upon the side, with childlike simplicity, in her little cot upon the little mountain field, and all her homely cares embraced within that little world! And I, the hated of God—it was not enough for me to grasp the rocks and smite them to shatters! Her, her peace, must I undermine!—Hell, thou could'st not rest without this sacrifice! Devil, help me to shorten the pang! Let what must be, be quickly! Let her fate fall crushing upon me, and both of us perish together!

*Mephistopheles.* How it seethes and glows again! Get in, and comfort her, you fool!—When such a noddle sees no outlet, it immediately represents to itself the end. He who bears himself bravely, for ever! And yet, on other occasions, you have a fair spice of the devil in you. I know nothing in the world more insipid than a devil that despairs.

## MARGARET'S ROOM.

*Margaret* (*alone, at the spinning-wheel*).

My peace is gone;
My heart is heavy;
I shall find it never,
And never more.

Where I have him not
Is the grave to me.
The whole world
Is embittered to me.

My poor head
Is wandering,
My poor sense
Distracted.

My peace is gone;
My heart is heavy;
I shall find it never,
And never more.

For him alone look I
Out at the window!
For him alone go I
Out of the house!

His stately step,
His noble form;
The smile of his mouth,
The power of his eyes,

And of his speech
The witching flow;
The pressure of his hand,
And, ah! his kiss!

My peace is gone;
My heart is heavy;
I shall find it never,
And never more.

My bosom struggles
After him.
Ah! could I enfold him
And hold him!
And kiss him
As I would!
On his kisses
I should die away!

## MARTHA'S GARDEN.

MARGARET.—FAUST.

*Margaret.* Promise me, Henry!

*Faust.* What I can!

*Margaret.* Now, tell me, how do you feel as to religion? You are a dear, good man, but I believe you don't think much of it.

*Faust.* No more of that, my child! you feel I love you: I would lay down my life for those I love, nor would I deprive any of their feeling and their church.

*Margaret.* That is not right; we must believe in it.

*Faust.* Must we?

*Margaret.* Ah! if I had any influence over you! Besides, you do not honour the holy sacraments.

*Faust.* I honour them.

*Margaret.* But without desiring them. It is long since you went to mass or confession. Do you believe in God?

*Faust.* My love, who dares say, I believe in God? You may ask priests and philosophers, and their answer will appear but a mockery of the questioner.

*Margaret.* You don't believe, then?

*Faust.* Mistake me not, thou lovely one! Who dare name him? and who avow: "I believe in him?" Who feel—and dare to say: "I believe in him not?" The All-embracer, the All-sustainer, does he not

embrace and sustain thee, me, himself? Does not the heaven arch itself there above?—Lies not the earth firm here below?—And do not eternal stars rise, kindly twinkling, on high?—Are we not looking into each other's eyes, and is not all thronging to thy head and heart, and weaving in eternal mystery, invisibly—visibly, about thee? With it fill thy heart, big as it is, and when thou art wholly blest in the feeling, then call it what thou wilt! Call it Bliss!—Heart!—Love!—God! I have no name for it! Feeling is all in all. Name is sound and smoke, clouding heaven's glow.

*Margaret.* That is all very fine and good. The priest says nearly the same, only with somewhat different words.

*Faust.* All hearts in all places under the blessed light of day say it, each in its own language—why not in mine?

*Margaret.* Thus taken, it may pass; but, for all that, there is something wrong about it, for thou hast no Christianity.

*Faust.* Dear child!

*Margaret.* I have long been grieved at the company I see you in.

*Faust.* How so?

*Margaret.* The man you have with you is hateful to me in my inmost soul. Nothing in the whole course of my life has given my heart such a pang, as the repulsive visage of that man.

*Faust.* Fear him not, dear child.

*Margaret.* His presence makes my blood creep. I have kind feelings towards everybody else. But, much as I long to see you, I have an unaccountable horror of that man, and hold him for a rogue besides. God forgive me, if I do him wrong.

*Faust.* There must be such oddities, notwithstanding.

*Margaret.* I would not live with the like of him. Whenever he comes to the door, he looks in so mockingly, and with fury but half-suppressed; one sees that he sympathises with nothing. It is written on his forehead, that he can love no living soul. I feel so happy in thy arms—so unrestrained—in such glowing abandonment; and his presence closes up my heart's core.

*Faust.* You misgiving angel, you!

*Margaret.* It overcomes me to such a degree, that when he but chances to join us, I even think I do not love you any longer. And in his presence, I should never be able to pray; and this eats into my heart. You, too, Henry, must feel the same.

*Faust.* You have an antipathy, that is all.

*Margaret.* I must go now.

*Faust.* Ah, can I never recline one little hour undisturbed upon thy bosom, and press heart to heart and soul to soul!

*Margaret.* Ah, did I but sleep alone! I would gladly leave the door unbolted for you this very night. But my mother does not sleep sound, and were she to catch us, I should die upon the spot.

*Faust.* Thou angel, there is no fear of that. You see this phial! Only three drops in her drink will gently envelope nature in deep sleep.

*Margaret.* What would I not do for thy sake? It will do her no harm, I hope.

*Faust.* Would I recommend it to you, my love, if it could?

*Margaret.* If, best of men, I do but look on you, I know not what drives me to comply with your will. I have already done so much for you, that next to nothing now remains for me to do. [*Exit.*

*Mephistopheles* (*who enters*). The silly monkey! is she gone.

*Faust.* Hast thou been playing the spy again?

*Mephistopheles.* I heard what passed plainly enough. You were catechised, Doctor. Much good may it do you. The girls are certainly deeply interested in knowing whether a man be pious and plain after the old fashion. They say to themselves: "If he is pliable in that matter, he will also be pliable to us."

*Faust.* Thou, monster as thou art, canst not conceive how this fond, faithful soul, full of her faith, which, according to her notions, is alone capable of conferring eternal happiness, feels a holy horror to think that she must hold her best-beloved for lost.

*Mephistopheles.* Thou super-sensual, sensual lover, a chit of a girl leads thee by the nose.

*Faust.* Thou abortion of dirt and fire!

*Mephistopheles.* And she is knowing in physiognomy too. In my presence she feels she knows not how. This little mask betokens some hidden sense. She feels that I am most assuredly a genius—perhaps the devil himself. To night, then—?

*Faust.* What is that to you?

*Mephistopheles.* I have my pleasure in it, though.

## AT THE WELL.

MARGARET *and* BESSY *with pitchers.*

*Bessy.* Have you heard nothing of Barbara?

*Margaret.* Not a word. I go very little abroad.

*Bessy.* Certainly, Sybella told it me to-day. She has even made a fool of herself at last. That comes of playing the fine lady.

*Margaret.* How so?

*Bessy.* It is a bad business. She feeds two when she eats and drinks now.

*Margaret.* Ah!

*Bessy.* She is rightly served at last. What a time she has hung upon the fellow! There was a promenading and a gallanting to village junkettings and dancing booths—she forsooth must be the first in everything—he was ever treating her to tarts and wine. She thought great things of her beauty, and was so lost to honour as not to be ashamed to receive presents from him. There was a hugging and kissing —and lo, the flower is gone!

*Margaret.* Poor thing!

*Bessy.* You really pity her! When the like of us were at the spinning, our mothers never let us go down at night. She stood sweet with her lover; on the bench before the door, and in the dark walk, the time was never too long for them. But now she may humble herself, and do penance, in a white sheet, in the church.

*Margaret.* He will surely make her his wife.

*Bessy.* He would be a fool if he did. A brisk

young fellow has the world before him. Besides, he's off.

*Margaret.* That's not handsome!

*Bessy.* If she gets him, it will go ill with her. The boys will tear her garland for her, and we will strew cut straw before her door. [*Exit.*

*Margaret* (*going home*). How stoutly I could formerly revile, if I saw a poor maiden make a slip! how I could never find words enough to speak of another's shame! How black it seemed to me! and, blacken it as I would, it was never black enough for me—and blessed myself and felt so grand, and am now myself a prey to sin! Yet—all that drove me to it, was, God knows, so sweet, so dear!

## ZWINGER.

*In the niche of the wall a devotional image of the Mater Dolorosa, with pots of flowers before it.*

*Margaret (places fresh flowers in the pots).*

Ah, incline,
Thou full of pain,
Thy countenance graciously to my distress.

The sword in thy heart,
With thousand pangs
Up-lookest thou to thy Son's death.

To the Father look'st thou,
And sendest sighs
Aloft for his and thy distress.

Who feels
How rages
My torment to the quick?
How the poor heart in me throbbeth,
How it trembleth, how it yearneth,
Knowest thou, and thou alone!

Whithersoe'er I go,
What woe, what woe, what woe,
Grows within my bosom *here!*
Hardly, alas, am I alone,

I weep, I weep, I weep,
My heart is bursting within me!

The flower-pots on my window-sill
Bedewed I with tears, alas!
When I at morning's dawn
Plucked these flowers for thee.

When brightly in my chamber
The rising sun's rays shone,
Already, in all wretchedness,
Was I sitting up in my bed.

Help! rescue me from shame and death!
Ah, incline,
Thou full of pain,
Thy countenance graciously to my distress!

## NIGHT.—STREET BEFORE MARGARET'S DOOR.

VALENTINE (*a Soldier*, MARGARET'S *brother.*)

When I made one of a company, where many like to show off, and the fellows were loud in their praises of the flower of maidens, and drowned their commendation in bumpers,—with my elbows leaning on the board, I sat in quiet confidence, and listened to all their swaggering; then I stroke my beard with a smile, and take the bumper in my hand, and say: "All very well in its way! but is there one in the whole country to compare with my dear Margaret,—who is fit to hold a candle to my sister?" Hob and nob, kling! klang! so it went round! Some shouted, "he is right; she is the pearl of the whole sex;" and all those praisers were dumb. And now —it is enough to make one tear out one's hair by the roots, and run up the walls—I shall be twitted by the sneers and taunts of every knave, shall sit like a bankrupt debtor, and sweat at every chance word. And though I might crush them at a blow, yet I could not call them liars. Who comes there? Who is slinking this way? If I mistake not, there are two of them. If it is he, I will have at him at once; he shall not leave this spot alive.

*Faust.* How from the window of the Sacristy there, the light of the eternal lamp flickers upwards, and glimmers weaker and weaker at the sides, and darkness thickens round! Just so is all night-like in my breast.

*Mephistopheles.* And I feel languishing like the tom-cat, that sneaks along the fire-ladders and then creeps stealthily round the walls. I feel quite virtuously,—with a spice of thievish pleasure, a spice of wantonness. In such a manner does the glorious Walpurgis night already thrill me through every limb. The day after to-morrow it comes round to us again; there one knows what one wakes for.

*Faust.* In the mean time, can that be the treasure rising,—that which I see glimmering yonder?

*Mephistopheles.* You will soon enjoy the lifting up of the casket. I lately took a squint at it. There are capital lion-dollars within.

*Faust.* Not a trinket—not a ring—to adorn my lovely mistress with?

*Mephistopheles.* I think I saw some such thing there as a sort of pearl necklace.

*Faust.* That is well. I feel sorry when I go to her without a present.

*Mephistopheles.* You ought not to regret having some enjoyment gratis. Now that the heavens are studded thick with stars, you shall hear a true piece of art. I will sing her a moral song, to make a fool of her the more certainly. [*He sings to the guitar.*

"What are you doing here, Catherine, before your lover's door at morning dawn? Stay, and beware! he lets thee in a maid, not to come out a maid.

"Beware! If it be done, then good night to you, you poor, poor things. If you love yourselves, do nothing to pleasure any spoiler, except with the ring on the finger.

*Valentine* (*comes forward*). Whom art thou luring here? by God! thou cursed ratcatcher! First, to the devil with the instrument, then to the devil with the singer.

*Mephistopheles.* The guitar is broken to pieces! It is all up with it.

*Valentine.* Now then for a skull-cracking.

*Mephistopheles* (*to* FAUST). Don't give way, Doctor! Courage! Stick close, and do as I tell you. Out with your toasting-iron! Thrust away, and I will parry.

*Valentine.* Parry that!

*Mephistopheles.* Why not?

*Valentine.* And that!

*Mephistopheles.* To be sure.

*Valentine.* I believe the devil is fighting. What is that? My hand is already disabled.

*Mephistopheles* (*to* FAUST). Thrust home!

*Vanletine falls.* Oh, torture!

*Mephistopheles.* The clown is tamed now. But away! We must vanish in a twinkling, for a horrible outcry is already raised. I am perfectly at home with the police, but should find it hard to clear scores with the criminal courts.

*Martha* (*at the window*). Out! out!

*Margaret* (*at the window*). Bring a light!

*Martha* (*as before*). They are railing and scuffling, screaming and fighting.

*People.* Here lies one dead already.

*Martha* (*coming out*). Have the murderers escaped?

*Margaret* (*coming out*). Who lies here?

*People.* Thy mother's son.

*Margaret.* Almighty God! what misery!

*Valentine.* I am dying! that is soon said, and sooner still done. Why do you women stand howling and wailing? Come here and listen to me

[*All come round him.*

Look ye, my little Margaret! you are still young! you are not yet adroit enough, and manage your mat-

ters ill. I tell it you in confidence; since you are, once for all, a whore, be one in good earnest.

*Margaret.* Brother! God! What do you mean?

*Valentine.* Leave our Lord God out of the game. What is done, alas! cannot be undone, and things will take their course. You begin privately with one; more of them will soon follow; and when a dozen have had you, the whole town will have you too.

When first Shame is born, she is brought into the world clandestinely, and the veil of night is drawn over her head and ears. Aye, people would fain stifle her. But when she grows and waxes big, she walks flauntingly in open day, and yet is not a whit the fairer. The uglier her face becomes, the more she courts the light of day.

By my truth, I already see the time when all honest towns-people will turn aside from you, you whore, as from an infected corpse. Your heart will sink within you when they look you in the face. You will wear no golden chain again! No more will you stand at the altar in the church, or take pride in a fair lace collar at the dance. You will hide yourself in some dark miserable corner, amongst beggars and cripples, and, even should God forgive you, be cursed upon earth!

*Martha.* Commend your soul to God's mercy. Will you yet heap the sin of slander upon your soul.

*Valentine.* Could I but get at thy withered body, thou shameless bawd, I should hope to find a full measure of pardon for all my sins!

*Margaret.* My brother! Oh, this agonizing pang!

*Valentine.* Have done with tears, I tell you. When you renounced honour, you gave me the deepest heart-stab of all. I go through death's sleep unto God, a soldier and a brave one. [*He dies.*

## CATHEDRAL.

### SERVICE, ORGAN, AND ANTHEM.

MARGARET *amongst a number of People.* EVIL SPIRIT *behind* MARGARET.

*Evil Spirit.*

How different was it with thee, Margaret,
When still full of innocence
Thou camest to the altar there—
Out of the well-worn little book
Lispedst prayers,
Half child-sport,
Half God in the heart!
Margaret!
Where is thy head?
In thy heart
What crime?
Prayest thou for thy mother's soul—who
Slept over into long, long pain through thee?
Whose blood on thy threshold?
—— And under thy heart
Stirs it not quickening even now,
Torturing itself and thee
With its foreboding presence?

*Margaret.*

Woe! woe!
Would that I were free from the thoughts,
That come over me and across me
Despite of me!

*Chorus.*
Dies iræ, dies illa
Solvet sæclum in favillâ. [*Organ plays.*
*Evil Spirit.*
Horror seizes thee!
The Trump sounds!
The graves tremble!
And thy heart
From the repose of its ashes
For fiery torment
Brought to life again,
Trembles up!
*Margaret.*
Would that I were hence!
I feel as if the organ
Stifled my breath,
As if the anthem
Dissolved my heart's core!
*Chorus.*
Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet adparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.
*Margaret.*
I feel so thronged!
The wall-pillars
Close on me!
The vaulted roof
Presses on me!—Air!
*Evil Spirit.*
Hide thyself! Sin and shame
Remain, unhidden.
Air? Light?
Woe to thee!
*Chorus.*
Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?

Quem patronum rogaturus?
Cum vix justus sit securus.

*Evil Spirit.*

The glorified from thee
Avert their faces.
The pure shudder
To reach thee their hands.
Woe!

*Chorus.*

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?

*Margaret.*

Neighbour! your smelling-bottle!

[*She swoons away.*

## MAY-DAY NIGHT.

### THE HARTZ MOUNTAINS.

*District of Schirke and Elend.*—FAUST—MEPHISTOPHELES.

*Mephistopheles.* Do you not long for a broomstick? For my part, I should be glad of the roughest he-goat. By this road we are still far from our destination.

*Faust.* So long as I feel fresh upon my legs, this knotted stick suffices me. What is the use of shortening the way? To creep along the labyrinth of the vales, and then ascend these rocks, from which the ever-bubbling spring dashes—this is the pleasure which gives zest to such a path. The spring is already weaving in the birch trees, and even the pine is beginning to feel it,—ought it not to have some effect upon our limbs?

*Mephistopheles.* Verily, I feel nothing of it. All is wintry in my body, and I should prefer frost and snow upon my path. How mournfully the imperfect disk of the red moon rises with belated glare! and gives so bad a light, that, at every step, one runs against a tree or a rock. With your leave, I will call a will-o'the-wisp. I see one yonder, burning right merrily. Holloa, there, my friend! may I entreat your company? Why wilt thou blaze away so uselessly? Be so good as to light us up along here.

*Will-o'the-Wisp.* Out of reverence, I hope, I shall succeed in subduing my unsteady nature. Our course is ordinarily but a zigzag one.

*Mephistopheles.* Ha! ha! you think to imitate men.

But go straight, in the devil's name, or I will blow your flickering life out.

*Will-o'the-Wisp.* I see well that you are master here, and will willingly accommodate myself to you. But consider! the mountain is magic-mad to-night, and if a will-o'the-wisp is to show you the way, you must not be too particular.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, WILL-O'THE-WISP, *in alternating song.*

Into the sphere of dreams and enchantments, it seems, have we entered. Lead us right, and do yourself credit!—that we may advance betimes in the wide, desolate regions.

See trees after trees, how rapidly they move by; and the cliffs, that bow, and the long-snouted rocks, how they snort, how they blow!

Through the stones, through the turf, brook and brookling hurry down. Do I hear rustling? do I hear songs? do I hear the sweet plaint of love?—voices of those blest days?—what we hope, what we love! And Echo, like the tale of old times, sends back the sound.

Tu-whit-tu-whoo—it sounds nearer; the owl, the pewet, and the jay,—have they all remained awake? Are those salamanders through the brake, with their long legs, thick paunches? And the roots, like snakes, wind from out of rock and sand, and stretch forth strange filaments to terrify, to seize us: from coarse speckles, instinct with life, they set polypus-fibres for the traveller. And the mice, thousand-coloured, in whole tribes, through the moss and through the heath! And the glow-worms fly, in crowded swarms, a confounding escort.

But tell me whether we stand still, or whether we are moving on. Everything seems to turn round, —rocks and trees, which make grimaces, and the

will-o'the-wisps, which multiply, which swell themselves out.

*Mephistopheles.* Keep a stout hold of my skirt! Here is a central peak, from which one sees with wonder how Mammon is glowing in the mountain.

*Faust.* How strangely a melancholy light, of morning red, glimmers through the mountain gorges, and quivers even to the deepest recesses of the precipice. Here rises a mine-damp, there float exhalations. Here glow sparkles out of vapour and gauze, then steals along like a fine thread, and then again bursts forth like a fountain. Here it winds, a whole track, with a hundred veins, through the valley; and here, in the compressed corner, it scatters itself at once. There sparks are sputtering near, like golden sand upsprinkled. But, see! the wall of rocks is on fire in all its height.

*Mephistopheles.* Does not Sir Mammon illuminate his palace magnificently for this festival? It is lucky that you have seen it. I already see traces of the boisterous guests.

*Faust.* How the storm-blast is raging through the air! With what thumps it strikes against my neck!

*Mephistopheles.* You must lay hold of the old ribs of the rock, or it will hurl you down into this abyss. A mist thickens the night. Hark! what a crashing through the forest! The owls fly scared away. Hark, to the splintering of the pillars of the ever-green palaces! the crackling and snapping of the boughs, the mighty groaning of the trunks, the creaking and yawning of the roots!—All come crashing down, one over the other, in fearfully-confused fall; and the winds hiss and howl through the wreck-covered cliffs! Dost thou hear voices aloft?—in the distance?—close at hand?—Aye, a raving witch-song streams along the whole mountain.

*The Witches, in chorus.* To the Brocken the witches repair! The stubble is yellow, the sown-fields are green. There the huge multitude is assembled. Sir Urian sits at the top. On they go, over stone and stock; the witch ——s, the he-goat ——s.

*Voices.* Old Baubo comes alone; she rides upon a farrow-sow.

*Chorus.* Then honour to whom honour is due! Mother Baubo to the front, and lead the way! A proper sow and mother upon her,—then follows the whole swarm of witches.

*Voice.* Which way did you come?

*Voice.* By Ilsenstein. I there peeped into the owl's nest. She gave me such a look!

*Voice.* Oh, drive to hell! What a rate you are riding at!

*Voice.* She has grazed me in passing: only look at the wound!

*Chorus of Witches.* The way is broad—the way is long. What mad throng is this? The fork sticks—the besom scratches: the child is suffocated—the mother bursts.

*Wizards (half-chorus).* We steal along like snails in their house; the women are all before; for, in going to the house of the wicked one, woman is a thousand steps in advance.

*The other Half.* We do not take that so precisely. The woman does it with a thousand steps; but, let her make as much haste as she can, the man does it at a single bound.

*Voices (above).* Come with us, come with us, from Felsensee!

*Voices (from below).* We should like to mount with you. We wash, and are thoroughly clean, but we are ever barren.

*Both Choruses.* The wind is still, the stars fly, the melancholy moon is glad to hide herself. The magic-choir sputters forth sparks by thousands in its whizzing.

*Voice* (*from below*). Hold! hold!

*Voice* (*from above*). Who calls there, from the cleft in the rock?

*Voice* (*from below*). Take me with you! take me with you! I have been mounting for three hundred years already, and cannot reach the top. I would fain be with my fellows.

*Both Choruses.* The besom carries, the stick carries, the fork carries, the he-goat carries. Who cannot raise himself to-night, is lost for ever.

*Demi-Witch* (*below*). I have been tottering after such a length of time;—how far the others are a-head already! I have no rest at home,—and don't get it here neither.

*Chorus of Witches.* The salve gives courage to the witches; a rag is good for a sail; every trough makes a good ship; he will never fly, who flew not to-night.

*Both Choruses.* And when we round the peak, sweep along the ground, and cover the heath far and wide with your swarm of witch-hood.

[*They let themselves down.*

*Mephistopheles.* There 's crowding and pushing, rustling and clattering! There 's whizzing and twirling, bustling and babbling! There 's glittering, sparkling, stinking, burning! A true witch-element! But stick close to me, or we shall be separated in a moment. Where art thou?

*Faust* (*in the distance*). Here!

*Mephistopheles.* What! already torn away so far? I must exert my authority as master. Room! Squire Voland comes! Make room, sweet people, make

room! Here, Doctor, take hold of me! and now, at one bound, let us get clear of the crowd. It is too mad, even for the like of me. Hard by there, shines something with a peculiar light. Something attracts me towards those bushes. Come along, we will slip in there.

*Faust.* Thou spirit of contradiction! But go on! thou may'st lead me. But it was wisely done, to be sure! We repair to the Brocken on Walpurgis' night —to try and isolate ourselves when we get here.

*Mephistopheles.* Only see what variegated flames! A merry club is met together. One is not alone in a small company.

*Faust.* I should prefer being above, though! I already see flame and eddying smoke. Yonder the multitude is streaming to the Evil One. Many a riddle must there be untied.

*Mephistopheles.* And many a riddle is also tied anew. Let the great world bluster as it will, we will here house ourselves in peace. It is an old saying, that in the great world one makes little worlds. Yonder I see young witches, naked and bare, and old ones, who prudently cover themselves. Be compliant, if only for my sake; the trouble is small, the sport is great. I hear the tuning of instruments. Confounded jangle! One must accustom oneself to it. Come along, come along! it cannot be otherwise. I will go forward and introduce you, and I shall lay you under a fresh obligation. What sayest thou, friend? This is no trifling space. Only look! you can hardly see the end. A hundred fires are burning in a row. People are dancing, talking, cooking, drinking, love-making! Now tell me where anything better is to be found.

*Faust.* To introduce us here, do you intend to present yourself as wizard or devil?

*Mephistopheles.* In truth, I am much used to go incognito. But one shows one's orders on gala days. I have no garter to distinguish me, but the cloven foot is held in high honour here. Do you see the snail there? she comes creeping up, and with her feelers has already found out something in me. Even if I would, I could not deny myself here. But come! we will go from fire to fire; I will be the pander, and you shall be the gallant.

[*To some who are sitting round expiring embers.*

Old gentlemen, what are you doing here at the extremity? I should commend you, did I find you nicely in the middle, in the thick of the riot and youthful revelry. Every one is surely enough alone at home.

*General.* Who can put his trust in nations, though he has done ever so much for them? For with the people, as with the women, youth has always the upper hand.

*Minister.* At present people are wide astray from the right path—the good old ones for me! For, verily, when we were all in all, that was the true golden age.

*Parvenu.* We, too, were certainly no fools, and often did what we ought not. But now every thing is turned topsy-turvy, and just when we wished to keep it firm.

*Author.* Who now-a-days, speaking generally, likes to read a work of even moderate sense? And as for the rising generation, they were never so malapert.

*Mephistopheles* (*who all at once appears very old*). I feel the people ripe for doomsday, now that I ascend the witch-mountain for the last time; and because my own cask runs thick, the world also is come to the dregs.

*A Witch* (*who sells old clothes and frippery*). Do not pass by in this manner, gentlemen! Now is your time. Look at my wares attentively; I have them of all sorts. And yet there is nothing in my shop—which has not its fellow upon earth—that has not, some time or other, wrought proper mischief to mankind and to the world. There is no dagger here, from which blood has not flowed; no chalice, from which hot consuming poison has not been poured into a healthy body; no trinket, which has not seduced some amiable woman; no sword, which has not cut some tie asunder, which has not perchance stabbed an adversary from behind.

*Mephistopheles.* Cousin! you understand but ill the temper of the times. Done, happened! Happened, done! Take to dealing in novelties; novelties only have any attraction for us.

*Faust.* If I can but keep my senses! This is a fair with a vengeance!

*Mephistopheles.* The whole throng struggles upwards. You think to shove, and you yourself are shoved.

*Faust.* Who, then, is that?

*Mephistopheles.* Mark her well! That is Lilith.

*Faust.* Who?

*Mephistopheles.* Adam's first wife. Beware of her fair hair, of that ornament in which she shines pre-eminent. When she ensnares a young man with it, she does not let him off again so easily.

*Faust.* There sit two, the old one with the young one. They have already capered a good bit!

*Mephistopheles.* That has neither stop nor stay to-night. A new dance is beginning; come, we will set to.

*Faust* (*dancing with the young one*). I had once

upon a time a fair dream. In it, I saw an apple-tree; two lovely apples glittered on it: they enticed me, I climbed up.

*The Fair One.* You are very fond of apples, and have been so from Paradise downwards. I feel moved with joy, that my garden also bears such.

*Mephistopheles* (*with the old one*). I had once upon a time a wild dream. In it, I saw a cleft tree. It had a ——— ——— ———; ——— as it was, it pleased me notwithstanding.

*The Old One.* I present my best respects to the knight of the cloven foot. Let him have a ——— ——— ready, if he does not fear ——— ——— ———.

*Procktophantasmist.* Confounded mob! how dare you? Was it not long since demonstrated to you? A spirit never stands upon ordinary feet; and you are actually dancing away, like us mortals!

*The Fair One.* What does he come to our ball for then?

*Faust* (*dancing*). Ha! He is absolutely everywhere. He must appraise what others dance! If he cannot talk about every step, the step is as good as never made at all. He is most vexed, when we go forwards. If you would but turn round in a circle, as he does in his old mill, he would term that good, I dare say; particularly were you to consult him about it.

*Procktophantasmist.* You are still there, then! No, that is unheard of! But vanish! We have enlightened the world, you know! That devil's crew, they pay no attention to rules. We are so wise,—and Tegel is haunted, notwithstanding! How long have I not been sweeping away at the delusion; and it never becomes clean! It is unheard of!

*The Fair One.* Have done boring us here, at any rate, then!

*Procktophantasmist.* I tell you, Spirits, to your faces, I endure not the despotism of the spirit. My spirit cannot exercise it. (*The dancing goes on.*) To-night, I see, I shall succeed in nothing; but I am always ready for a journey; and still hope, before my last step, to get the better of devils and poets.

*Mephistopheles.* He will, forthwith, seat himself in a puddle; that is his mode of soothing himself; and when leeches have amused themselves on his rump, he is cured of spirits and spirit. (*To* FAUST, *who has left the dance.*) Why do you leave the pretty girl, who sung so sweetly to you in the dance?

*Faust.* Ah! in the middle of the song, a red mouse jumped out of her mouth.

*Mephistopheles.* There is nothing out of the way in that. One must not be too nice about such matters. Enough that the mouse was not grey. Who cares for such things in a moment of enjoyment.

*Faust.* Then I saw—

*Mephistopheles.* What?

*Faust.* Mephisto, do you see yonder a pale, fair girl, standing alone and afar off! She drags herself but slowly from the place: she seems to move with fettered feet. I must own, she seems to me to resemble poor Margaret.

*Mephistopheles.* Have nothing to do with that! no good can come of it to any one. It is a creation of enchantment, is lifeless,—an idol. It is not well to meet it; the blood of man thickens at its chill look, and he is well nigh turned to stone. You have heard, no doubt, of Medusa.

*Faust.* In truth, they are the eyes of a corpse, which there was no fond hand to close. That is the bosom, which Margaret yielded to me; that is the sweet body, which I enjoyed.

*Mephistopheles.* *That* is sorcery, thou easily deluded fool; for she wears to every one the semblance of his beloved.

*Faust.* What bliss! what suffering! I cannot tear myself from that look. How strangely does a single red line, no thicker than the back of a knife, adorn that lovely neck.

*Mephistopheles.* Right! I see it too. She can also carry her head under her arm, for Perseus has cut it off for her. But ever this fondness for delusion! Come up the hill, however; here all is as merry as in the Prater; and if I am not bewitched, I actually see a theatre. What is going on here, then?

*Servibilis.* They will recommence immediately. A new piece, the last of seven;—it is the custom here to give so many. A dilettante has written it, and dilettanti play it. Excuse me, Gentlemen, but I must be off. It is my dilettante office to draw up the curtain.

*Mephistopheles.* When I find you upon the Blocksberg,—that is just what I approve; for this is the proper place for you.

# MAY-DAY NIGHT'S DREAM;

OR,

## OBERON AND TITANIA'S

## GOLDEN WEDDING-FEAST.

INTERMEZZO.

## INTERMEZZO.

*Theatre-Manager.* To-day we rest for once; we, the brave sons of Mieding. Old mountain and damp dale,—that is the whole scenery!

*Herald.* That the wedding-feast may be golden, fifty years are to be past; but if the quarrel is over, I shall like the golden the better.

*Oberon.* If ye spirits are with me, this is the time to show it: the king and the queen, they are united anew.

*Puck.* When Puck comes and whirls himself about, and his foot goes whisking in the dance,—hundreds come after to rejoice along with him.

*Ariel.* Ariel awakes the song, in tones of heavenly purity; his music lures many trifles, but it also lures the fair.

*Oberon.* Wedded ones, who would agree,—let them take a lesson from us two. To make a couple love each other, it is only necessary to separate them.

*Titania.* If the husband looks gruff, and the wife be whimsical, take hold of both of them immediately. Conduct me her to the South, and him to the extremity of the North.

*Orchestra-Tutti* (*Fortissimo*). Flies' snouts, and gnats' noses, with their kindred! Frog in the leaves, and cricket in the grass: they are the musicians.

*Solo.* See, here comes the bagpipe! It is the

soap-bubble. Hark to the Schnecke-schnicke-schnack through its snub-nose.

*Spirit that is fashioning itself.* Spider's foot and toad's belly, and little wings for the little wight! It does not make an animalcule, it is true, but it makes a little poem.

*A Pair of Lovers.* Little step and high bound, through honey-dew and exhalations. Truly, you trip it me enough, but you do not mount into the air.

*Inquisitive Traveller.* Is not this masquerading-mockery? Can I believe my eyes? To see the beauteous god, Oberon, here to-night, too!

*Orthodox.* No claws, no tail! Yet it stands beyond a doubt that, even as "The Gods of Greece," so is he too a devil.

*Northern Artist.* What I catch, is at present only sketch-ways as it were; but I prepare myself betimes for the Italian journey.

*Purist.* Ah! my ill-fortune brings me hither; what a constant scene of rioting! and of the whole host of witches, only two are powdered.

*Young Witch.* Powder as well as petticoats are for little old and grey women. Therefore I sit naked upon my he-goat, and show a stout body.

*Matron.* We have too much good-breeding to squabble with you here. But I hope you will rot, young and delicate as you are.

*Leader of the Band.* Flies' snouts and gnats' noses, don't swarm so about the naked. Frog in leaves, and cricket in the grass! Continue, however, to keep time, I beg of you.

*Weathercock* (*towards one side*) Company to one's heart's content! Truly, nothing but brides! and young bachelors, man for man! the hopefullest people!

*Weathercock* (*towards the other side*). And if the ground does not open, to swallow up all of them—with a quick run, I will immediately jump into hell.

*Xenien.* We are here as insects, with little sharp nebs, to honour Satan, our worshipful papa, according to his dignity.

*Hennings.* See! how naively they joke together in a crowded troop. They will e'en say in the end, that they had good hearts.

*Musaget.* I like full well to lose myself in this host of witches; for, truly, I should know how to manage these better than Muses.

*Ci-devant Genius of the Age.* With proper people, one becomes somebody. Come, take hold of my skirt! The Blocksberg, like the German Parnassus, has a very broad top.

*Inquisitive Traveller.* Tell me what is the name of that stiff man. He walks with stiff steps. He snuffles everything he can snuffle. "He is scenting out Jesuits."

*The Crane.* I like to fish in clear and even in troubled waters. On the same principle you see the pious gentlemen associate even with devils.

*Worldling.* Aye, for the pious, believe me, every thing is a vehicle. They actually form many a conventicle, here upon the Blocksberg.

*Dancer.* Here is surely a new choir coming! I hear distant drums. But don't disturb yourselves! there are single-toned bitterns among the reeds.

*Dancing Master.** How each throws up his legs! gets on as best he may! The crooked jumps, the clumsy hops, and asks not how it looks.

*Fiddler.* How deeply this pack of ragamuffins hate

* This and the following stanza were added in the last complete Edition of Goethe's Works.

each other, and how gladly they would give each other the finishing blow! The bagpipe unites them here, as Orpheus' lyre the beasts.

*Dogmatist.* I will not be put out of my opinion, not by either critics or doubts. The devil, though, must be something; for how else could there be devils?

*Idealist.* Phantasy, this once, is really too masterful in my mind. Truly, if I be that All, I must be beside myself to-day.

*Realist.* Entity is a regular plague to me, and cannot but vex me much. I stand here, for the first time, not firm upon my feet.

*Supernaturalist.* I am greatly pleased at being here, and am delighted with these; for, from devils, I can certainly draw conclusions as to good spirits.

*Sceptic.* They follow the track of the flame, and believe themselves near the treasure. Only doubt (*zweifel*) rhymes to devil (*teufel*). Here I am quite at home.

*Leader of the Band.* Frog in the leaves, and cricket in the grass! Confounded dilettanti! Flies' snouts and gnats' noses; you are fine musicians!

*The Knowing Ones. Sansouci*, that is the name of the host of merry creatures. There is no longer any walking upon feet, wherefore we walk upon our heads.

*The Maladroit Ones.* In times past we have sponged many a tit-bit; but now, good bye to all that! Our shoes are danced through; we run on bare soles.

*Will-o'the-Wisps.* We come from the bog, from which we are just sprung; but we are the glittering gallants here in the dance directly.

*Star-Shoot.* From on high, in star-and-fire-light, I

shot hither. I am now lying crooked-ways in the grass ; who will help me upon my legs ?

*The Massive Ones.* Room ! room ! and round about ! so down go the grass-stalks. Spirits are coming, but spirits as they are, they have plump limbs.

*Puck.* Don't tread so heavily, like elephants' calves ; and the plumpest on this day be the stout Puck himself.

*Ariel.* If kind nature gave—if the spirit gave you wings, follow my light track up to the hill of roses !

*Orchestra,* (*pianissimo*). Drifting clouds, and wreathed mists, brighten from on high ! Breeze in the leaves, and wind in the rushes, and all is dissipated !

## A GLOOMY DAY.—OPEN COUNTRY.

FAUST.—MEPHISTOPHELES.

*Faust.* In misery! Despairing! Long a wretched wanderer upon the earth, and now a prisoner! The dear, unhappy being, cooped up in the dungeon, as a malefactor, for horrid tortures! Even to that! to that! Treacherous, worthless spirit, and this hast thou concealed from me! Stand, only stand! roll thy devilish eyes infuriated in thy head! Stand and brave me with thy unbearable presence! A prisoner! In irremediable misery! Given over to evil spirits, and to sentence-passing, unfeeling man! And me, in the mean time, hast thou been lulling with tasteless dissipations, concealing her growing wretchedness from me, and leaving her to perish without help.

*Mephistopheles.* She is not the first.

*Faust.* Dog! horrible monster!—Turn him, thou Infinite Spirit! turn the reptile back again into his dog's shape, in which he was often pleased to trot before me by night, to roll before the feet of the harmless wanderer, and fasten on his shoulders when he fell. Turn him again into his favourite shape, that he may crouch on his belly before me in the sand, whilst I spurn him with my foot, the reprobate! Not the first! Wo! wo! It is inconceivable by any human soul, that more than one creature should have sunk into such a depth of misery,—that the first, in its writhing-death-agony, was not sufficient to atone for the guilt of all the rest in the sight of the Ever-

pardoning. It harrows up my marrow and my very life,—the misery of this one: thou art grinning away calmly at the fate of thousands.

*Mephistopheles.* Now are we already at our wits' end again! just where the sense of your mortals snaps with overstraining. Why dost thou enter into fellowship with us, if thou canst not go through with it? Will'st fly, and art not safe from dizziness? Did we force ourselves on thee, or thou thyself on us?

*Faust.* Gnash not thy greedy teeth thus defyingly at me! I loathe thee! Great, glorious Spirit, thou who deignedst to appear to me, thou who knowest my heart and my soul, why yoke me to this shame-fellow who feeds on mischief, and battens on destruction!

*Mephistopheles.* Hast done?

*Faust.* Save her! or woe to thee! The most horrible curse on thee for thousands of years!

*Mephistopheles.* I cannot loosen the shackles of the avenger, nor undo his bolts.—Save her!—Who was it that plunged her into ruin? I or thou?

[FAUST *looks wildly around.*

Art thou grasping after the thunder? Well, that it is not given to you wretched mortals! To dash to pieces one who replies to you in all innocence—that is just the tyrant's way of venting himself in perplexities.

*Faust.* Bring me thither! She shall be free!

*Mephistopheles.* And the danger to which you expose yourself? Know, the guilt of blood, from your hand, still lies upon the town. Avenging spirits hover over the place of the slain, and lie in wait for the returning murderer.

*Faust.* That, too, from thee? Murder and death of a world upon thee, monster! Conduct me thither, I say, and free her!

*Mephistopheles.* I will conduct thee, and what I can,

hear! Have I all power in heaven and upon earth? I will cloud the gaoler's senses; do you possess yourself of the keys, and bear her off with human hand. I will watch! The magic horses will be ready, I will bear you off. This much I can do.

*Faust.* Up and away!

## NIGHT.—A COMMON.

FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES *rushing along upon black horses.*

*Faust.* What are they working—those about the Ravenstone yonder?

*Mephistopheles.* Can't tell what they're cooking and making.

*Faust.* Are waving upwards—waving downwards —bending—stooping.

*Mephistopheles.* A witch company.

*Faust.* They are sprinkling and charming.

*Mephistopheles.* On! on!

## DUNGEON.

*Faust* (*with a bunch of keys and a lamp, before an iron wicket*). A tremor, long unfelt, seizes me; the concentrated misery of mankind fastens on me. Here, behind these damp walls, is her dwelling-place, and her crime was a good delusion! Thou hesitatest to go to her! Thou fearest to see her again! On! thy irresolution lingers death hitherwards.

[*He takes hold of the lock.—Singing within.*

My mother, the whore,
That killed me!
My father, the rogue,
That ate me up!
My little sister
Picked up the bones
At a cool place!
There I became a beautiful little wood-bird.
Fly away! fly away!

*Faust* (*opening the lock*). She has no presentiment that her lover is listening, hears the chains clank, the straw rustle. [*He enters.*

*Margaret* (*hiding her face in the bed of straw*). Woe! woe! They come. Bitter death!

*Faust* (*softly*). Hush! hush! I come to free thee.

*Margaret* (*throwing herself before him*). If thou art human, feel for my wretchedness.

*Faust.* You will wake the guard by your cries!

[*He takes hold of the chains to unlock them.*

*Margaret* (*on her knees*). Who has given you,

headsman, this power over me? You come for me whilst it is yet midnight. Be merciful and let me live. Is not to-morrow morning soon enough?

[*She stands up.*

I am yet so young, so young! and am to die already! I was fair, too, and that was my undoing! My true-love was near—he is now far away. Torn lies my garland, scattered the flowers. Don't take hold of me so roughly! Spare me! What have I done to you? Let me not implore in vain! I never saw you before in all my life, you know!

*Faust.* Can I endure this misery!

*Margaret.* I am now entirely in thy power. Only let me first give suck to the child. I pressed it this whole night to my heart. They took it away to vex me, and now say I killed it. And I shall never be happy again. They sing songs upon me! It is wicked of the people. An old tale ends so,—who bids them apply it?

*Faust* (*throws himself on the ground*). A lover lies at thy feet, to unloose the bonds of wretchedness.

*Margaret* (*throws herself by his side*). Ay, let us kneel to invoke the saints. See, under these steps, under the threshold, hell is seething! The Evil One, with fearful fury, is making a din.

*Faust* (*passionately*). Margaret! Margaret!

*Margaret* (*listening*). That was my true-love's voice. (*She springs up. The chains fall off*). Where is he? I heard him call. I am free! Nobody shall hinder me. I will fly to his neck! lie on his bosom! He called Margaret! He stood upon the threshold. In the midst, through the howling and clattering of hell, through the grim, devilish scoffing, I knew the sweet, the loving tone again.

*Faust.* 'Tis I.

*Margaret.* 'Tis thou! Ah, say so once again! (*Clasping him*). 'Tis he! 'Tis he! Whither is all my wretchedness? Whither the agony of the dungeon?—the chains? 'Tis thou! Thou com'st to save me. I am saved!—There again already is the street, where I saw thee for the first time; and the cheerful garden, where I and Martha waited for thee.

*Faust* (*striving to take her away*). Come! come with me!

*Margaret.* Oh stay! I like to stay where thou stayest. [*Caressing him.*

*Faust.* Haste! If you do not make haste, we shall pay dearly for it.

*Margaret.* What! you can no longer kiss? So short time away from me, my love, and already forgotten how to kiss! Why do I feel so sad upon your neck? when, in other times, a whole heaven came over me from your words, your looks; and you kissed me as if you were going to smother me! Kiss me! or I will kiss you! (*She embraces him.*) O woe! your lips are cold,—are dumb. Where have you left your love? who has robbed me of it?

[*She turns from him.*

*Faust.* Come! follow me! take courage, my love. I will press thee to my heart with thousandfold warmth —only follow me! I ask thee but this.

*Margaret* (*turning to him*). And is it thou, then? And is it thou, indeed?

*Faust.* 'Tis I. Come along!

*Margaret.* You undo my fetters, you take me to your bosom again! How comes it that you are not afraid of me? And do you then know, my love, whom you are freeing?

*Faust.* Come, come! the depth of night is already passing away.

*Margaret.* I have killed my mother, I have drowned my child. Was it not bestowed on thee and me?—on thee, too? 'Tis thou! I scarcely believe it. Give me thy hand. It is no dream—thy dear hand!—but oh, 'tis damp! Wipe it off. It seems to me as if there was blood on it. Oh, God! what hast thou done? Put up thy sword! I pray thee, do!

*Faust.* Let what is past, be past. Thou wilt kill me.

*Margaret.* No, you must remain behind. I will describe the graves to you! you must see to them the first thing to-morrow. Give my mother the best place; —my brother close by;—me, a little on one side, only not too far off! And the little one on my right breast; no one else will lie by me. To nestle to *thy* side,—that was a sweet, a dear delight! But it will never be mine again. I feel as if I were irresistibly drawn to you, and you were thrusting me off. And yet, 'tis you; and you look, so kind.

*Faust.* If you feel that 'tis I, come along.

*Margaret.* Out there?

*Faust.* Into the free air!

*Margaret.* If the grave is without, if death lies in wait,—then come! Hence into the eternal resting-place, and not a step further.—Thou art now going away? O Henry, could I but go too!

*Faust.* Thou canst! Only consent! The door stands open.

*Margaret.* I dare not go out; there is no hope for me! What avails it flying? They are lying in wait for me. It is so miserable to be obliged to beg,—and with an evil conscience, too. It is so miserable to wander in a strange land,—and they will catch me, do as I will.

*Faust.* I shall be with thee.

*Margaret.* Quick, quick! Save thy poor child.

Away! Keep the path up by the brook—over the bridge—into the wood—to the left where the plank is—in the pond. Only quick and catch hold of it! it tries to rise! it is still struggling! Help! help!

*Faust.* Be calm, I pray! Only one step, and thou art free.

*Margaret.* Were we but past the hill! There sits my mother on a stone—my brain grows chill!—there sits my mother on a stone, and waves her head to and fro. She beckons not, she nods not, her head is heavy; she slept so long, she'll wake no more. She slept that we might enjoy ourselves. Those were pleasant times!

*Faust.* As no prayer, no persuasion, is here of any avail, I will risk the bearing thee away.

*Margaret.* Let me go! No, I endure no violence! Lay not hold of me so murderously! Time was, you know, when I did all to pleasure you.

*Faust.* The day is dawning! My love! my love!

*Margaret.* Day! Yes, is growing day! The last day is breaking in! My wedding-day it was to be! Tell no one that thou hadst been with Margaret already. Woe to my garland! It is all over now! We shall meet again, but not at the dance. The crowd thickens; it is not heard. The square, the streets, cannot hold them. The bell tolls!—the staff breaks! How they bind and seize me! Already am I hurried off to the blood-seat! Already quivering for every neck is the sharp steel which quivers for mine. Dumb lies the world as the grave!

*Faust.* Oh that I had never been born!

*Mephistopheles* (*appears without*). Up! or you are lost. Vain hesitation! Lingering and prattling! My horses shudder; the morning is gloaming up.

*Margaret.* What rises up from the floor? He!

He! Send him away! What would he at the holy place? He would me!

*Faust.* Thou shalt live!

*Margaret.* Judgment of God! I have given myself up to thee.

*Mephistopheles* (*to Faust*). Come! come! I will leave you in the scrape with her.

*Margaret.* Thine am I, Father! Save me, ye Angels! Ye Holy Hosts, range yourselves round about, to guard me! Henry! I tremble to look upon thee.

*Mephistopheles.* She is judged!

*Voice from above.* Is saved.

*Mephistopheles* (*to* FAUST). Hither to me!

[*Disappears with* FAUST.

*Voice from within, dying away.* Henry! Henry!

# NOTES.

# NOTES.

Page 1. *They hear not the following lays—the souls to whom I sang my first.*—To understand the Dedication, it is necessary to refer to the history of the book. The plan of "Faust" appears to have been in Goethe's mind very early in life. In the list appended to the Stuttgart and Tubingen octavo edition of 1819, he puts it down among the works written between 1769 and 1775. In the second part of the *Dichtung und Wahrheit* (Book 18), he states that he shewed the newest scenes of "Faust" to Klopstock, who expressed himself much pleased, and (contrary to his custom) spoke of the poem with decided commendation to others. This must have taken place early in the year 1775. Maler Müller also, in the prefatory epistle to his "Faust," published about 1778, mentions a report that Goethe and Lessing were engaged upon the same subject. The poem was first published in 1790, and forms the commencement of the seventh volume of *Goethe's Schriften: Wien und Leipzig, bey J. Stahel und G. J. Göschen*, 1790. This edition is now before me. The poem is entitled, *Faust: Ein Fragment* (not *Doktor Faust, Ein Trauerspiel*, as Döring says), and contains no prologue or dedication of any sort. It commences with the scene in Faust's study, *ante*, p. 13, and is continued as now down to the passage ending *ante*, p. 19, l. 26. In the original, the line—

"Und froh ist, wenn er Regenwürmer findet"—

ends the scene. The next scene is one between Faust and Mephistopheles, and begins thus:—

FAUST.

* * * * * * *

"Und was der ganzen Menschheit zugetheilt ist"—

*i.e.*, with the passage (*ante*, p. 52), beginning:—"I will enjoy in my own heart's core all that is parcelled out amongst mankind," &c. All that intervenes in later editions is wanting. It is thenceforth continued as now to the end of the Cathedral scene (*ante*, p. 120); except that the whole scene in which Valentine is killed, is

wanting. Thus Margaret's prayer to the Virgin, and the Cathedral scene, come together and form the conclusion of the work. According to Döring's Verzeichniss, there was no new edition of "Faust" until 1807. According to Dr. Stieglitz, the First Part of "Faust" first appeared in its present shape in the collected edition of Goethe's works which was published in 1808. I applied to Cotta, but could get no definite information as to the point, nor have I been yet fortunate enough to meet with the edition in question.

Since this was written, I have been favoured by a communication from M. Varnhagen von Ense, in the course of which he states that the First Part first appeared in the edition of Goethe's works published in duodecimo in 1807 and in octavo in 1808. From the correspondence between Zelter and Goethe, however, it would seem that this edition did not appear until 1808; for in a letter, dated July 13th, 1808, we find Zelter acknowledging the receipt of the completed "Faust," and requesting an explanation of the Intermezzo, which unluckily is not afforded to him.—(Vol. i. p. 322.)

P. 3. *Prologue for the Theatre.*—It must be borne in mind that the theatre is one of those temporary theatres or booths which are common at fairs, and that the company is supposed to be an itinerant one.

P. 3. *Pleasing and instructive at once.*—

"Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci."—
*Horace.*

P. 4. *People come to look.*—

"Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator."—*Horace.*

P. 4. *Who brings much, will bring something to many a one.*—"La Comédie des Visionnaires nous réjouit beaucoup: nous trouvames que c'est la representation de tout le monde; chacun a ses visions plus ou moins marquées."—*Madame de Sevigné.*

P. 5. *Begone, &c.*—Compare *Wilhelm Meister* (Book ii. ch. ii.), in which somewhat similar notions of the poet's vocation are put into the mouth of the hero.

P. 6. *Much falsehood and a spark of truth.*—"I cannot tell why, this same truth is a naked and open daylight, that doth

not show the masques, and mummeries, and triumphs of the present world, half so stately and daintily as candle-lights. Truth may perhaps come to the price of a pearl, that showeth best by day; but it will not rise to the price of a diamond or carbuncle, which showeth best in varied lights. A mixture of lies doth ever add pleasure. Doth any man doubt, that, if there were taken from men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations, *as one would*, and the like vinum Dæmonum (as a Father called poetry), but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves?"—*Lord Bacon, quoted in The Friend*, vol. i. p. 9.

P. 7. *That, old gentlemen, is your duty.*—It was a favourite theory of Goethe, that the power of calling up the most vivid emotions was in no respect impaired by age, whilst the power of pourtraying them was greatly improved by experience.

"To carry on the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood, to combine the child's sense of wonder and novelty with the appearances, which every day for perhaps forty years had rendered familiar,—

> Both sun and moon, and stars, throughout the year,
> And man and women,—

this is the character and privilege of genius, and one of the marks which distinguish genius from talent."—*Coleridge's Biog. Lit.*

P. 8. *Use the greater and the lesser light of heaven.*—"And God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night; he made the stars also."—*Gen.* i. 17.

"Und Gott machte zwey grosse Lichter: ein grosses Licht, das den Tag regiere, und ein kleines Licht, das die Nacht regiere; dazu auch Sterne."—*Luther's Translation.*

P. 9. *Prologue in Heaven.*—The idea of this prologue is taken from the Book of Job, chapters 1st and 2nd. "It is worthy of remark," says Dr. Schubart, "that in the guise in which the poet introduces his Mephistopheles, a great difference is to be seen between his mode of treating the principle of evil, and that followed by Klopstock, Milton, and Lord Byron in Cain. It has also been a matter of course, to hold to one side only of the biblical tradition, which represents Satan as an angel of light fallen through pride and haughtiness, endeavouring to disturb the glorious creation of the Supreme Being. Goethe, on the contrary, has adhered rather to

the other side of the tradition, of which the Book of Job is the groundwork, according to which Satan or the Devil forms one of the Lord's Host, not as a rebel against his will, but as a powerful tempter, authorised and appointed as such," &c.—(*Vorlesungen*). We are also called upon to admire the propriety of the parts assigned to the Archangels in the introductory song. Dr. Hinrichs shows some anxiety to establish that The Lord depicted by Goethe, is the Lord of Christianity. On this subject he has the following note:—"That The Lord in this poem is the Christian God, and therefore the Divine Spirit, Cornelius also signifies in the title-page of his Illustrations of Faust, where the Lord, in the middle of an unequal square, begirt by a half-circle of angels, bears the triple crown upon his head, and the terrestrial globe in his left hand; whilst in Retzsch's Illustrations of Faust, the Lord without the triple crown and the cross, does not express the Christian God, and for that reason the conception is not embraced by it."—*Vorlesungen*, p. 36.

Mr. Heraud, the writer of the able article in Fraser's Magazine, quoted *post*, p. 158, says that *Der Herr* means the Second Person of the Trinity. It would be difficult to reconcile this notion with the supposed analogy to the Book of Job.

P. 9. *The Sun chimes in, as ever, with the emulous music of his brother spheres.*—

"Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the welt'ring waves their oozy channel keep.
Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
(If ye have power to touch our senses so),
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the base of Heav'n's deep organ blow;
And with your nine-fold harmony
Make up full concert to th' angelic symphony."—
*Milton.*

Herder, in his comparison of Klopstock and Milton, has said:—

"A single ode of Klopstock outweighs the whole lyric literature of Britain." I know nothing of Klopstock's that would outweigh this single hymn on the Nativity.

P. 9. *But thy messengers, Lord, respect the mild going of thy day.*—"Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go, and say unto them, Here we are?"—Job, xxxviii. 35. "And of the angels he saith, Who maketh his angels spirits, and his ministers a flame of fire."—*St. Paul*, Heb. i. 7.

> "The sightless couriers of the earth."—
> *Macbeth*, Act 1, Scene 7.

> "The day is placid in its *going*,
> To a lingering sweetness bound,
> Like a river in its flowing."—*Wordsworth.*

P. 11. *A good man in his dark strivings, &c.*—*Drang* in this passage is untranslatable, though the meaning is clear. In rendering it as above, I had *the striving of jarring impulses* (Coleridge's Aids) in my mind. The same exalted confidence in human nature is expressed in another passage of Goethe's works:—

> "Wenn einen Menschen die Natur erhoben,
> Ist es kein Wunder, wenn ihm viel gelingt;
> Mann muss in ihm die Macht des Schöpfers loben
> Der schwachen Thon zu solcher Ehre bringt:
> Doch wenn ein Mann von allen Lebensproben
> Die sauerste besteht, sich selbst beswingt;
> Dann kann man ihn mit Freude Andern zeigen,
> Und sagen: Das ist es, das ist sein eigen."—
> *Geheimnisse.*

P. 11. *The scoffer is the least offensive to me.*—This does not convey the character of Mephistopheles, nor is there any English word that would. The meaning must be: I prefer a malicious, roguish devil who laughs or scoffs at my works, to one who openly defies.

P. 12. *The creative essence, &c.*—It is quite impossible to translate this passage, and I have never seen a satisfactory explanation of it. *Das Werdende* is literally *The Becoming*, but *werden* is rather the Greek γινομαι than the English *to become*. The Greek word εγενετο (says Mr. Coleridge) unites in itself the two

senses of *began to exist* and *was made to exist:* it exemplifies the force of the *middle voice*, in distinction from the verb reflex.—*Aids to Reflection*, 2nd edit. p. 18.

One friend, whom I consulted about this passage, sent me the following version:—"Creation's energy—ever active and alive—encircle you with the joyous bounds of love—and that which flits before you, a fluent and changeful phantom, do ye fix by the power of enduring thought!"

Mr. Carlyle interpreted it thus:—"There is clearly no translating of these lines, especially on the spur of the moment; yet, it seems to me the meaning of them is pretty distinct. The Lord has just remarked, that man (poor fellow) needs a devil, as travelling companion, to spur him on by means of Denial; whereupon, turning round (to the angels and other perfect characters) he adds, 'But ye, the genuine sons of Heaven, joy ye in the living fulness of the beautiful' (not of the logical, practical, contradictory, wherein man toils imprisoned); 'let Being (or Existence) which is everywhere a glorious birth into higher Being, as it for ever works and lives, encircle you with the soft ties of Love; and whatsoever wavers in the doubtful empire of appearance' (as all earthly things do), 'that do ye by enduring thought make firm.' Thus would *Das Werdende*, the thing that is a being (is o-being), mean no less than the universe (the visible universe) itself; and I paraphrase it by 'Existence which is everywhere a birth into higher Existence' (or in some such way), and make a comfortable enough kind of sense out of that quatrain."*

"A trifle more acquaintance with theology and German philosophy (says Mr. Heraud) would have saved a deal of the trouble thus taken; nor would some attention to the character of the speaker and the nature of the occasion have been quite useless. The speaker is the *second* person in the Trinity, and the occasion is the breaking up of the sacred assembly, and the words which he is made to utter are intended for the Divine benediction at parting, in which he formally leaves them, to comfort them for his absence, according to the Scripture rule of proceeding, the loving influences of the Holy Spirit. The desire to be familiar in this dialogue—to make it dramatic rather than sacred—led Goethe to avoid religious terms of expression; and therefore he preferred the phrase, 'the becoming, that ever operates and lives,' to the 'fellowship or blessing of the Holy Ghost,' and similar modes of address which are consecrated to the service of public worship. 'The becoming' (*das Werdende*) is of course that which becomes—*i.e.*, that which continually passes

* The passage in the original consists of four lines.

from one state to another, whose essence it is to do so. This is undoubtedly the office of the third person in the Trinity. The Lord, therefore, leaves and dismisses the angelic assembly with a benediction recommending them to that divine influence which proceeds from the Father to the Son, and from both in an eternal procession, an operative and living principle, to whatsoever works and lives. This spirit he desires to remain with them, and to encompass them within the gentle enclosures of love."—*Fraser's Magazine* for May, 1832.

Should any one think I am bestowing too much space upon a single passage, I would beg leave to remind him that the passage is a very singular one, and that books have been written to fix the meaning of a phrase [illegible] most eminent men in Italy joined in the controversy as to the *freddo e caldo polo* of Monti.

P. 12. *I like to see the Ancient One occasionally.*—Shelley translates *den Alten*, the Old Fellow. But the term may allude merely to "The Ancient of Days," and is not necessarily a disrespectful one. A correspondent proposes The Old Gentleman. I am also told that *der Alte* is a slang expression for *the father*.

In allusion to Mephistopheles' liking to see The Lord occasionally, Dr. Hinrichs observes:—"A fallen angel, as Shakspeare himself says, is still an angel, who likes to see the Lord occasionally, and avoids breaking with him, wherefore we find Mephistopheles in heaven amongst the host."—p. 37.

The following passage occurs in Falk:—"Yet even the clever Madame de Stael was greatly scandalised that I (Goethe) kept the devil in such good-humour. In the presence of God the Father, she insisted upon it, he ought to be more grim and spiteful. What will she say, if she sees him promoted a step higher—nay, perhaps, meets him in heaven?"

P. 13. *First Scene.*—The opening scene is the only part in which the Faustus of Marlow bears any similarity to the Faust of Goethe. I quote it, with the Chorus, in which an outline of the traditional story is sketched:—

*Enter* CHORUS.

Not marching in the fields of Tharsimen,
Where Mars did mate the warlike Carthagen,
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love,
In courts of kings, where state is overturn'd,
Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds,
Intends our muse to vaunt his heavenly verse;

Only this, gentles, we must now perform,
The form of Faustus' fortunes, good or bad:
And now to patient judgments we appeal,
And speak for Faustus in his infancy:
Now is he born of parents base of stock,
In Germany, within a town call'd Rhodes;
At riper years to Wittenburg he went;
So much he profits in divinity,
That shortly he was graced with Doctor's name,
Excelling all, and sweetly can dispute
In th' heavenly matters of theology;
Till, swoln with cunning and a self-conceit,
His waxen wings did mount above his reach;
And melting heavens conspired his overthrow;
For falling to a devilish exercise,
And glutted now with learning's golden gifts,
He surfeits on the cursed necromancy.
Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,
Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss,
Whereas his kinsman chiefly brought him up.
And this the man that in his study sits.

## ACT THE FIRST.—SCENE I.

FAUSTUS *in his Study.*

*Faust.* Settle thy studies, Faustus, and begin,
To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess;
Having commenced, be a divine in show,
Yet level at the end of every art,
And live and die in Aristotle's works.
Sweet analytics, 'tis thou hast ravish'd me.
Bene disserere est fines logicis.
Is, to dispute well, logic's chiefest end?
Affords this art no greater miracle?
Then read no more; thou hast attain'd that end,
A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit:
Bid economy farewell: and Galen come.
Be a physician, Faustus; heap up gold,
And be eternized for some wondrous cure;
Summon bonum medicinæ sanitas;
The end of physic is our bodies' health.
Why, Faustus, hast thou not attain'd that end?

Are not thy bills hung up as monuments,
Whereby whole cities have escaped the plague,
And thousand desperate maladies been cured?
Yet thou art still but Faustus and a man.
Could'st thou make men to live eternally,
Or, being dead, raise them to life again,
Then this profession were to be esteem'd.
Physic, farewell! Where is Justinian?
Si una eademque res legatur duobus,
Alter rem, alter valorem rei, &c.
A petty case of paltry legacies.
Exhereditari filium non potest pater nisi, &c.
Such is the subject of the institute,
And universal body of the law.
This study fits a mercenary drudge,
Who aims at nothing but external trash,
Too servile and illiberal for me.
When all is done, divinity is best.
Jerome's Bible, Faustus: view it well.
Stipendium peccati mors est: ha! stipendium, &c.
The reward of sin is death: that's hard.
Si peccâsse negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis veritas:
If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves and there is no truth in us.
Why then belike we must sin,
And so consequently die.
Ay, we must die an everlasting death.
What doctrine call you this? Che sera, sera:
What will be, shall be; divinity, adieu!
These metaphysics of magicians,
And necromantic books are heavenly!
Lines, circles, letters, characters:
Ay, these are those that Faustus most desires.
Oh! what a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honour, and omnipotence,
Is promised to the studious artisan!
All things that move between the quiet pole,
Shall be at my command. Emperors and kings
Are but obey'd in their several provinces;
But his dominion that exceeds in this,
Stretches as far as doth the mind of man:
A sound magician is a demigod.
Here tire my brains to get a deity. [*Enter* WAGNER.

— *Marlow's Works*, vol. ii.

The commencement of Lord Byron's Manfred is clearly traceable to Faust, either Marlow's or Goethe's. His own and Goethe's opinions on this matter may be collected from the following extracts, which form part of a note to the last edition of Byron's Works, vol. ii. p. 71.

In June, 1820, Lord Byron thus writes to Mr. Murray:—"Enclosed is something will interest you; to wit, the opinion of the greatest man in Germany, perhaps in Europe, upon one of the great men of your advertisements (all famous hands, as Jacob Tonson used to say of his ragamuffins), in short, a critique of Goethe's upon Manfred. There is the original, an English translation, and an Italian one;—keep them all in your archives, for the opinions of such a man as Goethe, whether favourable or not, are always interesting, and this more so, as favourable. His Faust I never read, for I don't know German; but Matthew Monk Lewis, in 1816, at Coligny, translated most of it to me *vivâ voce*, and I was naturally much struck with it; but it was the Steinbach, and the Jungfrau, and something else much more than Faustus, that made me write Manfred. The first scene, however, and that of Faustus are very similar."

The following is part of the extract from Goethe's *Kunst und Alterthum*, which the above letter inclosed:—

"Byron's tragedy, Manfred, was to me a wonderful phenomenon, and one that closely touched me.* This singularly intellectual poet has taken my Faustus to himself, and extracted from it the strongest nourishment for his hypochondriac humour. He has made use of the impelling principles in his own way, for his own purposes, so that no one of them remains the same; and it is particularly on this account that I cannot enough admire his genius. The whole is in this way so completely formed anew, that it would be an interesting task for the critic to point out, not only the alterations he has made, but their degree of resemblance with, or dissimilarity to, the orignal; in the course of which I cannot deny that the gloomy heat of an unbounded and exuberant despair, becomes at last oppressive to us. Yet is the dissatisfaction we feel always connected with esteem and admiration."

Lord Jeffrey, in the Edinburgh Review, thus distinguishes Marlow's hero from Manfred:—

"Faustus is a vulgar sorcerer, tempted to sell his soul to the devil for the ordinary price of sensual pleasure, and earthly power and glory; and who shrinks and shudders in agony when the forfeit

* There is a translation of one of Manfred's soliloquies by Goethe in the last complete edition of his Works, vol. iii. p. 207.

comes to be exacted. The style, too, of Marlow, though elegant and scholar-like, is weak and childish compared with the depth and force of much of Lord Byron, and the disgusting buffoonery of low farce, of which the piece is principally made up, place it more in contrast, than in any terms of comparison, with that of his noble successor. In the tone and pitch of the composition, as well as in the character of the diction in the more solemn parts, Manfred reminds us more of the Prometheus of Æschylus than of any more modern performance."

The following extracts from Captain Medwin's Conversations may also be placed here with propriety:—

"The Germans," said Byron, "and I believe Goethe himself, consider that I have taken great liberties with 'Faust.' All I know of that drama is from a sorry French translation, from an occasional reading or two into English of parts of it by Monk Lewis, when at Diodata, and from the Hartz-mountain scene that Shelley versified from the other day. Nothing I envy him so much as to be able to read that astonishing production in the original. As to originality, Goethe has too much sense to pretend that he is not under obligations to authors ancient and modern; who is not? You tell me the plot is almost entirely Calderon's. The Fête, the Scholar, the argument about the *Logos*, the selling himself to the fiend, and afterwards denying his power; his disguise of the plumed cavalier, the enchanted mirror, are all from Cyprian. That *magico prodigiosa* must be worth reading, and nobody seems to know anything about it but you and Shelley.* Then the vision is not unlike that of Marlow's in his 'Faustus.' The bed-scene is from 'Cymbeline;' the song or serenade, a translation of Ophelia's in 'Hamlet;' and more than all, the prologue is from Job, which is the first drama in the world, and perhaps the oldest poem. I had an idea of writing a 'Job,' but I found it too sublime. There is no poetry to be compared with it."

"I told him that Japhet's soliloquy in 'Heaven and Earth,' and address to the Mountains of Caucasus, strongly resembled Faust's. 'I shall have commentators enough by and by,' said he, 'to dissect my thoughts, and find owners for them.'"—*Medwin's Conversations of Lord Byron*, pp. 141, 142.

* The trifling analogy that really does exist between the works, is mentioned in almost all the Commentaries. It is hardly possible for Shelley to have said that Goethe's plot is almost entirely Calderon's, and Captain Medwin had probably been enlarging to Lord Byron on what Shelley had incidentally mentioned as coincidences.

Again: "I have a great curiosity about everything relating to Goethe, and please myself with thinking there is some analogy between our characters and writings. So much interest do I take in him, that I offered to give 100*l.* to any person who would translate his 'Memoirs' for my own reading. Shelley has sometimes explained part of them to me. He seems to be very superstitious, and is a believer in astrology,—or rather was, for he was very young when he wrote the first part of his life. I would give the world to read 'Faust' in the original. I have been urging Shelley to translate it, but he said that the translator of 'Wallenstein' was the only person living who could venture to attempt it; that he had written to Coleridge, but in vain. For a man to translate it he must think as *he* does."

"How do you explain," said I, "the first line,

'The sun thunders through the sky?'

"He speaks of the music of the spheres in Heaven," said he, "where, as in Job, the first scene is laid."—*Medwin's Conversations*, p. 267.

Tieck, towards the end of his masterly Introduction to Lenz's Works, discountenances the notion that either Byron or Scott was under any literary obligation to Goethe. This notion, as regards Scott, is in part supported by reference to individual characters or passages in his works, (as Finella copied from Mignon, or the interview between Leicester and Amy, at Cumnor, imitated from Egmont,) but principally by supposing that the translation of Götz von Berlichingen first inspired him with a taste for that style of writing in which he afterwards so pre-eminently distinguished himself.* Unluckily for this theory, it is now well known that he had this taste already;† and even without any direct evidence upon the point, it seems more probable that the taste originated the translation, than the translation the taste. Scott says that the rhythm and irregular versification of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* were imitated from *Christabel;* but were not these peculiarities of *Christabel* imitated from *Faust?*

"I was once pressed—many years ago—to translate the Faust; and I so far entertained the proposal as to read the work through

* Mr. Carlyle (Specimens of German Romance, vol. iv. p. 6,) starts this supposition.

† See the Annotated Edition of the Waverley Novels, vol. i. General Preface.

with great attention, and to revive in my mind my own former plan of Michael Scott. But then I considered with myself whether the time taken up in executing the translation might not more worthily be devoted to the composition of a work which, even if parallel in some points to the Faust, should be truly original in motive and execution, and therefore more interesting and valuable than any version which I could make;—and, secondly, I debated with myself whether it became my moral character to render into English—and so far, certainly, lend my countenance to language—much of which I thought vulgar, licentious, and blasphemous. I need not tell you that I never put pen to paper as a translator of Faust."—*Coleridge's Table Talk*, vol. ii. pp. 117, 118.

P. 13. *This it is that almost burns up the heart within me.*—"Abel, my brother, I would lament for thee, but that the spirit within me is withered and burnt up with extreme agony."—*The Wanderings of Cain, a Fragment, by S. T. Coleridge.*

P. 13. *For this very reason is all joy torn from me.*—"I communed with my own heart, saying, Lo, I am come to great estate, and have gotten more wisdom than all they that have been before me in Jerusalem, yea, my heart hath great experience of wisdom and knowledge.

"And I gave my heart to know wisdom, and to know madness and folly: I perceived that this also is vexation of spirit. For in much wisdom is much grief: and he that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow."—*Eccl.* c. i.

P. 13. *I have therefore devoted myself to magic.*—Goethe tells us, in his Memoirs, that whilst he was confined by ill-health, he and Miss von Klettenberg read through several books on alchemy; *e.g.*, Welling's Opus Mago-Caballisticum, Theophrastus Paracelsus, Basilius Valentinus, Helmont, Starkey, and the Aurea Catena Homeri.* The study of these writers subsequently induced Goethe to put up a small chemical apparatus, of which he says:—"Now were certain ingredients of the Macrocosmus and Microcosmus dealt with after a strange fashion." In his *Farbenlehre*, also, he enters upon an animated defence of natural magic. It is clear from many passages in his Memoirs, that the reflections on the insufficiency of knowledge which he has here put into the mouth

* Döring (*Life of Goethe*, p. 72) mentions the circumstance and connects with Faust.

of Faust, were his own at one period. For instance:—"The remarkable puppet-show fable of Faust found many an answering echo in my breast. I too had ranged through the whole round of knowledge, and was early enough led to see its vanity."

P. 14. *Nostradamus.*—"Nostradamus, properly Michel Notre Dame, born in 1503, at St. Remy in Provence, of a family of Jewish origin, studied medicine, applied himself somewhat to quackery, and fell at last into the favourite malady of his age, astrology. The prophecies which, from his seclusion at Salon, he made known in rhymed quatrains under the title of 'Centuries of the World,' excited great notice by their style and their obscurity. Henry the Second, King of France, sent for the author and rewarded him royally. When, subsequently, this monarch was wounded in a tournament, and lost his life, men believed that the prophecy of this event was to be found in the 35th quatrain of the First Century:—

> "'Le lion jeune le vieux surmontera,
> En camps bellique par singulier duel,
> Dans cage d'or les yeux lui crevera,
> Deux plaies une, puis mourir mort cruelle.'

"The most distinguished persons of his time visited him at Salon. Charles the Ninth appointed him his physician. There were not wanting people, however, who made light of his prophecies. So late as 1781, they were prohibited by the Papal Court, because the downfal of Papacy was announced in them. He died at Salon in 1565."—*Conversations-Lexicon, tit. Nostradamus.*

P. 15. *Macrocosm, and Spirit of the Earth or Microcosm.*—Dr. Hinrichs says: "The Macrocosm signifies Nature, as such, and is opposed to Microcosm, as man."—p. 59. But I incline to think Macrocosm means the Universe, and the Spirit of Earth, the Earth generally. Thus Falk, in accounting for Faust's weakness in the presence of the latter, says, "The mighty and multiform universality of the earth itself—that focus of all phenomena, which at the same time contains within itself sea, mountain, storm, earthquake, tiger, lion, lamb, Homer, Phidias, Raphael, Newton, Mozart, and Apelles—whom, appear when and where it might, would it not strike with trembling, fear, and awe?"—p. 247. The *Ganzen* (I am here adopting the gloss of a friend) is the

*Omneity* of the metaphysicians, and *Eins in dem Andern wirkt und lebt*, is *The Immanence of All in each* of Plato.

"But the best commentary on the whole of the passage in which these words occur, is to be found in the first chapter of Herder's Ideen, who (according to Falk) received many of his notions from Goethe. The analogy of the following passage is sufficientiy marked:—"When, therefore, I open the great book of Heaven, and see before me this measureless palace, which alone, and everywhere, the Godhead only has power to fill, I conclude, as undistractedly as I can, from the whole to the particular, from the particular to the whole."—*Ideen*, b. i. c. 1.

The Spirits' chaunt probably suggested Shelley's—

> "Nature's vast frame—the web of human things,
> Birth and the grave!"

In Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays (vol. v.) is "A Moral Mask," entitled "Microcosm," by Thomas Nabbs, in which Nature, Earth, Fire, Water, &c., &c., figure as dramatis personæ.

"According to Paracelsus," says Mr. Heraud, "the macrocosm is the great world, and man is the microcosm, or a little world—a kind of epitome of the great. Oswald Crollius, 'physician to the most illustrious Prince Christian Anhaltin,' in his admonitory preface to Paracelsus's *Three Books of Philosophy*, delivers himself right learnedly on both worlds, *macros* and *micros*."

P. 15. *Up, acolyte!*—I have been called on for an authority for using this word in the above sense:—

"You are doubtless an acolyte in the noble and joyous science of minstrelsy and music."—*Anne of Geierstein*, vol. ii. p. 238.

P. 15. *How heavenly powers, &c.*—"And he dreamed, and behold, a ladder set up on the earth and the top of it reached the heaven; and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it."—*Genesis*, c. xxviii. v. 12.

P. 15. *All ringing harmoniously through the All.*—

> "And what if all of animated nature
> Be but organic harps diversely framed,
> That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps,
> Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,
> At once the Soul of each, and God of all."—*Coleridge.*

P. 16. *A cold shuddering, &c.*—

" Fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake.

" Then a spirit passed before my face: the hair of my flesh stood up."—*The Book of Job*, ch. iv.

P. 16. *Art thou he?*—

" Reluctant mortal,
Is this the Magian who would so pervade
The world invisible, and make himself
Almost our equal?"—*Manfred*, Act 3, Sc. 4.

P. 17. *Enter Wagner.*—The traditional Faust had a disciple or pupil named Wagner or Wagenar, who figures in all the dramas or histories founded on the fable. He is thus described in Cayet's Translation of Widman:—" Le Docteur Fauste avoit un jeune serviteur qu'il avoit élevé quand il étudioit à Wittenberg, que vit toutes les illusions de son maître Fauste, toutes ses magies et tout son art diabolique. Il étoit un mauvais garçon, coureur et débauché du commencement qu'il vint demeurer à Wittenberg: il mendoit, et personne ne le vouloit prendre à cause de sa mauvaise nature; le garçon se nommoit Christofle Wagner, et fut dès-lors serviteur du Dr. Fauste; il se tint très bien avec lui, en sorte que le Dr. Fauste l'appeloit son fils: il alloit où il vouloit, quoiqu'il allât tout boitant et de travers." A book entitled " Christoph. Wagner's Magic Arts and Life of Dr. Faust," was published at Berlin, in 1714, assumed to be by the veritable attendant of the philosopher.

Dr. Hinrichs has a strange theory about this character. In his opinion, Faust represents Philosophy, and Wagner, Empiricism; Philosophy being Germany, and Empiricism all the rest of the world.

It is also worthy of remark that one of Goethe's early friends was called Wagner. He signalized himself by stealing from Faust (which was communicated to him in confidence previously to publication) the tragic portion relating to Margaret, and making it the subject of a tragedy, called the Infanticide. Goethe expresses great indignation at the treachery.—*Memoirs*, B. 14.

P. 18. *But it is elocution, &c.*—Wagner, a man of learning, was probably alluding to the well-known aphorism of Demosthenes. *Vortrag* comes near the Greek Ὑπόκρισις, which includes not action merely, but all that relates to the delivery of a speech.

P. 18. *In which ye crisp the shreds of humanity.*—The phrase *knitzel kräuseln* is one about which great variety of opinion exists, but the two highest authorities substantially agree :—

" Vos discours qui brillent d'un si faux éclat, dans lequel vous étalez les ornemens les plus factices de l'esprit humain, &c. *Kräuseln, rendre crépu, friser. Schnitzel*, ce sont des decoupures de papier.* En les tordant en differens sens on peut en faire des ornemens, même des fleurs, mais ces fleurs n'ont aucune fraicheur. Le poete les compare donc avec les ornemens d'une rhéthorique affectée. Une des beautés de ce passage c'est la singularité de la rime *kräuseln* et *säuseln*, laquelle à son tour aura amené les expressions un peu bizarres du second vers."—*M. de Schlegel—private letter.*

" Your fine speeches, in which you ruffle up man's poorest shreds (in which you repeat the most miserable trifles in candyed language), are comfortless," &c. — (*Dr. Jacob Grimm — private letter*). The analogy between this passage and the *si vis me flere, &c.* of Horace, will readily suggest itself.

P. 18. *My friend, the past ages are to us a book with seven seals, &c* —This speech also is one of considerable difficulty. Good critics are not wanting who contend that *der Herren eigner Geist* means the spirit of certain great persons or lords of the earth exercising a wide-spread influence on their times, and that *eine Haupt- und Staats-Action* means a grand political intrigue. But I have it on indisputable authority, that *Haupt- und Staats-Action* was the name given to a description of drama formerly well-known in Germany. Dr. Grimm's note upon this passage is :—" *Ein Kehricht-Fass*, &c. a dust-vat (dirt-basket) and a lumber-room, and at best a historico-pragmatical play, with excellent moral maxims, as they are fit for a puppet-show." M. de Schlegel says :—" *Haupt- und Staats-Action :* C'est le titre qu'on affichait pour les drames destinés aux marionnettes, lorsqu'ils traitaient des sujets héroiques et historiques."

P. 19. *Who dares call the child by its true name?*—" Il faut avoir une pensée de derrière et juger de tout par là, en parlant cependant comme le peuple."—*Pascal.*

" Remark the use which Shakspeare always makes of his bold villains, as vehicles for expressing opinions and conjectures of a

* The word *Papier-Schnitzel* is used in this sense in Wilhelm Meister. See *Goethe's Works*, Stuttgart and Tübingen edition, vol. xviii. p. 86.

nature too hazardous for a wise man to put forth discreetly as his own, or from any sustained character."—*Coleridge's Table Talk.*

P. 20. *Something foreign, and more foreign, is ever clinging to the noblest conception, &c.*—

——— "But must needs confess
That 'tis a thing impossible to frame
Conceptions equal to the soul's desires;
And the most difficult of tasks to keep
Heights which the soul is competent to gain.
—Man is of dust; ethereal hopes are his,
Which, when they should sustain themselves aloft,
Want due consistence, like a pillar of smoke,
That with majestic energy from earth
Rises, but, having reached the thinner air,
Melts, and dissolves, and is no longer seen."
*Wordsworth's Excursion.*

P. 20. *The glorious feelings which gave us life, &c.*—The same sentiment, very beautifully expressed, will be found in Schiller's Poem, *Die Ideale*, elegantly translated by Lord F. Egerton (now Earl of Ellesmere). Goethe, also observes in his Memoirs:—"Ordinarily, when our soul-concert is more spiritually attuned, the harsh grating tones of the world strike in, in the most overpowering and boisterous manner, and the contrast which is ever secretly going on, suddenly coming forth, only influences the more sensibly on that account." He highly commends Wieland for his skill in representing this contrast.

P. 21. *Thou, hollow scull, what meanest thou by that grin?*—"Death grins! Go, ponder o'er the skeleton!"—*Byron.*

P. 21. *To possess what thou hast inherited from thy sires, enjoy it.*—The inscription on an old tomb-stone may serve to illustrate the meaning of this passage:—

"What I gave, I have; what I spent, I had; what I left, I lost."

P. 22. *As when the moonlight breathes.*—

"How sweet the moonlight *sleeps* upon that bank."—
*Merchant of Venice.*

P. 22. *The gorgeousness of the many artfully-wrought images,*

*&c.*—"I remember seeing a beautiful silver goblet of the kind—*i.e.*, one contrived for the trial of a guest's powers of breath in drinking—at Berne in Switzerland, for sale, alas! second-hand, in an old shop. It was so contrived, that the wine flowed down a channel into the main reservoir, and in its course turned a mill, on the sweeps of which the drinker's eyes would be directed, if in their natural position, during the *pull* (*zug*)."—*Note by a friend.* I need do no more than name the Blessed Bear of Bradwardine.

P. 24. *The full-toned bell sounded so fraught with mystic meaning.*—"The question (as to the *concordat*) was argued one evening, at great length, on the terrace of the garden at Buonaparte's favourite villa of Malmaison. The Chief Consul avowed himself to be no believer in Christianity. 'But religion,' said he, 'is a principle which cannot be eradicated from the heart of man.' 'Who made all that?' said Napoleon, looking up to the Heaven, which was clear and starry. 'But last Sunday evening,' he continued, '*I was walking here alone, when the church-bells of the village of Ruel rung at sunset. I was strangely moved, so vividly did the image of early days come back with that sound.* If it be thus with me, what must it be with others?' 'In re-establishing the church,' he added, 'I consult the wishes of the great majority of my people.'"—*Life of Napoleon—Family Library*, vol. i., p. 248. See also the last Act of *Die Ahnfrau.*

P. 24. *A longing, inconceivably sweet, &c.*—

> "While yet a boy I sought for ghosts, and sped
> Through many a listening chamber, cave and ruin,
> And star-lit wood, with fearful steps pursuing
> Hopes of high talk with the departed dead."—
> *Shelley—Hymn to Intellectual Beauty.*

Compare the splendid passage in Wordsworth's Tintern Abbey, beginning—

> "Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
> I came amongst these hills."—

P. 24. *Recollection now holds me back.*—"There is one exquisite passage in ancient poetry which presents us with a similar touch of nature. If Goethe had read it, he has rather produced an admirable counterpart than an imitation of it. It is in Apollonius Rhodius, whose Medea, being in like manner bent on self-destruction, is overpowered and recalled from her purpose by a sudden

rush of kindly remembrances, even while the chest of magic drugs is resting on her knees."—*Edinburgh Review*, No. 125, p. 41.

P. 24. *He is in reviving bliss.*—It is impossible to translate *Werdelust*. The meaning probably is, that our Saviour enjoys, in coming to life again, a happiness nearly equal to that of the Creator in creating.

P. 24. *For you is he here!—With* you has been suggested in allusion to St. Chrysostom's prayer, "There am I among you."

P. 27. *Behind, far away, in Turkey.*—The common people in Germany are wont to consider themselves as placed forward in the world, and speak of certain distant or outlandish countries as behind.

P. 27. *The painted vessels.*—

"The painted vessels glide."—*Pope.*

P. 28. *Saint Andrew's eve, &c.*—"There is a belief that on St. Andrew's eve, St. Thomas's eve, Christmas eve, and New Year's eve, a maiden might invite and see her future lover. A table must be covered for two, but without forks. Whatever the lover leaves behind him, on going away, must be carefully picked up; he then attaches himself to her who possesses it, and loves her ardently. But he should never be allowed to come to the sight of it again, or he will think of the pain he endured on that night by supernatural means, and becomes aware of the charm, whereby great unhappiness is occasioned. A beautiful maiden in Austria once sought to see her lover according to the necessary forms, whereupon a shoemaker entered with a dagger, threw it to her, and immediately disappeared again. She took up the dagger and locked it away in a chest. Soon afterwards came the shoemaker and sought her in marriage. Some years after their marriage, she went one Sunday after vespers to the chest to look out something which she wanted for her next day's work. As she opened the chest, her husband came to her and insisted on looking in; she held him back, but he pushed her aside, looked into the chest, and saw his lost dagger. He instantly seizes it, and requires to know, in a word, how she got it, as he had lost it at a peculiar time. In her confusion she was unable to think of an excuse, and freely owns that it is the same dagger which he had left behind on that night when she required to see him. Upon this he grew furious, and exclaimed, with a fearful oath: 'Whore! then thou art the

girl, who tortured me so inhumanly that night!' And with that he struck the dagger right through her heart.

"The like is related in various places of others. Orally, of a huntsman who left his hanger. During her first confinement the wife sent him to her chest to fetch clean linen, forgetting that the charmed instrument was there, which he finds and kills her with it."—(*Deutsche Sagen. Herausgegeben von den Brüdern Grimm. Berlin*, 1816, No. 114). The same work (No. 118) contains a story founded on the superstition of the magic mirror (alluded to in the next line but one), in which absent friends or lovers may be seen. This superstition, however, is not peculiar to Germany.

P. 29. *River and rivulet, &c.*—To understand Faust's position in this speech, the reader must fancy a town on a river, like most of those upon the Rhine, with a suburban village on the opposite bank. Falk makes this scene the groundwork of a commentary on the advantages of the Sabbath; a fair specimen of the mode in which most of the commentaries on Faust are eked out.

P. 32. *There was a red lion, &c.*—Mr. T. Griffiths, of Kensington, who delivered an extremely interesting lecture on Alchymical Signs at the Royal Institution, enables me to furnish an explanation of this passage, which has generally been passed over as (what M. Saint-Aulaire is pleased to term it) *galimatias.*

*There was a red lion.*—This expression implies the red stone, red mercury, or cinnabar.

*A bold lover.*—This expression alludes to the property the above compound possessed (according to the adepts) of devouring, swallowing, or ravishing every pure metallic nature or body.

—*married.*—This simply implies the conjoining or union of two bodies of opposite natures; red and white were supposed to be male and female.

—*to the lily.*—This term denotes a preparation of antimony, called lilium minerale, or lilium Paracelsi; the white stone, or perhaps albified mercury, sometimes called the "white fume," or the "most milk-white swanne."

—*in the tepid bath.*—This denotes a vessel filled with heated water, or a "balneum Mariæ," used as a very convenient means of elevating the body of an aludel or alembic slowly to a gentle heat.

—*and then with open flame.*—This means the direct and fierce application of fire to the aludel upon its removal from the water bath, after the marriage had taken place betwixt the "red and the white."

—*tortured.*—The adepts deemed their compounds sensible of pleasure and pain; the heat of the open fire tortured the newly united bodies; these therefore endeavoured to escape, or sublime, which is the sense in which the word tortured is to be taken.

—*from one bridal chamber.*—This means the body of the aludel, in which they were first placed, and which had been heated to such a degree as to cause their sublimation.

—*to another.*—This signifies the glass head or capital placed on the body of the aludel, which received the sublimed vapours. Many heads were put on in succession, into which the vapours successively passed.

*If the young queen.*—This implies the supposed royal offspring of the red lion and the lily, or its alliance to the noble metals—the sublimer products.

—*with varied hues then appeared.*—During the process, various hues appeared on the sublimed compound; according to the order of their appearance, the perfection or completion of the great work was judged of. Purple and ruby were most esteemed, for being royal colours they were good omens.

—*in the glass.*—This means the glass head or capital of the aludel, as before noticed.

—*this was the medicine.*—The term medicine was used to express both the elixir to heal human bodies, and that to transmute the bodies of metals into the purest gold and silver.

The passage divested of alchymical obscurity would read thus:—

"There was red mercury, a powerfully acting body, united with the tincture of antimony, at a gentle heat of the water-bath. Then being exposed to the heat of the open fire in an aludel, a sublimate filled its heads in succession, which, if it appeared with various hues, was the desired medicine."

In his note to me, Mr. Griffiths adds:—"All the terms it contains may be found in alchymical works; it is a very good specimen of mystical writing."

P. 33. *Every height on fire.*—

> "Cover a hundred leagues and seem
> To set the hills on fire."—*Wordsworth.*

> "The western wave was all a-flame,
> The day was well nigh done;
> Almost upon the western wave
> Rested the broad bright sun."—*Coleridge.*

Many readers may be pleased with the opportunity of comparing

the emotions produced by sunrise in Wordsworth with those produced by sunset in Goethe:—

" What soul was his, when, from the naked top
Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun
Rise up, and bathe the world in light! He looked—
Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth
And ocean's liquid mass, beneath him lay
In gladness and deep joy. The clouds were touched,
And in their silent faces did he read
Unutterable love. Sound needed none,
Nor any voice of joy; his spirit drank
The spectacle: sensation, soul, and form
All melted into him; they swallowed up
His animal being; in them did he live,
And by them did he live; they were his life.
In such access of mind, in such high hour
Of visitation from the living God,
Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired.
No thanks he breathed, he preferred no request;
Rapt into still communion that transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
His mind was a thanksgiving to the Power
That made him; it was blessedness and love!"—
*Excursion*, B. i.

P. 33. *The silver brook flowing into golden streams.*—This may allude to the gradual gliding of the waters, as the sunbeams come to play upon them, or to another natural phenomenon, which I will explain by an anecdote. In the summer of 1831, it was my good fortune to pass through the beautiful valley of Ahrenberg, a valley which wants but a Moore to make an Ovoca of it. Whilst we were changing horses, I walked with a German student to a rising ground to get a better view of the scenery. The setting sun was shining in such-a manner, that the beams massed themselves on a broad part of the stream, and fell transversely over a tributary brook, thus giving a rich golden glow to the river and the appearance of a white silvery line to the rivulet. We had hardly gained the height, when my fellow-traveller exclaimed:—

" Den Silberbach in goldne Ströme fliessen."

P. 33. *The day before me and the night behind.*—This fine expression occurs in a very old and popular tale of witchcraft men-

tioned at some length by Voss. Mr. Coleridge has something like it in *The Homeric Hexameter described and exemplified.*

"Strangely it bears us along in swelling and limitless billows,
Nothing before and nothing behind but the sky and the ocean."

*The Ovidian Elegiac Metre described and exemplified* is a literal translation from Schiller.

P. 33. *Alas! no bodily wing, &c.*—

"Oft when my spirit doth spread her bolder wings,
In mind to mount up to the purer sky,
It down is weighed with thought of earthly things,
And clogged with burden of mortality."—
*Spencer's Sonnets.*

P. 34. *The realms of an exalted ancestry.*—This alludes to a supposed divine origin of the soul or spirit of man, or to—"For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is better."—*Phil.* i. An anonymous commentator quotes the following lines *àpropos* of the main sentiment in this speech:—

"Und was die Menschen meinen,
Das ist mir einerlei,
Möchte mich mir selbst vereinen
Allein wir sind zu zwei;

"Und im lebend'gen Treiben
Sind wir ein Hier und Dort,
Das eine liebt zu bleiben
Das andre möchte fort."

P. 42. *Invoke not the well-known troop, which diffuses itself, streaming, through the atmosphere, &c.*—"The spirits of the aire will mix themselves with thunder and lightning, and so infest the clyme where they raise any tempest, that soudainely great mortality shall ensue to the inhabitants."—(*Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication*, 1592; cited in Steeven's Shakspeare.) "The air is not so full of flies in summer, as it is at all times of invisible devils; this Paracelsus stiffly maintains."—*Burton, Anat.* part i.

P. 35. *A line of fire follows upon his track.*—In his work on Colours, Goethe gives the following explanation of this phenomenon:—"A dark object, the moment it withdraws itself, imposes on the eye the necessity of seeing the same form bright. Between jest and earnest, I shall quote a passage from Faust which is appli-

cable here. (Then follows the passage.) This had been written some time,—from poetical intuition and in half consciousness,—when, as it was growing twilight, a black poodle ran by my window in the street, and drew a clear, shining appearance after him,—the undefined image of his passing form remaining in the eye. Such phenomena occasion the more pleasing surprise, as they present themselves most vividly and beautifully, precisely when we suffer our eyes to wander unconsciously. There is no one to whom such counterfeit images have not often appeared, but they are allowed to pass unnoticed; yet I have known persons who teased themselves on this account, and believed it to be a symptom of the diseased state of their eyes, whereupon the explanation which I had it in my power to give inspired them with the highest satisfaction. He who is instructed as to the real nature of it, remarks the phenomenon more frequently, because the reflexion immediately suggests itself. Schiller wished many a time that this theory had never been communicated to him, because he was everywhere catching glimpses of that the necessity for which was known to him." The phenomenon is now a recognised and familiar one. See *Sir David Brewster's Letters on Natural Magic*, p. 20.

In a note to the following lines in the Lay of the Last Minstrel, there is a strange story of a fiend appearing in the shape of a black dog:—

> "For he was speechless, ghastly, wan,
> Like him of whom the story ran,
> He spoke the spectre-hound in Man."—*Canto* 6.

According to the tradition, Faust was constantly attended by an evil spirit in the shape of a black dog. This four-footed follower has a place in most of the old pictures, those in Auerbach's cellar not excepted.

P. 35. *Even a wise man may become attached to a dog when he is well brought up.*—"'A bonnie terrier that, sir; and a fell chield at the vermin, I warrant him—that is, if he's been weel entered, for it a' lies in that.' 'Really, sir,' said Brown, 'his education has been somewhat neglected, and his chief property is being a pleasant companion.'

"'Aye, sir? that's a pity, begging your pardon, it's a great pity that—beast or body, education should aye be minded.'"—*Guy Mannering.*

P. 36. *We are accustomed to see men deride what they do not understand.*—"It has often and with truth been said, that unbe-

lief is an inverted superstition, and our age suffers greatly by it. A noble deed is attributed to selfishness, an heroic action to vanity, an undeniable poetic production to a state of delirium; nay, what is still stranger, everything of the highest excellence that comes forth, everything most worthy of remark that occurs, is, so long as it is barely possible, denied."—*Goethe, Farbenlehre.*

"Pindar's fine remark respecting the different effects of music on different characters, holds equally true of genius; as many as are not delighted by it, are disturbed, perplexed, irritated. The beholder either recognises it as a projected form of his own being, that moves before him with a glory round its head, or recoils from it as a spectre."—*Coleridge's Aids to Reflexion*, p. 220.

P. 37. *We long for revelation, which nowhere burns, &c.*—It is clear from Goethe's Memoirs, and many other parts of his works, that he is here describing the workings of his own mind in youth; that, when his spirit was tormented by doubts, he constantly referred to the Bible for consolation, and found it there. It also appears that he occasionally struggled to penetrate below the surface in somewhat the same manner as Faust. "So far as the main sense was concerned, I held by Luther's edition; in particulars, I referred occasionally to Schmidt's verbal translations, and sought to make my little Hebrew as useful as I could." It is a singular fact that, next to the Bible, the book which Goethe was fondest of, and which confessedly exercised the greatest influence on his mind, was Spinosa. So constantly, indeed, was he studying this writer, that Herder on one occasion is said to have exclaimed to him, "Why you literally never read any Latin book but Spinosa!"

In one of Lessing's plans for a drama to be founded on Faust, Faust was to be studying Aristotle (*Ueber Goethe's Faust &c.* 82.) In Calderon's *El Magico Prodigioso*, Cyprian is studying Pliny.

P. 38. *Salamander, Undine, Sylph, Kobold.*—I shall illustrate Faust's conjuration by an extract from a very singular work, *Entretiens sur les Sciences secrétes du Comte de Gabalis*, by M. de Villars, in which Salamanders, Undines, Sylphs, and Kobolds (*alias* Gnomes) are described:—

"'When you shall be enrolled among the children of the philosophers, and your eyes fortified by the use of the holy elixir, you will discover that the elements are inhabited by very perfect creatures, of the knowledge of whom the sin of Adam deprived his unfortunate posterity. The immense space between earth and sky

has other inhabitants than birds and flies; the ocean other guests than whales and sprats; the earth was not made for moles alone, nor is the desolating flame itself a desert.

"'The air is full of beings of human form, proud in appearance, but docile in reality, great lovers of science, officious towards sages, intolerant towards fools. Their wives and daughters are masculine Amazonian beauties——'

"'How! you do not mean to say that spirits marry?'

"'Be not alarmed, my son, about such trifles; believe what I say to be solid and true, and the faithful epitome of cabalistic science, which it will only depend on yourself one day to verify by your own eyes. Know then that seas and rivers are inhabited as well as the air; and that ascended sages have given the name of Undanes or Nymphs to this floating population. They engender few males; women overflow: their beauty is extreme; the daughters of men are incomparably inferior.

"'The earth is filled down to its very centre with Gnomes, a people of small stature, the wardens of treasures, mines, and precious stones. They are ingenious, friendly to man, and easy to command. They furnish the children of sages with all the money they want, and ask as the reward of their service only the honour of being commanded. Their women are small, very agreeable, and magnificent in their attire.

"'As for the Salamanders, who inhabit the fiery region, they wait on the sages, but without any eagerness for the task; their females are rarely to be seen.'"

This book probably furnished Pope with machinery for his Rape of the Lock, suggested the plot of *Idris and Zenide* to Wieland, and gave De la Motte Fouqué a basis for his delightful story of *Undine*.

P. 39. *Mephistopheles comes forward in the dress of a travelling scholar.*—"That Mephistopheles comes forth as a travelling scholar (scholasticus), and therefore as a philosopher, is not without significance. For on seeing him Faust knows that he is approached as a friend, he himself being devoted to philosophy; and even the expression *fahrender scholast* expresses the unquiet with which Faust is filled. The wandering about through the world—for example, of Jordanus Bruno, &c.—is to be viewed with reference to internal restlessness, impelled by which these philosophers wandered unceasingly from place to place."—*Dr. Hinrichs' Æsth. Vorl.* p. 91 Dr. Stieglitz (*Sage*, p. 64,) furnishes some curious particulars as to these *scholastici vagantes* as they were called, from which it would seem that they did not fill a very respectable station in society; and it is no compliment to Giordano

Bruno (a man of distinguished merit) to be put forth as an example of the character.

P. 40. *Fly-god*,—i. e. Beelzebub, whose name is partly compounded of a Hebrew word signifying *fly*.

P. 40. *I am a part of the part which in the beginning was all.*—"And the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

"And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.

"And God saw the light, that it was good: and God divided the light from the darkness."—*Gen.* c. i.

"Granted, that day, proceeding from the original source of light, deserves all honour, because it invigorates, quickens, gladdens—still it does not follow that darkness must be addressed and shunned as the evil principle, because it makes us uneasy, and lulls us to sleep; we rather see in such an effect the characteristics of sensuous beings controlled by phenomena."—*Goethe.*

P. 40. *That which is opposed to nothing.*—Dr. Schubart cautions us against supposing that under the term *nichts* a complete void is intended, as it means merely the original state of things under the reign of Chaos.

P. 41. *From air, water, earth, &c.*—"In the air, in the water, in the marshes, in the sand,—genera and species multiplied, and I believe that they will continue to multiply in the same proportion with the course of discovery."—*Herder, Ideen zur Philosophie, &c.* b. 2, c. 4.

P. 41. *The Pentagram.*—The Pentagram, Pentalpha, or Drudenfuss, was a pentagonal figure like the following:—

—supposed to possess the same sort of power which used popularly to be attributed to the horseshoe amongst us.

Those who wish for more information on this subject may refer to *Schol. in Aristoph. Nub.* 599, and Lucian's Dialogue—*De*

*lapsu inter salutandum*—in the Amsterdam quarto edition of 1743, vol. i. pp. 729, 730, *in notis.* The Pentalpha is also mentioned in Hobhouse's Historical Illustrations of the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold, p. 334.

In one of a series of engravings by a Dutch artist of the beginning of the seventeenth century (Van Sichem by name), Faust is represented standing within two intersecting circles, upon two intersecting squares, conjuring Mephistopheles, who is just appearing in his true shape.

P. 42. *Tell me something worth telling.*—It is a matter of doubt whether *gute Mähr zu sagen* does not mean *to tell one's fortune.*

P. 42. *A compact, a binding one, may be made with you gentlemen.*—"'These are fine promises," replied the student; "but you gentlemen devils are accused of not being religious observers of what you promise to men.' 'It is a groundless charge,' replied Asmodeus; 'some of my brethren indeed make no scruple of breaking their word, but I am a slave to mine.'"—*The Devil upon Two Sticks*, chap. 1.

P. 46. *I am too old to do nothing but play, too young to be without a wish.*—

"Too old for youth,—too young at thirty-five,
To herd with boys or hoard with good threescore.
I wonder people should be left alive,
But since they are, that epoch is a bore."—
*Don Juan*, Canto 12.

P. 46. *What can the world afford me?*—"*Thou shalt renounce!*"—"*Thou shalt renounce!*"—"Our physical as well as social life, manners, customs, worldly wisdom, philosophy, religion, all exclaim to us, "That we shall renounce."—*Dichtung und Wahrheit*, part ii. book 17.

P. 47. *Since a sweet familiar tone, &c.*—

"My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred;
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard."—*Wordsworth.*

P. 48. *That highest grace of love.*—Meaning probably *le don d'amoureux merci*, or *the last favour.*

P. 49. *And what am I to do for you in return?*—The actual or traditional compact was to the following effect:—

"Puis le D. Fauste reçoit son sang sur une tuile, et y met des charbons tout chauds, et écrit comme s'ensuit ci après:

"'Jean Fauste, Docteur, reconnois de ma propre main manifestement pour une chose ratifiée, et ce en vertu de cet écrit: qu'après que je me suis mis à spéculer les élémens, et après les dons qui m'ont été distribuez et départis delà-haut: lesquels n'ont point trouvé d'habitude dans mon entendement. Et de ce que je n'ai peu être enseigné autrement des hommes, lors je me suis présentement adonnè à un Esprit, qui s'appelle *Méphistophilès*, qui est valet du prince infernal en Orient, par paction entre lui et moi, qu'il m'adresseroit et m'apprendroit, comme il m'étoit prédestiné, qui aussi réciproquement m'a promis de m'être sujet en toutes choses. Partant et à l'opposite, je lui ai promis et lui certifie, que d'ici à vingt-quatre ans de la date de ces présentes, vivant jusques-là complétement, comme il m'enseignera en son art et science, et en ses inventions me maintiendra, gouvernera, conduira, et me fera tout bien, avec toutes choses nécessaires à mon corps, à mon âme, à ma chair, à mon sang, et à ma santé: que je suis et serai sien à jamais. Partant, je renonce à tout ce qui est pour la vie du maître céleste et de tous les hommes, et que je sois en tout sien. Pour plus grande certitude, et plus grande confirmation, j'ai écrit la présente promesse de ma propre main, et l'ai sous-écrit de mon propre sang que je me suis tiré expressément pour ce faire, de mon sens et de mon jugement, de ma pensée et volonté, et l'ai arrêté, scellé et testifié, &c."—*Cayet's Widman*, part i.

In Marlow's Faustus the instrument is formally set out.

P. 49. *But if thou hast food, &c.*—This passage has caused a good deal of puzzling, though neither Falk nor Schubart seems to be aware of any difficulty:—

"I know thy rotten gifts," says Faust. "Which of thy fine goods of the earth will'st thou offer me? How could the like of thee ever be capable of measuring the unquiet of man's breast. Hast thou food to serve up which never satisfies? Or canst thou only show trees which daily bloom anew and bud again? I loathe this foliage of yesterday, this tale, which, ever the same, is told in the morning, and in the evening dies away again—

"Zeig mir die Frucht die fault eh' man sie bricht
Und Bäume die sich täglich neu begrüneu."—
*Falk*, p. 283.

"This (Mephistopheles' promise) appears to Faust but mockery.

What can a devil give a man to satisfy him, when he is not capable of giving it to himself? The gifts of a devil," he says, "are but delusion, and melt away in the same manner as his quicksilver-like gold: thus he can only bestow fruits which would not rot before the plucking, but no ever-budding tree sprouts forth beneath his skill and fostering."—*Schubart*, 198.

None of the editions that I have seen make the *hast du* an interrogatory, as Falk seems to understand it. There are authorities, however, for construing it—*Though* thou hast, &c. It is also contended that—

> "Doch hast du Speise die nicht sättigt, *hast*
> *Du* rothes Geld, &c."

is to be construed affirmatively: "However, thou hast food which never satisfies," &c.;—and that the *zeig mir*, &c., is ironical and tantamount to saying: "This is all thou canst show me." But on this construction I do not see how the inversion of the second *hast du* is to be justified, whilst the answer of Mephistopheles clearly implies that the *zeig mir*, &c., was a demand on the part of Faust. The most probable supposition is, that Faust's meaning was pretty nearly the same as in the subsequent speech, in which he expresses a wish to enjoy all that is parcelled out among mankind. Taking this wish into consideration, we may well suppose him saying:—"You can give nothing of any real value in the eyes of a man like me; but if you have the common perishable enjoyments of humanity to bestow, let me have them."

P. 50. *At the doctor's feast.*—Alluding to the inauguration-feast given on the taking of a degree.

P. 52. *Take a poet to counsel, &c.*—See, for example, the wishes put into the mouth of Sir Epicure Mammon in *The Alchymist*.

P. 53. *I am not a hair's breadth higher, &c.*—"Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature?"—*Matt.* vi. 27.

P. 53. *And am a proper man.*—

> "As proper a man as any in Venice."—*Shakspeare.*

P. 54. *Whose overstrained striving o'erleaps, &c.*—

> "I have no spur
> To prick the sides of my intent, but only
> Vaulting Ambition, which o'erleaps itself
> And falls on the other."—*Macbeth.*

P. 54. *A Student enters.*—This scene is a satire on the modes of instruction pursued in German Universities, and has been much admired. But the effect is in a great measure produced by the happy application of pedantic phrases and college slang, which are no more capable of being relished in England than such terms as *wooden-spoon, little-go, cramming, plucking,* in Germany. A distinguished scholar thus mentions this scene and the three other scenes which have been thought to resemble it in tone:—"To the great and overwhelming tragic powers of Goethe, Aristophanes, of course, can make no pretension; but in their preference of the arbitrary comic to the comic of manners, the two writers come very close together; and both writers should have lived, as Madame de Stael expresses it, when there was an intellectual chaos, similar to the material chaos. Had Aristophanes written in modern times, it is, perhaps, not impertinent to suggest, that the Auerbach's Keller in Leipzig, the Hexenküche, the Walpurgisnacht, and perhaps the quizzing scene with the young student just fresh from his university, are precisely the sort of scenes which would have fallen from his pen."—*Mitchell's Translation of Aristophanes, Preface,* p. xxvii.

It is evident from many passages in his Memoirs, that Goethe's early impressions of university pursuits were pretty nearly what he has put into the mouth of Mephistopheles; nor, if we are to believe Falk, did his opinions change materially in after-life:—

"Our scientific men are rather too fond of details. They count out to us the whole consistency of the earth in separate lots, and are so happy as to have a different name for every lot. That is argil (*Thonerde*); that is quartz (*Keiselerde*); that is this, and this is that. But what am I the better if I am ever so perfect in all these names? When I hear them I always think of the old lines in Faust—

> '*Encheiresin naturæ* nennt's die Chemie
> Bohrt sich selber Esel und weiss nicht wie!'

"What am I the better for these lots? what for their names? I want to know what it is that impels every several portion of the universe to seek out some other portion,—either to rule or to obey it,—and qualifies some for the one part and some for the other, according to a law innate in them all, and operating like a voluntary choice. But this is precisely the point upon which the most perfect and universal silence prevails."

"Everything in science," said he at another time, with the same turn of thought, "is become too much divided into compartments. In our professors' chairs the several provinces (*Fächer*) are violently

and arbitrarily severed, and allotted into half-yearly courses of lectures, according to fixed plans. The number of real discoveries is small, especially when one views them consecutively through a few centuries. Most of what these people are so busy about, is mere repetition of what has been said by this or that celebrated predecessor. Such a thing as independent original knowledge is hardly thought of. Young men are driven in flocks into lecture-rooms, and are crammed, for want of any real nutriment, with quotations and words. The insight which is wanting to the teacher, the learner is to get for himself as he may. No great wisdom or acuteness is necessary to perceive that this is an entirely mistaken path."—*Mrs. Austin's Characteristics of Goethe.*

It is worthy of note that Burton (*Anat.* part i. sect. 2, sub-sec. 7), remarks on the several sciences in somewhat the same spirit as Goethe.

P. 55. *Spanish boots.*—The Spanish boot was an instrument of torture, like the Scottish boot mentioned in Old Mortality (vol. ii. p. 406).

P. 55. *Then many a day will be spent in teaching you, &c.*—"In logic it struck me as strange that I was so to pull to pieces, dismember, and, as it were, destroy those very operations of the mind which I had gone through with the greatest ease from my youth, in order to perceive the proper use of them."—*Goethe's Memoirs.*

> "And all a rhetorician's rules,
> Teach nothing but to name his tools."—*Hudibras.*

See also *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, act ii. scene 6, where the Master of Philosophy explains the object of logic.

P. 56. *He who wishes to know and describe anything living, &c.*

> "Like following life in creatures we dissect,
> We lose it in the moment we detect."—*Pope.*

"It was, generally speaking, the prevailing tendency of the time which preceded our own,—a tendency displayed also in physical science, to consider what is possessed of life as a mere accumulation of dead parts, to separate what exists only in connection and cannot be otherwise conceived, instead of penetrating to the central point and viewing all the parts as so many irradiations from it."—*Schlegel's Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature*, vol. ii. p. 127.

P. 56. *Five lectures every day.*—Five is the number of Courses of Lectures a young and eager student ordinarily attends.

P. 56. *As if the Holy Ghost were dictating to you.*—It is or was the custom in Germany for the professors to read slowly enough for their pupils to follow them with the pen. This was called dictating.

P. 57. *I cannot reconcile myself to jurisprudence.*—Here again Goethe is repeating his own sentiments. He was originally destined by his father for the law, but it was only with the greatest reluctance that he could be brought to qualify himself for the necessary examination at Strasburg, where such examinations were comparatively light. He says, that he had no turn for anything positive.—(*Memoirs*, book ix.) The exclamation, "Woe to thee that thou art a grandson," alludes to the artificial and complicated systems which people coming late into the world are pretty sure to find entailed upon them. The law that is born with us, means, I suppose, what in common parlance is called the law of nature. It may assist future translators, not versed in German jurisprudence, to be told, that *Gesetz*, in strictness, means enactment, and *Recht*, law or a rule of law, generally. *Gesetz, und Rechte*, therefore, are both included under the term *laws*.

P. 58. *The spirit of medicine.*—Goethe associated a good deal with medical students at Strasburg, and took considerable interest in the studies usually followed in connection with medicine.

"Un cours professé à la même faculté (Medicine, at Würtzburg), par M. Hensler porte un titre trop piquant pour que nous ne croyions pas devoir le reproduire. Il se propose de traiter de la science et de la vie Universitaire en général, et plus particulièrement de la médécine et de la methode la plus favorable à suivre pour l'étudier, d'après le Faust de Goethe."—(From an article in the *Révue Encyclopédique*, by M. Lagarmitte). There is a profound Latin work on Theology by a gentleman named Valzer, in which the immediately preceding passage in theology is raised into as much importance as ever M. Hensler can raise the remarks on Medicine.

P. 59. *We have but to spread out this mantle.*—This was the mode of travelling afforded by Asmodeus to Don Cleofas.

P. 60. *Auerbach's cellar in Leipzig.*—Auerbach's cellar is a place of public entertainment of the same class and character as the Cider Cellar in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden. I supped there during my last visit to Germany, and took some pains to ascertain the traditions connected with it, which the waiter seemed to have a particular pleasure in communicating. He assured me that there

was not the shadow of a doubt as to my being seated in the very vault in which both Faust and Goethe had caroused; and producing an old copy of Widman, he avowed himself ready to make oath that it had been in the cellar, as a sort of heir-loom, for 300 years at the least. It was really a very curious copy, but bore the date of MDCXCV. The principal curiosities of the vault are two very old paintings, shaped like the segment of a circle, painted, it is supposed, to commemorate Faust's presence and achievements there. The one represents him at the table drinking to the sound of music, with a party of students; the other represents him in the act of passing out of the door upon a cask, whilst the spectators are holding up their hands in astonishment. The first-mentioned bears a Latin inscription, which has proved a puzzler to the philologists: *

"Vive, Bibe, Obgregare, Memor
Fauste hujus et hujus
Pænæ. Aderat claudo hæc
Asterat amplo Gradu.—1525."

A distinguished scholar, Dr. Maginn, proposes to read it thus:—

"Vive, Bibe, Obgregare, Memor
Fausti hujus et hujus
Pænæ. Aderat clauda hæc,
Ast erat ampla Gradu.—1525."

Over the other are inscribed the lines following:—

"Doctor Faust zu dieser Frist
Aus Auerbach's Keller geritten ist,
Auf einem Fass mit Wein geschwind,
Welches gesehen viel Mutterkind.
Solches durch seine subtile Kraft hat gethan,
Und des Teufel's Lohn empfangen davon.—1525."

It has been made a doubt whether this date (1525) refers to the time at which the pictures were painted, or to that at which the adventures took place. The following are the best traditional accounts of the magical exploits in the text:—

"At the city of Prague is a publican's house, known by the sign of the Anchor, where the Doctor one day called as he was upon a tour. Seating himself among the travellers, in a short time he thus accosted them—'Gentlemen, would you like to partake of all kinds of foreign wines in the world?' The whole party, with one

* See the *Leipziger Tageblatt* for 1833, Nos. 22, 23, 25; and Steiglits's *Sage vom Doctor Faust.*

accord, cried out, 'Yes, yes!' 'Then will you first like to taste the French, Spanish, Rhenish, Malaga, or any other kind?' continued he, 'whichever you most approve.'

"Upon this one of the guests exclaimed:—'Doctor Faustus! whatever wine you please to furnish, Doctor, we shall find some means of disposing of it.' Whereupon he begged them to provide him with plenty of bottles and glasses, and he would supply the rest. This being done, he bored several holes in the table, and placing a funnel in each, he held the bottles under it, and decanted as much wine as they would contain. As he laid them down one after another, the delighted guests began to laugh heartily, and heartily did they regale themselves."—*Roscoe's German Novelists*, vol. i. p. 377. The other adventure, in which the guests of Faust seize each other's noses mistaking them for grapes, is also told by Mr. Roscoe. The old French version of Widman runs thus:—

"Le Docteur Fauste avoit, en un certain lieu, invité des hommes principaux pour les traiter, sans qu'il eût apprêté aucune chose. Quand donc ils furent venus, ils virent bien la table couverte, mais la cuisine étoit encore froide. Il se faisoit aussi des noces, le même soir, d'un riche et honnête bourgeois, et avoient été tous les domestiques de la maison empêchez, pour bien et honorablement traiter les gens qui y étoient invitez. Ce que le Docteur Fauste aiant appris, commanda à son Esprit que de ces noces il lui apportât un service de vivres tout apprêtez, soit poissons ou autres, qu'incontinent il les enlevât de là pour traiter ses hôtes. Soudain il y eut en la maison, où l'on faisoit les noces, un grand vent par les cheminées, fenêtres et portes, qui éteignit toutes les chandelles. Après que le vent fut cessé, et les chandelles derechef allumez, et qu'ils eurent vû d'où le tumulte avoit été, ils trouvèrent, qu'il manquoit à un mets une pièce de rôti, à un autre une poule, à un autre une oye, et que dans la chaudière il manquoit aussi de grands poissons. Lors furent Fauste et ses invitez pourvûs de vivres, mais le vin manquoit: toutefois non pas long-temps, car *Méphostophilès* fus fort bien au voiage de Florence dans les caves de Fougres, dont il en apporta quantité; mais après qu'ils eurent mangé, ils desiroient (qui est ce pour quoi ils étoient principalement venus,) qu'il leur fît pour plaisir quelque tour d'enchantemens. Lors il leur fit venir sur la table une vigne avec ses grappes de saison, dont un chacun en prit sa part. Il commanda puis après de prendre un coûteau, et le mettre à la racine, comme s'ils l'eussent vouler couper. Néanmoins, ils n'en pûrent pas venir à bout: puis après, il s'en alla hors des étuves, et ne tarda guères sans revenir; lors ils s'arrêtèrent tous et se tinrent l'un l'autre par le nez, et un coûteau dessus. Quand donc puis après ils voulurent,

ils pûrent couper les grappes. Cela leur fut ainsi mis aucunement, mais ils eurent bien voulu qu'il les eût fait venir toutes meures." —Part iii., ch. 33.

The adventure on the cask is also recorded in this history.

P. 61. *Soar up, Madam Nightingale, give my sweetheart ten thousand greetings for me.* — The following is the song which Goethe probably had in his mind :—

"FRAU NACHTIGALL.

"Nachtigal, ich hör dich singen
Das Herz möcht mir im Leib zerspringen,
Komme doch und sag mir bald,
Wie ich mich verhalten soll.

"Nachtigal, ich seh dich laufen,
An dem Bächlein thust du saufen,
Du tunkst dein klein Schnäblein ein
Meinst es wär der beste Wein.

"Nachtigal, wo ist gut wohnen,
Auf den Linden, in den Kronen,
Bei der schön Frau Nachtigal,
*Grüss mein Schätzchen tausendmal.*"

This song is in the collection of *Alte Deutsche Lieder*, entitled *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, compiled by MM. von Arnim and Brentano. The plan was probably suggested by Dr. Percy's Relics; a book which (translated and imitated by Bürger, Herder, and others,) has exercised at least as great an influence on German literature as on our own.—See some interesting remarks on this subject in the last edition of *Wordsworth's Works*, vol. i. p. 329.

P. 62. *Leipsic is the place, &c.*—It appears from his Memoirs, that when Goethe commenced his college studies at Leipzig, a great affectation of politeness prevailed amongst the students.

P. 63. *I dare say you are lately from Rippach? Did you sup with Mr. Hans before you left?*—Rippach is a village near Leipzig, and to ask for Hans von Rippach, a fictitious personage, was an old joke amongst the students. The ready reply of Mephistopheles indicating no surprise, shows Siebel and Altmayer that he is up to it. Hans is the German Jack, as *Hans der Riesentödter*, *Jack the Giant-killer*.

P. 64. *Mephistopheles sings.* — A favourite at the court of Weimar is said to be alluded to. "Bertuch, the father," says Falk, "who was treasurer to the Duke, used in after times to speak

with great glee of a singular head in the accounts which he had to submit in those days. It consisted almost entirely of breeches, waistcoats, shoes and stockings for German literati, who were wandering within the gates of Weimar, slenderly provided with those articles." This song was set to music by Beethoven.

P. 69. *Witches' Kitchen.*—The best commentary on this scene is to be found in Retzsch's Outlines. The monkeys are there represented as something between the monkey and the baboon; but he himself told me that *Meerkatze* is the common little long-tailed monkey. The term is thus used in a German translation of *Lear*. "Eine unvergleichliche Ausflucht für einen Hurenjäger, seinen Meerkatzen-Trieb den Sternen zur Last zu legen."—Act i. sc. 2, in Edmund's Speech on Planetary Influences. Madame de Stael considers it to mean something between a monkey and a cat.

The following passage (in which Goethe is the speaker) may save the reader a good deal of profitless puzzling:—"For thirty years they (the Germans) have been sorely vexed and tormented in spirit by the broomstick on the Blocksberg and the cat's dialogue in the Witches' kitchen, which occur in Faust, and all the interpreting and allegorising of this dramatic-humoristic extravaganza have never thoroughly prospered. Really people should learn when they are young to make and take a joke, and to throw away scraps as scraps."—*Falk.*

P. 70. *At the feast, &c.*—Falk observes, in allusion to the text of these three lines, that Faust and Mephistopheles are greeted in a tone which, through the diphthong *au*, bears a strong affinity to the language of monkeys.

P. 70. *Coarse beggars' broth.*—"The *breiten Bettel-Suppen* have an ironical reference to the coarse superstitions which extend with a thick palpable shade amongst all nations thoughout the whole history of the world."—*Falk.*

P. 71. *Take the brush here, &c.*—Retzsch represents Mephistopheles as holding a light skreen or fan in his hand.

P. 72. *Oh! be so good as to glue the crown, &c.*—"A wish which, profoundly considered, sounds so politically, that one would swear the monkey-spirits had read the history of both the old Romish and the new empire, chapter by chapter, with all its dethronings and assassinations, from the beginning of the first to the end of the last war."—*Falk.*

P. *Thou atomy —*

" Thou atomy, thou !"—*Shakespeare.*

P. 74. *The northern phantom is now no more to be seen. Where do you now see horns, tail, and claws?*—The old German catechisms, from Luther's time downwards, were generally adorned with a frontispiece, representing the devil with all the above-mentioned appendages.

P. 76. *That is the witches' one-times-one.—i. e.* multiplication-table.

P. 76. *For a downright contradiction, &c.*—Dr. Hinrichs' note on this passage is :—" A system of philosophy which, like that of Hegel, begins with such a contradiction,—for instance, *Das Seyn ist Nichts*, has the advantage that it frightens away those who have no call for it, both wise men and fools."

P. 78. *Margaret.*—Goethe's first love was called Margaret. She was a girl of inferior rank in life, apprenticed, during the love-affair, to a milliner. He was about fifteen at the commencement of the acquaintance, and she two or three years older. Previously to the introduction he was in the habit of following her to church, but never ventured on accosting her.—See the *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, b. 5.

P. 79. *All sorts of nonsense.*—" Ces pendardes-là, avec leur pommade, ont, je pense, envie de me ruiner. Je ne vois partout que blancs d'œufs, lait virginal, et mille autres *brimborions* que je ne connois point."—*Les Precieuses Ridicules*, Act i., sc. 4.

P. 80. *Besides, he would not else have been so impudent.*—The lower classes have an awkward habit of associating a more than ordinary degree of shamelessness or profligacy with gentility. The gamekeeper of a lady of rank in Hampshire once came to tell her that a gentleman was sporting over her best preserves, and refused to listen to remonstrances. " A gentleman," said her ladyship, "how do you know him to be a gentleman?" " Because," was the reply, " he keeps fourteen horses and another man's wife."

P. 81. *Am I in an enchanted atmosphere?—*

" 'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus."—
*Cymbeline*, Act ii., sc. 2.

There is some analogy between this scene and *La Nouvelle Heloise*, vol. i., lett. 54, though Faust's feelings in his mistress's chamber are very different from St. Preux's.

P. 82. *It feels so close, so sultry here.*—

"Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
Some airy devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief."—
*King John*, Act iii., sc. 2.

P. 82. *There was a king in Thule.*—Many of the songs in Faust, this among others, were not originally written for it. Goethe mentions in his Memoirs that he sung this song with considerable applause in a social meeting.

P. 90. *I would change rings with you myself.* — In some countries of Germany the bridegroom, instead of placing the ring on the finger of the bride, gives one to her and receives one in return.

P. 90. *Two witnesses.*—Alluding to the rule of the civil law, which forms the basis of all the German systems.—*Unius responsio testis omnino non audiatur.*—*Cod.* 4, 20, 9.

P. 100. *From the wall-like rocks, out of the damp underwood.*

"How divine,
The liberty for frail, for mortal man,
To roam at large among unpeopled glens
And mountainous retirements, only trod
By devious footsteps; regions consecrate
To oldest time! and, reckless of the storm
That keeps the raven quiet in her nest,
Be as a presence or a motion—one
Among the many there; *and, while the mists
Flying, and rainy vapours, call out shapes
And phantoms from the craigs and solid earth,*
As fast as a musician scatters sounds
Out of an instrument; and while the streams—"
*The Excursion.*

"And he, with many feelings, many thoughts,
Made up a meditative joy, and found
Religious meanings in the forms of nature."—
*Coleridge, Sibylline Leaves*, p. 65.

P. 102. *Like a snow-flushed rivulet.*—"Like a rock in the mid-channel of a river swoln by a sudden *rain-flush* from the mountains," &c.—*Coleridge's Aids to Reflection*, p. 79.

P. 102. *Were I a bird, &c.*—

"Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär,
Und auch zwei Flügeln hätt,
Flög ich zu dir;
Weils aber nicht kann seyn,
Bleib ich all hier.

"Bin ich gleich weit von dir,
Bin ich doch im Schlaf bei dir,
Und red mit dir;
Wenn ich erwachen thu,
Bin ich allein.

"Es vergeht keine Stund in der Nacht,
Da mein Herze nicht erwacht,
Und an dich gedenkt,
Dass du mir viel tausendmal
Dein Herze geschenkt."

*Herder's Volkslieder*, b. i., p. 67.
*Wunderhorn*, part i., p. 231.

P. 102. *One while fairly outwept.*—

"As with no stain
She faded like a cloud that has outwept its rain."
*Shelley, Adonais.*

"Lo pianto stesso lì pianger non lascia."
*Dante, Inf. Canto* 33.

P. 103. *The twin-pair, which feed among roses.*—"Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins, which feed among the lilies."—*Song of Solomon*, ch. iv., v. 5. "Je ne vous conseille pas de traduire cela littéralement. On jeterait les hauts cris. C'est à la responsibilité du poete. L'esprit malin semble vouloir insinuer que les saints même, et les sages, tels que Solomon, n'étaient pas insensibles aux attraits de la volupté."—*M. de Schlegel.*

P. 103. *And all her homely cares embraced within that little world.*—

"Flies from her home, the humble sphere
Of all her joys and sorrows here;

Her father's house of mountain-stone,
And by a mountain vine o'ergrown.
At such an hour, in such a night,
So calm, so clear, so heavenly bright,
Who would have seen, and not confess'd
It looked as all within were blest."
*Rogers, Jacqueline.*

P. 107. *Are we not looking into each other's eyes.*—

——————— "when full of blissful sighs,
They sat and looked into each other's eyes."—
*Lalla Rookh.*

"They looked up to the sky, whose floating glow
Spread like a rosy ocean, vast and bright:
They gazed upon the glittering sea below,
Whence the broad moon rose circling into sight;
They heard the wave's splash, and the wind so low,
And saw each other's dark eyes darting light
Into each other."—*Don Juan.*

Clärchen: "Lass mich schweigen! lass mich dich halten. Lass mich dir in die Augen sehen; alles darin finden, Trost und Hoffnung, und Freude und Kummer."—*Egmont*, Act iii.

"I have asked that dreadful question of the hills
That look eternal; of the flowing streams
That lucid flow for ever; of the stars,
Amid whose fields of azure my raised spirit
Hath trod in glory: all were dumb; but now,
*While I thus gaze upon thy living face,*
I feel the love that kindles through its beauty
Can never wholly perish; we shall meet
Again, Clemanthe!"—*Ion*, Act v., sc. 2.

P. 107. *I have no name for it.*—"The Persian poet Saadi of Schiraz says, according to Herder:—'Who knows God, is silent.'"

P. 107. *Name is sound and smoke.*—In most of the editions preceding the collected edition of Goethe's Works commenced in 1828, it stands:—*Nature is sound and smoke*

P. 107. *The man you have with you is hateful to me, &c.*—Margaret's intuitive apprehension of Mephistopheles is copied from an incident mentioned in Goethe's Memoirs:—"I could scarcely rest till I had introduced my friend Merk at Lotta's (the original

of Werther's Charlotte), but his presence in this circle did me no good; for, like Mephistopheles, go where he will, he will hardly bring a blessing with him." Goethe always called this friend "Mephistopheles Merk," and gives a strange account of the mingled goodness and devilishness of his disposition. The same feeling is beautifully described in the following lines by Coleridge:—

> "And yet Sarolta, simple, inexperienced,
> Could see him as he was, and often warned me!
> Whence learn'd she this? O she was *innocent!*
> And to be innocent is nature's wisdom!
> The hedge-dove knows the prowlers of the air,
> Feared soon as seen, and flutters back to shelter.
> And the young steed recoils upon his haunches,
> The never-yet-seen adder's hiss first heard.
> O surer than suspicion's hundred eyes
> Is that fine sense, which to the pure in heart,
> By mere oppugnancy of their own goodness,
> Reveals th' approach of evil."—*Zapolya.*

Sir Walter Scott had probably one or both of these passages in his mind when he wrote the following:—"The innocent Alice, without being able to discover what was wrong either in the scenes of unusual luxury with which she was surrounded, or in the manners of her hostess, which, both from nature and policy, were kind and caressing, felt nevertheless an instinctive apprehension that all was not right, a feeling in the human mind, allied, perhaps, to that sense of danger which animals exhibit when placed in the vicinity of the natural enemies of their race, and which makes birds cower when the hawk is in the air, and beasts tremble when the tiger is abroad in the desert. There was a heaviness at her heart which she could not dispel, and the few hours which she had already spent at Chiffinch's, were like those passed in a prison by one unconscious of the cause or event of his captivity."—*Peveril of the Peak.*

P. 109. *Full of her faith, &c.*—The words:—

> "Der ganz allein
> Ihr selig machend ist,

have here the same meaning as in Dr. Carové's celebrated work *Ueber Alleinseligmachende Kirche; i. e.*, the Catholic Church.

P. 111. *We will strew cut straw before her door.*—This alludes to a German custom something analogous to Skimmerton-riding in

this country. It consists in strewing cut or chopped straw before the door of a bride whose virtue is suspected, the day before the wedding. The garland (like the snood) is a token of virginity, and a ruined maiden is said to have lost her garland.

Bessy's want of charity recalls the well-known lines in *The Giaour*:—

> "No: gayer insects fluttering by
> Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die,
> And lovelier things have mercy shown
> To every failing but their own,
> And every woe a tear can claim,
> Except an erring sister's shame."

P. 112. *Zwinger.—Zwinger* is untranslatable, and a good deal of doubt exists as to the meaning of the term. "Zwinger (says a learned correspondent) from *Zwingen*, to subdue, is a name given to castles found in some of the free towns, and formerly held by an imperial governor. They are often in the middle of the town, and have a passage wherein a devotional image with a lamp has occasionally been placed, not expressly for the sake of devotion, but to lighten up a dark passage; Margaret wishes to be unobserved, and prefers this lonely spot to the chapel." This account was confirmed to me in conversation by Retzsch. In his Outline of the scene, Margaret is represented kneeling before an image of the Virgin placed in a niche close to a church. Mr. Downes, in his *Letters from Continental Countries*, says: "On our way (from Goslar to the Rammelsberg) we visited the *Zwinger*, an old tower of three stories, containing a saloon for masquerades. The walls are so thick as to admit of a small side apartment adjoining one of the windows. A scene in Goethe's Faust is entitled *Zwinger;* it is perhaps identical with this."

P. 112. *Mater Dolorosa.*—The following lines of Manzoni (a great favourite of Goethe) in his hymn to the Virgin, might be supposed to have been suggested by this scene:—

> "La femminetta nel tuo sen regale
> La sua spregiata lagrima depone,
> E a te, beata, della sua immortale
> Alma gli affanni espone:
> A te, che i prieghi ascolti e le querele
> Non come suole il mondo, né degl' imi
> E de' grandi il dolor col suo crudele
> Discernimento estimi."

P. 115. *Can that be the treasure rising, &c.*—This alludes to a superstitious belief that the presence of a treasure is indicated by a blue light or flame to the initiated. The same allusion occurs in the Intermezzo, and also in a little poem by Goethe, called *Der Schatzgräber :—*

"Und ich sah ein Licht von weitem,
Und es kam gleich einem Sterne."

In the Antiquary, too, in the scene between Sir Arthur Wardour and Dousterswivel in the ruins of St. Ruth, it is said, "No supernatural light burst forth from below to indicate the subterranean treasury."

P. 115. *Liondollars.*—The *Löwenthaler* is a coin first struck by the Bohemian Count Schlick, from the mines of Joachims-Thal in Bohemia; the finest in the years 1518-1529, under Ludovick, the first king of Hungary and Bohemia. The one side represents the fork-tailed lion, with the inscription—"Ludwig I. D. G. Rex Bohm." The reverse, the full-length image of St. John, with the arms of Schlick.—*Köhler's Muntz-Belustigungen.*

P. 115. *What are you doing here, Catherine?*—This song is obviously imitated from Ophelia's.—*Hamlet*, Act iv. Scene 5.

P. 115. *Rat-catcher.*—

"Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?"
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii. Scene 1.

The common people in Germany believe (or believed) that rat-catchers, by whistling or piping a peculiar note, could compel the rats to follow them wherever they chose.—*Deutche Sagen*, No. 245. This accounts for the application of the term to a serenading seducer.

P. 116. *Out with your toasting-iron.*—

"Put up thy sword betime,
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell."
*King John*, Act iv. Scene 3.

*Flederwisch*, literally *goosewing*, is a cant term for a sword.

P. 116. *I am perfectly at home with the police, but should find it hard to clear scores with the criminal courts.*—*Blutbann* is an

old name for criminal jurisdiction in the general sense. The distinction between *Polizei-Uebertretungen* and *Verbrechen*, to which the above passage might otherwise be supposed to refer, was introduced into the German systems in imitation of the French code; consequently not till long after the period at which this scene was written.—See *Mittermaier's Strafverfahren*, pp. 10 and 16. To make matters sure, I referred both *Blutbann* and *Blutschuld* to M. Mittermaier himself.

P. 117. *When first Shame, &c.*—

"The while some one did chant this lovely lay:
Ah see, whose fair thing dost fain to see
The springing flower the image of thy day,
Ah see the virgin rose, how sweetly she
Dost first peep forth with bashful modesty,
The fairer seems, the less ye see her may;
Lo, see soon after, how more bold and free
Her bared bosom she doth broad display;
Lo, see soon after, how she fades and falls away."

*Spenser.*

P. 118. *Evil spirit behind Margaret.*—

"I looked to heaven and tried to pray,
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust."

*Rime of the Ancient Mariner.*

P. 118. *And under thy heart stirs it not quickening even now?*—

"She held within
A second principle of life, which might
Have dawned a fair and sinless child of sin."

*Don Juan*, Canto iv.

It is common in Germany to say, *Sie trägt das Pfand der Liebe unter ihrem Herzen*—"She bears the pledge of love under her heart." Thus Schiller in *Die Kindesmörderin*,—"Nicht das Knäblein unter meinem Herzen?" Shelley also has the same allusion:—

"Methought I was about to be a mother;
Month after month went by, and still I dream'd
That we should soon be all to one another,
I and my child; *and still new pulses seem'd*

*To beat beside my heart*, and still I deem'd
There was a babe within; and when the rain
Of winter through the rifted cavern stream'd,
Methought, after a lapse of lingering pain,
I saw that lovely shape, *which near my heart had lain*."
*The Revolt of Islam*, Canto vii.

P. 119. *I feel as if the organ, &c.*—There is a passage in Goethe's works (I forgot to note down the place) in which he describes the *Dies iræ* as having a similar effect upon himself. Mr. W. Taylor says that Sir Walter Scott borrowed a hint or two from this scene for the Lay of the Last Minstrel. I suppose he alludes to the thirtieth Stanza of the last Canto :—

" And ever in the office close
The hymn of intercession rose :
And far the echoing aisles prolong
The awful burthen of the song—
Dies iræ, Dies illa,
Solvet sæclum in favillâ—
While the pealing organ rung."

P. 121. *May-Day Night. The Hartz Mountains. District of Schirke and Elend.*—Walpurgis is the name of the female saint who converted the Saxons to Christianity. May-day Night is dedicated to her. The Hartz is the most northerly range of mountains in Germany, and comprises (according to the Conversations-Lexicon) about 1350 square miles, mostly within the district of Hanover. The Brocken or Blocksberg is the summit of the chain, on the top of which all the witches of Germany hold an annual meeting. Schirke and Elend are two villages on or near the Brocken. As these mountains are now a favourite resort of tourists, it is useless to add a minute description of them.* Mr. Downes, in his Letters from Continental Countries, has given a *con amore* description of the localities; and Heine has supplied some curious particulars in the first volume of his *Reisebilder*. Dr. Schubart says, that, as the Greeks had their Olympus, the Jews their Sinai, the Spaniards their Montserrat, the Indians the Himelaya mountains, so have the Germans their Blocksberg. In the case of the Blocksberg, however, there are assignable causes for the superstitions associated with it, in addition to that which the wildness of the mountain affords. On

* See Gotschalk's Tasctenbuch, für Reisende in den Hartz, or Mr. Murray's *Handbook*.

the first establishment of Christianity, the Druids are said to have taken refuge on it; and the lights and noises attendant on the celebration of their rites were mistaken by the surrounding peasantry for sorcery. In one of Goethe's minor poems, *Die erste Walpurgismacht*, spiritedly translated by Dr. Anster, the effects of this belief are vividly pourtrayed. Another cause is to be found in a phenomenon thus described by the author of Waverley. "The solitudes of the Hartz forest in Germany, but especially the mountains called Blocksberg, or rather Brockenburg, are the chosen scenes for the tales of witches, demons, and apparitions. The occupation of the inhabitants, who are either miners or foresters, is of a kind that renders them peculiarly prone to superstition, and the natural phenomena which they witness in pursuit of their solitary or subterraneous profession, are often set down by them to the interference of goblins or the power of magic. Among the various legends current in that wild country, there is a favourite one, which supposes the Hartz to be haunted with a kind of tutelar demon, in the shape of a wild man, of huge stature, his head wreathed with oak-leaves, and his middle cinctured with the same, bearing in his hand a pine torn up by the roots. It is certain that many profess to have seen such a form traversing, with huge strides, in a line parallel to their own course, the opposite ridge of a mountain, when divided from it by a narrow glen; and indeed the fact of the apparition is so generally admitted, that modern scepticism has only found refuge by ascribing it to optical deception."—*The Antiquary*, vol. i. p. 249.

This optical deception admits of a simple explanation:—"When the rising sun throws his rays over the Brocken upon the body of a man standing opposite to fine light clouds floating around or hovering past him, he needs only fix his eye steadily upon them, and in all probability he will see the singular spectacle of his own shadow extending to the length of five or six hundred feet, at the distance of about two miles before him."—*Hibbert on Apparitions*, p. 440, note. *Brewster's Letters on Natural Magic, Lett.* 6. In Mr. Gillies's collection of German stories, there is a very interesting one called *The First of May; or, Walburga's Night.* Goethe's little poem called *Die Harz Reise* has no perceptible connection with the Hartz.

P. 122. *Through the stones, through the turf, brook and brookling hurry down.*—"Here and there on rushes the water, silver-clear, trickles among the stones, and bathes the naked roots and fibres. Again, in many places, the water spouts more freely from out of rocks and roots, and forms little cascades. There is such a

strange murmuring and rustling—the birds sing broken snatches of languishing songs—the trees whisper as with thousands of maidens' tongues; as with thousands of maidens' eyes the rare mountain flowers gaze upon us, and stretch out towards us their singularly broad, conically forked leaves," &c., &c.—*Heine, Reisebilder*, vol. i. p. 173. See also his account of the rise of the Ilse, p. 223.

P. 122. *Tu-whit!—tu-whoo.*—

" 'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,
And the owls have awakened the crowing cock.
Tu-whit!—tu-whoo!" *Christabel.*

P. 122. *And the roots, like snakes, &c.*—" In consequence of the rocky nature of the ground, the roots are in many places unable to penetrate it, and wind, snake-like, over the huge blocks of granite, which lie scattered everywhere about, like huge play-balls, for the unearthly revellers to throw at each other on May-day night."—*Reisebilder.*

P. 123. *It scatters itself at once.*—Shelley has translated *vereinzelt sich—masses itself*—probably under the notion of making the contrast more complete. But the next line—*There sparks are glittering near, &c.*—shows clearly that the literal version is the proper one.

P. 123. *How the storm-blast, &c.*—

" And now the Storm-Blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong;
He *struck* with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along."
*The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.*

" *Windsbraut*, ein in Hochdeutschen veraltetes Wort, einen Sturm zu bezeichnen, welches nach Apost. 27. 14. vorkommt; auch in der Schweiz und andern Oberdeutschen Gegenden üblich ist."—*Adelung.*

" Nicht lang aber darnach erhob sich wider ihr Vornehmen eine Windsbraut, die man nennete Nordost."—*German Bible.*

" But not long after there arose against it a tempestuous wind, called Euroclydon."—*English Bible.*

P. 124. *Sir Urian.*—This is a common name for the devil in

Germany. Voland (*post*) is, I believe, one of the names of Beelzebub.

P. 124. *The witch* ———*s, the he-goat* ———*s.*—In Aristophanic language—the witch περδίται, the he-goat κιναβρᾶ.

P. 124. *By Ilsenstein.*—Ilsenstein is a high granite rock on the Brocken, so called from the brook *Ilse*, which, according to tradition, was originally a princess. Felsensee (rock-lake) is another of the localities.

P. 124. *For, in going to the house of the wicked one, woman is a thousand steps in advance.*—"This princess was so far from being influenced by scruples that she was as wicked as woman could be, which is not saying a little, for the sex pique themselves on their superiority in every competition."—*Vathek.*

P. 125. *Make room, sweet people.*—Probably an allusion to *your most sweet voices*, in Coriolanus.

P. 127. *Now that I ascend the witch-mountain for the last time.*—"And because the contradictions of life and thought have reached their highest pitch, but at the same time have found their end and solution, does Mephistopheles convince himself that he has ascended the Blocksberg for the last time?"—*Ueber Goethe's Faust, Leipzig.*

P. 128. *There is no dagger here, &c.*—Goethe had probably read *Tam o'Shanter* before writing this:—

> "Coffins stood round like open presses,
> That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
> And by some devilish cantrip slight,
> Each in his cauld hand held a light,—
> By which heroic Tam was able
> To note upon the haly table,
> A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
> Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;
> A thief, new cutted frae a rape,
> Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
> Five tomahawks wi' bluid red-rusted;
> Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;
> A garter, which a babe had strangled;
> A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
> Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
> The gray hairs yet stack to the heft."

Goethe's poem of *Der Tödtentanz*, however, clearly preceded *Tam o' Shanter*.

P. 128. *Lilith.*—I have received several suggestions as to Lilith. The following passage, (for which I have to thank Dr. Rosen), extracted from Gesenius's Commentary on Isaiah, (Leipz. 1821, 8vo, vol. i. p. 916), is the fullest and most satisfactory :—

"Lilith, לילית (*nocturna*), is, in the popular belief of the Hebrews, a female spectre in the shape of a finely-dressed woman, which, in particular, lies in wait for and kills children, like the Lamiæ and Striges amongst the Romans.—See Horace, Art. Poet. 340; Ovid, Fast. vi. 123. This is the Rabbinical account, and the superstition appears old, as it is to be found in the same form, and with little variation, amongst all other people. More recently they themselves have brought it into a kind of system, and turned Lilith nto a wife of Adam's on whom he begot demons, and who still has power to lie with men and kill children who are not protected by amulets, with which the Jews of a still later period supply themselves as a protection against her.—S. Buxtorf, Lexicon. Talmudic, p. 1140; Eisenmenger's Entdecktes Judenthum, vol. ii. p. 413, *et seq.*" See also Brown's Jewish Antiquities, vol. ii. p. 273.

Burton tells us : "The Talmudists say that Adam had a wife called Lilis before he married Eve, and of her he begat nothing but devils."—*Anat. of Melancholy*, Part 1, Sect. 2, Subsec. 2.

At the end of a learned etymological commentary on the word *Lullaby* in the Encyclopædia Metropolitana, is the following mention of Lilith, quoted as a MS. note on Skinner: "Christiani quondam a Judæis edocti, Dæmonem esse quandam maleficam, nomine Lilith, quæ infantes recenter natos necare aut saltem supponere consuevit, atque adeo nutrices infantibus dormitantibus cantilare solitas *Lilla, abi, abi!* unde nostrum Lullaby."

Herder, in his *Dichtungen aus der Vorwelt*, represents Adam as not marrying Eve until after Lilis had rejected him on account of his earthly extraction.

Miss Letitia Hawkins calls Eve an overgrown baby, with nothing to recommend her, but her submission and her fine hair.

P. 129. *Procktophantasmist.*—The person intended is now generally understood to be Nicolai of Berlin, a writer who once enjoyed a considerable reputation of Germany, and through the medium of the *Allgemeine Deutsche Bibliothek*, a periodical work established by him about 1765 in co-operation with Lessing and Mendelsohn, exercised for nearly twenty years a widely-spread influence upon

German literature. The severity of his criticisms, written in a cold prosaic spirit, involved him in many disputes; among others, with Wieland, Fichte, Herder, Lavater, and Goethe. He had also given offence to Goethe, by publishing a parody on The Sufferings of Werther, entitled "The Joys of Werther," in which Werther is made to shoot himself with a pistol loaded with chicken's blood, and recovers and lives happily. Goethe judiciously carried on the joke by writing a continuation, in which Werther, though alive, is represented as blinded by the blood, and bewailing his ill fortune in not being able to see the beauties of Charlotte. Goethe says that his reply, though only circulated in manuscript, deprived Nicolai of all literary consideration. He speaks of him as a man of talent, but incapable of allowing merit in anything which went the least beyond his own contracted notions of excellence:—

> "Was schiert mich der Berliner Bann
> Geschmäckler-Pfaffenwesen!
> Und wer mich nicht verstehen kann
> Der lerne besser lesen."—*Goethe.*

"To the very last," says Mr. Carlyle, "Nicolai never could persuade himself, that there was anything in heaven or earth that was not dreamt of in *his* philosophy. He was animated with a fierce zeal against Jesuits; in this, most people thought him partly right; but when he wrote against Kant's philosophy, without comprehending it, and judged of poetry as he judged of Brunswick mum, by its *utility*, many people thought him wrong. A man of such spiritual habitudes is now by the Germans called a *Philister*, Philistine. Nicolai earned for himself the painful pre-eminence of being *Erz-Philistine*, Arch-Philistine."—*German Romance*, vol. iv. p. 15.

In 1791 mental agitation produced such an effect on his nerves, that for several weeks he appeared to himself continually surrounded with phantoms, whom he distinctly knew, however, to be mere creations of his imagination. An account of his malady, drawn up by the sufferer himself, is quoted by Dr. Hibbert (Theory of Apparitions) and may be seen in Nicholson's Philosophical Journal, vol. vi. p. 161. Bleeding by leeches was one of the remedies resorted to; this explains the subsequent allusion to them. He died in 1811.

The phrase, *es spukt in Tegel*, has sadly puzzled both translators and commentators. Tegel is a small place about eigth or ten miles from Berlin. In the year 1799, the inhabitants of Berlin, who pride themselves very highly on their enlightenment, were fairly taken in by the

story of a ghost, said to haunt the dwelling of a Mr. Schulz at Tegel. No less than two commissions of distinguished persons set forth to investigate the character of the apparition. The first betook themselves to the house on the 13th of September, 1797, waited from eleven at night till one in the morning, heard a noise, and saw nothing. The second party were more fortunate, for one of them rushed with such precipitation towards the place from whence the noise proceeded, that the ghost was under the necessity of decamping in a hurry, leaving the instruments with which he made the noise (very clumsy contrivances) as *spolia opima* to the conquerors. Thus began and ended the Tegel ghost's career, who however fully rivalled our Cock-lane ghost in celebrity, and gave rise to a good deal of controversy. This statement is taken from an account published in 1798, in 8vo, with the motto :—"Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus." Dr. Hitzig (to whom I am indebted for it) proposes the following interpretation :—

"We Berlin folks (enlightened by me Nicolai) are so wise (so free from prejudice) and Tegel is haunted notwithstanding (we notwithstanding suffer our heads to be turned by a ghost story, so stupid as this of Tegel.")

Shelley and M. Stapfer say Brocktophantasmist. This alteration destroys the etymology, which the allusion to the leeches shows to be Πρωκτος.

P. 130. *A red mouse jumped out of her mouth.*—"The following incident occurred at a nobleman's seat at Thüringen, about the beginning of the seventeenth century. The servants were paring fruit in the room, when a girl becoming sleepy, left the others and laid herself down, apart but not far off, on a bank, to repose. After she had lain still a short time, a little red mouse crept out of her mouth, which was open. Most of the people saw it, and showed it to one another. The mouse ran hastily to the open window, crept through, and remained a short space without. A forward waiting-maid, whose curiosity was excited by what she saw, spite of the remonstrances of the rest, went up to the inanimate maiden, shook her, and removed her to another place a little further off, and then left her. Shortly afterwards the mouse returned, ran to the former familiar spot, where it had crept out of the maiden's mouth, ran up and down as if it could not find its way and was at a loss what to do, and then disappeared. The maiden, however, was dead, and remained dead. The forward waiting-maid repented of what she had done in vain. In the same establishment, a lad had before then been often tormented by the sorceress and could have no peace; this ceased on the maiden's death."—*Deutsche Sagen*, No. 247.

The same work contains a story of two maidens who were accustomed to dispatch their souls on evil errands in the shape of smoke, and a story of a maiden whose soul used to leave her in the shape of a cat (Nos. 248, 249); but I find nothing about a gray mouse.

P. 130. *The blood of man thickens at its chill look.*—

> " Her lips were red, her looks were free,
> Her locks were yellow as gold,
> Her skin was as white as leprosy,
> The Night-Mair Life-in-Death was she
> Who thicks man's blood with cold."—
> *Coleridge, Rime of the Ancient Mariner.*

The term *Idol* must be understood in the sense of *Eidolon*.

P. 172. *As merry as in the Prater.*—Alluding to the Prater of Vienna.

P. 131. *When I find you upon the Blocksberg.*—To wish a man upon the Blocksberg—*Ich wunsche den Kerl auf dem Blocksberg*—is like wishing him at the devil, in English. This speech has in German the effect of a pun.

P. 133. *The Intermezzo.*—It is quite impossible to convey to the English reader more than a very faint notion of this scene. The effect is produced almost exclusively by satirical allusions, quaintly rhymed, to things and persons not generally known even in Germany; though no one who has ever witnessed the delight with which Germans belonging to the inner circle of educated society dwell upon it, can doubt that it possesses merit of a high order in its way. It is impossible to explain all the allusions without rambling far beyond the limits of a note. I must, therefore, confine myself to such particulars as admit of compression.

The Midsummer Night's Dream and Wieland's Oberon have furnished the basis of the first seven or eight stanzas and some of the last.

Mieding, mentioned in the first couplet, was scene-painter to the Weimar Theatre. Goethe has immortalised him by a little poem on his death :—

> " Wie ! Mieding todt ? erschallt bis unter's Dach
> Das hohle Haus, von Echo kehrt ein Ach !
> Die Arbeit stockt, die Hand wird jedem schwer,
> *Der Leim wird kalt, die Farbe fliesst nicht mehr.*"

There are other lines in the poem, however, which would rather lead me to suppose him stage-manager. He is mentioned by Döhring (p. 198).

The Inquisitive Traveller is Nicolai; and the allusion to the stiff man smelling after Jesuits is to him. He had written Travels full of denunciations of popery.

I have been told that the words put into the mouth of the northern artist are intended as a quiz on the style of expression affected by the German artists of the day, but I rather think they allude to Goethe's own Italian Journey, which might be almost said to have revolutionised his mind. A distinguished German critic thinks that Fernow is the person alluded to.

The Gods of Greece—*Die Götter Griechenlands*—is the title of a well-known poem of Schiller's, which somewhat scandalised the strict people of his day. Some useful notes upon it are contained in Klattowsky's Manual.

The Purist is said to typify a school of critics who affected great zeal for purity of expression, and strict attention to costume, upon the stage.

The Xenien, as is well known, is the name given by Goethe and Schiller to verses, mostly satirical or epigrammatical, which they published from time to time in co-partnership. These formed an important era in German literature. "A war of all the few good heads in the nation, with all the many bad ones, (says Mr. Carlyle,) began in Schiller's *Musenalmanach* for 1793. The Xenien (in another place he names the *Horen* along with them), a series of philosophic epigrams, jointly by Schiller and Goethe, descended there unexpectedly, like a flood of ethereal fire, on the German literary world; quickening all that was noble into new life, but visiting the ancient empire of dullness with astonishment and unknown pangs." The war might have been commenced in this manner, but the burden of maintaining it (as Mr. Carlyle himself half admits in another place *) certainly fell upon the Schlegels and Tieck, to whose admirable critical productions the Xenien bears about the same relation that the sharp-shooters bear to the regular army.

The Genius of the Age and The Musaget were the names of literary journals edited by Hennings; who was at different times in controversy with the Schlegels, Schiller, and Goethe. Hennings is also attacked in the Xenien. One of Goethe's minor poems is entitled *Die Musageten.*

The extent of the German Parnassus is an old joke. A few

* German Romance, vol. ii., p. 8.

years since it was computed that there were no less than fourteen thousand living authors in Germany. Goethe wrote a little poem entitled *Deutscher Parnass*, in which he spiritedly apostrophises the invading crowd:—

"Ach, die Büsche sind geknickt!
Ach, die Blumen sind erstickt!
Von der Sohlen dieser Brut—
Wer begegnet ihrer Wuth?"

The Crane is said to mean Herder. To the best of my information, *Irrlichter* means *parvenus:* and *Sternschnuppe* a sort of poetical Icarus, who mounts like a rocket and comes down like the stick. Most of the other allusions refer to well-known classes in society, or to sects or schools in metaphysical philosophy.

M. de Schlegel told me that the allusions in the Intermezzo were not present to his memory, and finding that it would cost him some trouble to recover the train, I did not press my request for an explanation of them, though his very interesting letter on Goethe's *Triumph der Empfindsamkeit*, addressed to M. de Rémusat and published in the third volume of the *Théâtre Allemand*, was a powerful temptation. The first paragraph of this letter may help to explain why it is so difficult to write notes upon Goethe:—"J'ai vécu quelques années près de Goethe (says M. de Schlegel) lorsqu'il était dans la force de l'âge et dans la maturité de son génie; j'ai souvent passé des journées entières avec lui, et nous avons beaucoup causé sur ses ouvrages; mais il n'aimait guère à donner des explications, comme aussi il n'a jamais voulu faire des préfaces."

M. Varnhagen von Ense tells me that many more verses were originally composed for the Intermezzo.

*Goldene Hochzeit* means the fiftieth anniversary of a marriage; *Silberne Hochzeit*, the twenty-fifth.

P. 140. *Sentence-passing, unfeeling man.*—

"O plead
With famine, or wind-walking pestilence,
Blind lightning, or the deaf sea, not with man!
Cruel, cold, formal, man."—
*Shelley—The Cenci.*

P. 140. *To roll before the feet, &c.*—This alludes to a prevalent superstition, that evil spirits will sometimes place themselves in the path of a foot passenger, in the shape of a dog or other animal, with

the view of tripping him up and springing upon him when down. Thus Caliban, in allusion to the spirits set upon him by Prospero:—

"Some time like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way."
*Tempest*, Act ii. sc. 2.

P. 143. *What are they working—about the Ravenstone yonder?* —*The Rabenstein* is so called because ravens are often seen hovering round it. Retzsch's outline is the best commentary.

P. 144. *And her crime was a good delusion.*—

"Wehe!—menschlich hat diess Herz empfunden!
Und Empfindung soll mein Richtschwert seyn!
Weh'! vom Arm des falschen Mann's umwunden
Schlief Luisen's Tugend ein."—*Schiller.*

P. 144. *My mother, the whore, &c.*—This song is founded on a popular German story, to be found in the *Kinder-und Haus-Märchen* of the distinguished brothers Grimm, under the title of *Van den Machandel-Boom*, and in the English selection from that work (entitled *German Popular Stories*) under the title of *The Juniper Tree.*—The wife of a rich man, whilst standing under a juniper tree, wishes for a little child as white as snow and as red as blood; and on another occasion expresses a wish to be buried under the juniper when dead. Soon after, a little boy as white as snow and as red as blood is born: the mother dies of joy at beholding it, and is buried according to her wish. The husband marries again, and has a daughter. The second wife, becoming jealous of the boy, murders him and serves him up at table for the unconscious father to eat. The father finishes the whole dish, and throws the bones under the table. The little girl, who is made the innocent assistant in her mother's villany, picks them up, ties them in a silk handkerchief, and buries them under the juniper tree. The tree begins to move its branches mysteriously, and then a kind of cloud rises from it, a fire appears in the cloud, and out of the fire comes a beautiful bird, which flies about singing the following song:—

"Min Moder de mi slacht't,
Min Vader de mi att,
Min Swester de Marleenken
Söcht alle mine Beeniken,

Un bindt sie in een syden Dook,
Legts unner den Machandelboom;
Kywitt! Kywitt! ach watt en schön Vagel bin ich?"

The literal translation would be—

My mother who slew me,
My father who ate me,
My sister Mary Anne
Gathers all my bones
And binds them up in a silk handkerchief,
Lays them under the juniper tree.
Kywitt! Kywitt! ah what a beautiful bird am I.

It will be doing an acceptable service to those who love to trace poetical analogies, to remind them of Wordsworth's exquisite little poem of Ruth :—

"God help thee, Ruth! Such pains she had
That she in half a year was mad,
And in a prison housed;
And there she sang tumultuous songs,
By recollection of her wrongs,
To fearful passion roused."

P. 145. *I was fair, too, and that was my undoing.*—

"Trauet nicht den Rosen eurer Jugend,
Trauet, Schwestern, Männerschwüren nie!
Schönheit war die Falle meiner Tugend
Auf der Richstatt hier verfluch' ich sie!"
*Schiller.*

Most readers will recollect Filicaja's sonnet, and the beautiful stanzas in Childe Harold founded on it :—

"Italia! oh Italia! thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty."
*Canto* 4, *Stanzas* 42 *&* 43.

"Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring,
And Sedley cursed the form that pleased a king."
*Johnson, Vanity of Human Wishes.*

P. 147. *Let what is past, be past.*—

"Oh Mutter! Mutter! Hin ist hin!
Verloren ist verloren!
Der Tod, der Tod ist mein Gewinn,
O wär' ich nie geboren!"
*Bürger, Lenore.*

P. 148. *Keep the path up by the brook—over the bridge—into the wood—to the left, where the plank is.*—

"Half-breathless from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the footmarks small;
And through the broken hawthorn-hedge,
And by the long stone-wall.

And then an open field they crossed:
The marks were still the same;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank;
And further there were none!"

*Wordsworth, Lucy Gray.*

P. 148. *The staff breaks.*—The signal for the executioner to do his duty, is given by the breaking of a wand or staff.

P. 148. *The blood-seat.*—"This alludes to the German custom of tying the unfortunate female that is to be beheaded on a wooden chair. Males on such melancholy occasions are kneeling on a little heap of sand."—*Boileau's Remarks*, p. 19.

P. 149. *Ye Holy Hosts, range yourselves round about to guard me.*—

"Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
Ye heavenly guards!"—*Hamlet*, Act 3, Sc. 4.

P. 149. *She is judged.*—Some difference of opinion prevails as to the concluding sentences of this scene. The more poetical interpretation is, that Margaret dies after pronouncing the last words assigned to her; that the judgment of Heaven is pronounced upon her as her spirit parts; that Mephistopheles announces it in his usual sardonic and deceitful style; that the *voice from above* makes known its real purport; and that the *voice from within, dying away*, is Margaret's spirit calling to her lover on its way to heaven, whilst her body lies dead upon the stage. This is the only mode in which the *voice from within, dying away*, can be accounted for. M. de Schlegel, however, certainly the highest living authority on such

matters, says: "*Sie ist gerichtet*, se rapporte à la sentence de mort prononcée par le juge ; les mots suivants, *Sie ist gerettet*, au salut de son âme." It has been contended that *Sie ist gerichtet* refers both to the judgment in heaven and to the judgment upon earth. As to the translation of the passage, no doubt can well exist, for *richten* is literally *to judge*, and is constantly used in the precise sense the above interpretation attributes to it; for instance, *Die Lebendigen und die Todten zu richten, to judge the quick and the dead.*

# APPENDIX.

# APPENDIX, No. I.

CONTAINING AN ABSTRACT OF THE SECOND PART OF FAUST, AND SOME ACCOUNT OF THE CIRCUMSTANCES UNDER WHICH IT WAS COMPOSED.

THE heading, or stage direction, of the first scene is—"A pleasant country—Faust bedded upon flowery turf, tired, restless, endeavouring to sleep—Twilight—a circle of spirits hovering round, graceful little forms." Ariel opens it with a song, accompanied by Æolian harps; the other spirits form a chorus, and Faust gives voice to the emotions which the rising sun (very beautifully described) awakens in him.

The next scene is laid in the emperor's court—what emperor, does not appear. He is seated in full pomp upon his throne, surrounded by all his officers of state, to whom he condescendingly addresses himself:—"I greet my true, my loving subjects, congregated from far and near; I see the sage (meaning the astrologer) at my side, but where tarries the fool?" The fool, it seems, has just been carried out drunk or in a fit, most probably by the contrivance of Mephistopheles, who instantly steps forward in his place and proposes a riddle to his majesty. He puts it aside with the remark, that riddles are for his council, and only (it is to be inferred) simple, unadulterated folly for himself. The new fool, however, is regularly installed; the emperor opens the conference, and all the high officers give their opinions upon the existing state of the realm, than which nothing can well be worse. The chancellor complains of the

neglect of the laws, the commander-in-chief of the insubordination of the army, the marshal of the household of the waste in the kitchen, and the first lord of the treasury expatiates on the empty state of his coffers, the grand source of all the other evils. The emperor, sorely puzzled, reflects a moment, and then turns to the fool, or rather to Mephistopheles disguised as such: "Speak, fool, dost thou too know of no matter of complaint?" Mephistopheles replies in the negative, and expresses his astonishment that anything should be wanting where so much glittering splendour was to be seen. This calls forth a murmur from the courtiers, and Mephistopheles is made the subject of a fair share of insinuation and abuse; but he proceeds notwithstanding and developes his plan, which is to begin digging for subterraneous treasures immediately; as all such, he observes, belong of right to the emperor. This plan is generally approved by all but the chancellor, who does not think it in exact accordance with religion; and the emperor himself declares his intention of laying aside his sword and sceptre, and setting to work in his own proper person immediately. The astrologer, however, calls on them to mitigate their zeal, and first finish the celebration of the approaching carnival. The emperor assents, and gives the word for a general rejoicing accordingly; the trumpets sound, and *exeunt omnes* but Mephistopheles, who concludes the scene with a sneer: "How desert and good fortune are linked together, this never occurs to fools; if they had the stone of the philosopher, they would want the philosopher for the stone."

The subject of the next scene is a mask got up by Faust for the amusement of the emperor, irregular and extravagant in the extreme. Gardeners, flower-girls, olive-branches, rose-buds, fishermen, bird-catchers, wood-hewers, parasites, satirists, the Graces, the Parcæ, the Furies, Fear, Hope, Prudence, Zoilo-Thersites, Pan, Plutus, Fauns, Gnomes, Satyrs, Nymphs, are amongst the things and persons which come forward in the course of the entertainment. The verses placed in their mouths are often very beautiful, but appear to have no reference to a plot. There is also some clever general satire. The scene closes, like most of

our melodrames, with a general blaze, which is also described with great spirit by the herald.

The next scene is in one of the palace pleasure gardens, where the court is found assembled as before, and the emperor is represented thanking Faust for the mask and congratulating himself on having discovered such a treasure of a man. Their converse is suddenly interrupted by the entrance of the marshal of the household, the commander-in-chief and the lord treasurer, to announce that all their distresses have been suddenly removed by the creation of an odd sort of paper-money, bills promising payment in the emperor's name when the subterranean treasure before mentioned shall be dug up. The circulation of this paper appears to have produced nearly the same effect in the emperor's dominions as the South Sea scheme in England or Law's project in France, which, we presume, it must be intended to ridicule. The people are represented as running absolutely wild at their fancied accession of wealth, and the emperor amuses himself by bestowing portions of it on the followers of his court, on condition of their declaring what use they intend to make of what they receive. The humour thus elicited does not rise beyond common-place. One says that he will lead a merry life upon it, a second that he will buy chains and rings for his sweetheart, a third has a fancy for good wine, and a fourth for sausages; a fifth proposes to redeem his mortgages, and a sixth to add it to his hoard. The fool comes last, and might well have been expected to say something sharp, but he simply avows a wish to become a landholder, and yet is complimented by Mephistopheles on his wit. Faust and Mephistopheles are then represented walking in a dark gallery, whither Faust has withdrawn Mephistopheles to procure the means of exhibiting Helen and Paris before the emperor, to whom he has pledged his word to that effect. Mephistopheles answers at first evasively: he has nothing (he says) to do with the heathen world, they live in a hell of their own; there is one mode, however;—Faust must repair to certain goddesses called, *par eminence*. The Mothers,* dwelling in

* I have never yet met with any one who could tell me what *Die Mütter* means.

the deepest recesses of unearthly solitudes, through which he is to be guided by a key bestowed for that purpose by Mephistopheles. Faust shudders at the name, but undertakes the adventure and sets out.

The following scene represents the assembling of the court; Mephistopheles cures a blonde beauty of freckles, and a brunette of lameness, and bestows a love-potion on a third; after which exploits, we proceed to the grand hall, where the emperor and his suite are awaiting the arrival of Faust for the promised *spectacle* to begin. He appears at last, emerging as it were from the stage; he is dressed in sacrificial robes, and a tripod accompanies him. By the aid of the Mothers, and the application of a charmed key which he has with him, he brings first Paris and then Helen upon the stage. For a time, all goes on well, and we are amused by the remarks of the courtiers, male and female, on the beauty and her lover, when on Paris behaving with something like rudeness to Helen, Faust gets jealous and interferes. An explosion is heard, the spirits ascend in vapour, and Faust, prostrated by the shock, is borne off senseless by Mephistopheles.

So ends the first act. At the commencement of the second, we find Faust laid on an old-fashioned bed in his old study, with Mephistopheles attending him. "He whom Helen paralyses (says the latter) comes not easily to his senses again." From a conversation between Mephistopheles and an attendant, it appears that, ever since Faust's disappearance, Wagner has lived on in his house, and has now attained to almost as great a reputation as his master. At the opening of the scene, he has been long busied in his laboratory, endeavouring, like another Frankenstein, to discover the principle of life. To make the train of old associations complete, the Student, now a Bachelor, enters, and thus affords us an opportunity of seeing how far he has profited by Mephistopheles' advice. It seems that he is become a convert to Idealism, and he makes a speech in which Fichte's system is quizzed.

After this dialogue we are conducted into Wagner's laboratory, who has just succeeded in manufacturing an Homunculus, a clever little imp, incarcerated in a bottle,

bearing a strong resemblance to the Devil upon Two Sticks. He is introduced apparently to act as a guide to the Classical Walpurgis Night; Mephistopheles, as has been already intimated, having no jurisdiction over the heathen world. Of this Classical Walpurgis Night itself, which occupies the next sixty or seventy pages, it is quite impossible to give anything like a regular description or analysis; though the readers of the First Part of Faust may form some notion of it on being told, that it is formed upon pretty nearly the same plan as the wilder part of the scenes upon the Blocksberg, with the difference, that all the characters are classical. The number of these is prodigious. Besides monsters of various sorts, we find Erichtho, the Sphynx, the Sirens, the Pigmies, the Nymphs, Chiron, talking Dactyls, Lamiæ, Anaxagoras, Thales, Dryas, Phorkyas, Nereids, Tritons, Nereus, Proteus, and many other less familiar names which it would be wearisome to recapitulate, all scattering apophthegms or allusions at random, with (we say it with all due humility) very little immediate fitness or point.

The Helena, which in some sense may be considered a part of the Classical Walpurgis Night, follows, and forms the third act of the continuation.*

Helen enters upon the stage (before the palace of Menelaus at Sparta) accompanied by a chorus of captive Trojan women. From her opening speech, it appears that she has just landed with her lord, who has sent her on before, and is expected to follow immediately. She has been directed to prepare all things for a sacrifice, but on entering the palace for this purpose, she encounters an apparition in the shape of a gigantic old woman, who, before Helen has well done relating what she had seen to the chorus, comes forth *in propriâ personâ*. This is Phorkyas, who begins by upbraiding Helen, and gets into a not very edifying squabble with her maids. But the main object is to frighten them away; with this view Phorkyas plays on Helen's fears by suggesting, that, amidst all the required preparations for the sacrifice, nothing had yet transpired as to

* See an Article in the Foreign Review, vol. i., p. 429, by Mr. Carlyle, for a full account of the Helena.

the intended victim, and that the victim was most probably herself. It is further intimated that the chorus had nothing very pleasing to look forward to, and Menelaus' treatment of Deiphobus, whose nose and ears he cropped, is considerately alluded to in illustration of the Spartan chief's mode of dealing with his enemies. The plan succeeds, and the Queen consents to fly to a neighbouring country of barbarians, described in glowing colours by Phorkyas. Instantly clouds veil the scene, which shifts to the inner court of a town, surrounded by rich fantastic buildings of the middle ages. She is here received by Faust, the lord of the place, who appears dragging along one Lynceus, his watchman, in chains, for not giving due notice of the beauty's approach. Lynceus excuses himself in fine flowing verse, and receives his pardon as a matter of course. Faust makes good use of his time, and is rapidly growing into high favour with Helen, when Phorkyas rushes in with the tidings that Menelaus, with all his army, is at hand. Faust starts up to encounter the enemy, but, instead of being turned into a battle field, the scene changes into a beautiful Arcadian landscape, set round with leafy bowers, amongst which Faust and Helen contrive to lose themselves for a time. Whilst they are out of sight, Phorkyas converses with the chorus, and amongst other topics describes to them a beautiful Cupid-like sort of boy, called Euphorion, who directly afterwards comes forward with Helen and Faust. This youngster, after exhorting by turns all the party to merriment, and behaving with some rudeness to one of the young ladies of the chorus, who out of sheer modesty vanishes into air, springs upon a high rock, talks wildly about battles and warlike fame, and finishes by bounding up into the air, through which he darts like a rocket, with a stream of brightness in his train, leaving his clothes and lyre upon the ground. The act now hurries to a conclusion; Helen bids Faust farewell, and throws herself into his arms to give him a farewell kiss, but the corporeal part of her vanishes, and only her veil and vest remain in his embrace. These, however, also dissolve into clouds, which encircle Faust, lift him up on high, and finally fly away with him. Phorkyas picks

up Euphorion's clothes and lyre, and seats herself by a pillar in the front of the stage. The leader of the chorus, supposing her to be gone for good and all, exhorts the chorus to avail themselves of the opportunity of returning to Hades, which they decline, saying, that as they have been given back to the light of the day, they prefer remaining there, though at the same time well aware that they are no longer to be considered as persons. One part profess an intention of remaining as Hamadryads, living among and having their being in trees; a second propose to exist as echos; a third, to be the animating spirits of brooks; and a fourth, to take up their abode in vineyards. After this declaration of their respective intentions, the curtain falls, and Phorkyas, laying aside the mask and veil, comes forward in his or her real character of Mephistopheles, "to comment (this is the stage direction) so far as might be necessary, in the way of epilogue, on the piece."

The fourth act is conversant with more familiar matters, but its bearing on the main action is equally remote. The scene is a high mountain. A cloud comes down and breaks apart: Faust steps forth and soliloquises: a seven-mile boot walks up; then another: then Mephistopheles, upon whose appearance the boots hurry off, and we see and hear no more of them. A dialogue takes place between Faust and Mephistopheles, in the course of which it appears that Faust has formed some new desire, which he tells Mephistopheles to guess. He guesses empire, pleasure, glory, but it is none of them: Faust has grown jealous of the daily encroachments of the sea, and his wish is step by step to shut it out. Just as this wish is uttered, the sound of trumpets is heard; the cause is explained by Mephistopheles. Our old friend, the emperor, is advancing to encounter a rival, whom his ungrateful subjects have set up. Mephistopheles proposes to Faust to aid him and gain from his gratitude the grant of a boundless extent of strand for their experiment, to which Faust apparently consents. Three spirits are called up by Mephistopheles, in the guise of armed men,* to assist. Faust joins the emperor's

* See Samuel, b. ii. ch. xxiii. v. 8—13.

army and proffers him the aid of his men. The fight commences, and is won by the magical assistance of Faust. Some of the changes of the battle are sketched with great force and spirit, as seen from the rising ground, where the emperor, Faust and Mephistopheles are witnessing it.* The last scene of the act is laid in the rebel emperor's tent, where several plunderers are busily engaged until disturbed by the entrance of the victorious emperor with four of his chiefs, each of whom he rewards with some post of honour. Then enters an archbishop, who re-reproaches the emperor for leaguing himself with sorcerers, and succeeds in extorting a handsome endowment for the church.

The first scene of the fifth and last act represents an aged couple (Baucis and Philemon by name), extending their hospitality to a stranger. From a few words which drop from them, it appears that their cottage stands in the way of Faust's improvements, and that, Ahab-like, he has already manifested an undue eagerness to possess himself of it. The next scene represents a palace, with an extensive pleasure garden and a large canal. Faust appears in extreme old age, and plunged in thought. The subject of his meditations is the cottage of the old couple, which "comes him cramping in," and spoils the symmetry of his estate. A richly laden vessel arrives, but the cargo fails to soothe him; the little property which he does not possess would embitter, he says, the possession of a world. All is now deep night, and Lynceus the watchman is on his tower, when a fire breaks out in the cottage of the old couple. Mephistopheles, with three sailors belonging to the vessel, has set fire to the cottage, and the old couple perish in the conflagration. Without any immediate connection with the foregoing incidents, four grey old women are brought upon the stage—Guilt, Want, Care, and Misery—and hold an uninteresting conversation with Faust. We

* There is hardly a description of any sort in the poem which is not placed in the mouth of some one looking down from a commanding point of view upon the scene. This was Sir Walter Scott's favourite mode of describing. Several instances are enumerated in Mr. L. Adolphus' Letters on the Author of Waverley p. 242

have then Mephistopheles acting as overseer to a set of workmen (earthly as well as unearthly, it would seem) employed in consummating Faust's wish of limiting the dominion of the waves. I shall give Faust's dying words literally :—

*Faust.* "A marsh extends along the mountain's foot, infecting all that is already won: to draw off the noisome pool —the last would be the crowning success; I lay open a space for many millions to dwell upon, not safely it is true, but in free activity; the plain, green, and fruitful; men and flocks forthwith made happy on the newest soil, forthwith settled on the mound's firm base, which the eager industry of the people has thrown up. Here within, a land like Paradise; there without, the flood may rage up to the brim, and as it nibbles powerfully to shoot in, the community throngs to close up the openings. Yes, heart and soul am I devoted to this wish; this is the last resolve of wisdom. He only deserves freedom and life, who is daily compelled to conquer them for himself; and thus here, hemmed round by danger, bring childhood, manhood, and old age, their well-spent years to a close. I would fain see such a busy multitude,—stand upon free soil with free people. I might then say to the moment—'Stay, thou art so fair!' The trace of my earthly days cannot perish in centuries. In the presentiment of such exalted bliss, I now enjoy the most exalted moment.

[FAUST *sinks back; the* LEMURES *take him up and place him upon the ground.*

*Mephistopheles.* No pleasure satisfies him, no happiness contents him; so is he ever in pursuit of changing forms: the last, the worst, the empty moment, the poor one wishes to hold it fast. He who withstood me so vigorously! Time has obtained the mastery; here lies the greybeard in the dust! The clock stands still!

*Chorus.* Stands still! It is as silent as midnight. The index hand falls."

The angels descend, and a contest ensues between them and Mephistopheles, backed by his devils, for the soul of Faust. It is eventually won by the angels, who succeed by exciting the passions and so distracting the attention

of Mephistopheles. They fly off, and he is left soliloquising thus:—

*Mephistopheles* (*looking round*). "But how? whither are they gone? Young as you are, you have over-reached me. They have flown heavenwards with the booty; for this they have been nibbling at this grave! a great, singularly precious treasure has been wrested from me; the exalted soul which had pledged itself to me, this have they cunningly smuggled away from me. To whom must I now complain? Who will regain my fairly won right for me? Thou art cheated in thy old days; thou hast deserved it; matters turn out fearfully ill for thee. I have scandalously mismanaged matters; a great outlay, to my shame, is thrown away; common desire, absurd amorousness, take possession of the out-pitched devil. And if the old one, with all the wisdom of experience, has meddled in this childish, silly business, in truth, it is no small folly which possesses him at the close."

The last scene is headed—"Mountain defiles—Forest—Rock—Desert." The characters introduced are Anchorites, Fathers, Angels, and a band of female Penitents, amongst whom we recognise Margaret rejoicing over the salvation of Faust. The verses placed in their mouths are often very beautiful, but have little connection with each other and no reference to a plot.

I will now add what has transpired as to the circumstances under which the continuation was composed. The first scene (down to p. 63 of the original) and the whole of the third act (the Helena) were published during Goethe's lifetime, in the last complete edition of his works. His views in publishing the Helena were explained in the *Kunst und Alterthum* by himself. The following extract applies to the general plan of the continuation: "I could not but wonder that none of those who undertook a continuation and completion of my Fragments (the First Part) had lighted upon the thought seemingly so obvious, that the composition of a Second Part must necessarily elevate itself altogether away from the hampered sphere of the First, and conduct a man of such a nature into higher regions, under worthier circumstances. How I, for my part,

had determined to essay this, lay silently before my own mind from time to time, exciting me to some progress; while from all and each I carefully guarded my secret, still in hope of bringing the work to the wished-for issue."

I am also enabled to state in his own words the manner in which this wished-for issue was brought about:—

"I have now arranged the Second Part of Faust, which, during the last four years, I have taken up again in earnest, filled up chasms and connected together the matter I had ready by me, from beginning to end.

"I hope I have succeeded in obliterating all difference between Earlier and Later.

"I have known for a long time what I wanted, and even how I wanted it, and have borne it about within me for so many years as an inward tale of wonder—but I only executed portions which from time to time peculiarly attracted me. The Second Part, then, must not and could not be so fragmentary as the First. The reason has more claim upon it, as has been seen in the part already printed. It has indeed at last required a most vigorous determination to work up the whole together in such a manner that it could stand before a cultivated mind. I, therefore, made a firm resolution that it should be finished before my birth-day. And so it was; the whole lies before me, and I have only trifles to alter. And thus I seal it up; and then it may increase the specific gravity of my succeeding volumes, be they what they may.

"If it contains problems enough, (inasmuch as, like the history of man, the last solved problem ever produces a new one to solve,) it will nevertheless please those who understand by a gesture, a wink, a slight indication. They will find in it more than I could give.

"And thus is a heavy stone now rolled over the summit of the mountain, and down on the other side. Others, however, still lie behind me, which must be pushed onwards, that it may be fulfilled which was written, 'Such labour hath God appointed to man.'"—*Letter to Meyer, dated Weimar, July 20th*, 1831.

I copy this from Mrs. Austin's Characteristics, in which two other interesting passages relating to the same subject

occur. The following is translated from the *Bibliothéque Universelle* of Geneva:—

"Having once secured complete tranquillity on this head (his will), Goethe resumed his usual habits, and hastened to put the last hand to his unpublished works; either to publish them himself, if Heaven should grant him two or three years more of life, or to put them in a condition to be intrusted to an editor without burdening him with the responsibility of the corrections. He began with the most pressing. The Second Part of Faust was not finished; Helena, which forms the third act, had been composed more than thirty years before, with the exception of the end, which is much more recent, and which certainly does not go back further than 1825. The two preceding acts had just been finished—there remained the two last. Goethe composed the fifth act first: then, but a few weeks before his death, he crowned his work by the fourth. This broken manner of working was, perhaps, not always his; but it is explained in this case by the care he took to conceive his plan entire before he began to execute it; to reflect upon it, sometimes for a long series of years, and to work out sometimes one part, sometimes another, according to the inspiration of the moment. He reserved to himself the power of binding together these separate members in a final redaction—of bringing them together by the necessary transitions, and of throwing out all that might injure the integrity of the poem. Thus it happens that in the manuscripts relating to Faust, there are found a great number of poems written at different periods, which could not find place in the drama, but which we hope may be published in the miscellaneous works."—*Characteristics of Goethe*, vol. iii. pp. 87, 88.*

* This account is confirmed by Falk's story of the Walburgis Sack; and also by the following anecdote communicated to me in a private letter by M. de Schlegel:—"Ce pöeme, dès son origine était condamné à ne rester qu'un fragment. Mais quoiqu'on juge de l'ensemble, les détails sont admirables. Ceci me rappelle une anecdote que je tiens du célébre médécin, Zimmerman, fort lié avec Goethe dans sa jeunesse: Fauste avait été annoncé de bonne heure, et l'on s'attendait alors à le voir paraître prochainement.

The Chancellor von Müller, in his excellent little work entitled *Goethe in seiner Praktischen Wirksamkeit*, thus describes the conclusion of Faust, and (what is not less interesting) the events immediately preceding it :—

" When Goethe had to bear the death of his only son, he wrote to Zelter thus :—' Here, then, can the mighty conception of duty alone hold us erect. I have no other care than to keep myself in equipoise. The body *must*, the spirit *will;*—and he who sees a necessary path prescribed to his will, has no need to ponder much.'

" Thus did he shut up the deepest grief within his breast, and hastily seized upon a long-postponed labour, ' in order entirely to lose himself in it.' In a fortnight he had nearly completed the fourth volume of his life, when nature avenged herself for the violence he had done her ; the bursting of a blood-vessel brought him to the brink of the grave.

" He recovered surprisingly, and immediately made use of his restored health to put his house most carefully in order ; made all his testamentary dispositions as to his works and manuscripts with perfect cheerfulness, and earnestly employed himself in fully making up his account with the world.

" But in looking over his manuscripts it vexed him to leave his Faust unfinished ; the greater part of the fourth act of the Second Part was wanting ; he laid it down as a law to himself to complete it worthily, and, on the day before his last birthday, he was enabled to announce that the highest task of his life was completed. He sealed it under a tenfold seal, escaped from the congratulations of friends, and hastened to revisit, after many many years, the scene of his earliest cares and endeavours, as well as of the happiest and richest hours of his life."

Referring to my Article on the Second Part of Faust in the Foreign Quarterly Review (in which most of the foregoing abstract, interspersed with translated specimens,

Zimmerman, se trouvant à Weimar, demanda à son ami des nouvelles de cette composition. Goethe apporta un sac rempli de petits chiffons de papier. Il le vuida sur la table et dit : ' Voilà mon Fauste.' "

appeared), some of my German friends blamed me for not putting in the plea of age for the author. I have done this most effectually now; and the pleas of sickness and sorrow might also be supported if necessary. Indeed, after reading the above extracts, the wonder is, not that symptoms of decaying power are here and there discernible, but that the poem, under such circumstances, should have been completed at all; and we may well say of Faust and its author (as Longinus said of Homer and the Odyssey), though the work of an old man, it is yet the work of an old Goethe.

Another set have censured me for my sceptical and superficial notions of the plot, which is said to hide a host of meanings. My only answer is that I cannot see them and have never yet met with any one who could, though I studied the poem under circumstances peculiarly favourable to the discovery. None of the German critics, to the best of my information, have yet dived deeper than myself; the boldest merely venture to suggest that Faust's salvation or justification, without any apparent merit of his own, is in strict accordance with the purest doctrines of our faith; and that, though he suffered himself to be seduced into wickedness, his mind and heart remained untainted by the Mephistophelian philosophy to the last. This view of the poetical justice of the catastrophe was eloquently expounded by Dr. Franz Horn in a long conversation which I had with him on this subject in August last (1833).

Tasso tells us in a letter to a friend on the Jerusalem Delivered, that when he was beyond the middle of the poem and began to consider the strictness of the times, he began also to think of an allegory, as a thing which ought to smooth every difficulty. The allegory which he thought of, and subsequently gave out as the key to the more recondite beauties of the poem, was this:—"The Christian army, composed of various princes and soldiers, signified the natural man, consisting of soul and body, and of a soul not simple, but divided into many and various faculties. Jerusalem, a strong city, placed on a rough and mountainous tract, and to which the chief aim of the army

is directed, figures civil or public felicity, while Godfrey himself represents the ruling intellect; Rinaldo, Tancred, and others being the inferior powers of the mind, and the soldiers, or bulk of the army, the body. The conquest, again, with which the poem concludes, is an emblem of political felicity; but as this ought not to be the final object of a Christian man, the poem ends with the adoration of Godfrey, it being thereby signified that the intellect, fatigued in public exertions, should finally seek repose in prayer, and in contemplating the blessings of a happy and eternal life."

What Tasso did for the Jerusalem Delivered in this matter, I can conceive it quite possible the commentators may do for the Second Part of Faust; but that they will thereby greatly elevate its poetical character, connect it with the First Part, or prove it an apt solution of the problem, I doubt. As the Prologue in Heaven was not added until 1807 or 1808, my own opinion is that Goethe's plot had no more original existence than Tasso's allegory.

Mr. Coleridge is reported to have expressed himself as follows:—

"The intended theme of the Faust is the consequences of a misology, or hatred and depreciation of knowledge, caused by an originally intense thirst for knowledge baffled. But a love of knowledge for itself, and for pure ends, would never produce such a misology, but only a love of it for base and unworthy purposes. There is neither causation nor progression in the Faust; he is a ready-made conjuror from the very beginning; the *incredulus odi* is felt from the first line. The sensuality and the thirst after knowledge are unconnected with each other. Mephistopheles and Margaret are excellent; but Faust himself is dull and meaningless. The scene in Auerbach's cellars is one of the best, perhaps the very best; that on the Brocken is also fine; and all the songs are beautiful. But there is no whole in the poem; the scenes are mere magic-lantern pictures, and a large part of the work is to me very flat. The German is very pure and fine."—*Table Talk*, vol. ii. p. 114.

# APPENDIX, No. II.

BEING AN HISTORICAL NOTICE OF THE STORY OF FAUST, AND THE VARIOUS PRODUCTIONS IN ART AND LITERATURE THAT HAVE GROWN OUT OF IT.

During a late visit to Germany (1833), it was one of my amusements to inquire at all the libraries to which I could procure access, for books relating to Faust or Faustus; and though the number was far from trifling, it cost me no great labour to acquire a general notion of the contents of most of them, and write down what bore upon my own peculiar study or seemed any way striking or new. I had made considerable progress in the arrangement of the materials thus collected, when Brockhaus' *Historisches Taschenbuch* (Historical Pocket-book) for 1834 arrived, containing an article entitled *Die Sage vom Doctor Faust*, by Dr. Stieglitz (already known for an instructive article on the same subject*), in which, after a brief history of the hero himself, all the compositions of every sort, that (to the writer's knowledge) have grown out of the fable, are enumerated. The narrow limits of a Taschenbuch restricted Dr. Stieglitz to giving little more than a bare list of title-pages; but this list has proved so extremely useful in indicating where almost every sort of information was to be had, that I think it right to avow beforehand the extent of obligation he has laid me under.

Before beginning the life of Faust, some of his biogra-

* The article in F. Schlegel's *Deutsches Museum* referred to in my First Edition.

phers have thought it necessary to determine whether he ever lived at all; and, were we to adopt the mode of reasoning so admirably illustrated in Dr. Whately's Historic Doubts concerning the existence of Napoleon, we must unavoidably believe that there never was such a person, but that the fable was invented by the monks to revenge themselves on the memory of Faust, the printer, who had destroyed their trade in manuscripts.* But if we are content with that sort of evidence by which the vast majority of historical incidents are established, we shall arrive at a much more satisfactory conclusion concerning him. Melancthon knew him personally;† and he is spoken of by other immediate cotemporaries.

Johann (or John) Faust (or Faustus), then, according, to the better opinion, was born at Kundlingen, within the territory of Wurtemberg,‡ of parents low of stock (as Marlow expresses it), some time towards the end of the fifteenth century. He must not be confounded with Faust (or Fust) the printer, who flourished more than half a century before.§ He was bred a physician, and graduated in medicine, but soon betook himself to magic. In this pursuit he is said to have spent a rich inheritance left him by an uncle. The study of magic naturally led to an acquaintance with the devil, with whom he entered into a compact substantially the same as that cited (*ante*, p. 182) in a note. In company with an imp or spirit, given him by his friend Satan and attending on him in the guise of a black dog, he ranged freely through the world, playing off many singular pranks upon the way. No doubt, however, he enjoys the credit of a great deal of mischief he had no hand in, just as wits like Jekyl or Sheridan have all the

* It has been contended that the very name is an invented one; the notion being that it was given to a magician—*ob faustum in rebus peractu difficillimis successum.*

† So says the Conversations-Lexicon; but Dr. Stieglitz is silent on the point.

‡ Anhalt and Brandenburg also claim the honour of his birth.

§ A distinct title is assigned to each in the Conversations-Lexicon. The printer is supposed to have died of the plague in 1466.

puns of their contemporaries to answer for. "Shortly (says Görres) Faustus appeared conspicuous in history as the common representative of mischievous magicians, guilty of all kind of diablerie. Their sins, throughout centuries, were all laid at his door; and when the general faith, falling as it were to pieces, divided into ferocious schisms, is found a common point of approach in a man who, during his frequent tours, and his intercourse with all ranks of people, had boasted of his infernal connections and influence in the nether lands."*

Faust appears to have travelled mostly in a magic mantle, presenting himself in the cities he lighted on as a travelling scholar (*Fahrender Scholast*), a very common sort of vagabond in the middle ages. We trace him through Ingolstadt (where he is said to have studied), Prague, Erfurt, Leipsic, and Wittenberg, but cannot say with certainty what other places he visited in his tours. "About 1560 (says Mr. Carlyle in a short note about him in the Foreign Quarterly Review, No XVI.) his term of thaumaturgy being over, he disappeared; whether under a feigned name, by the rope of some hangman, or frightfully torn in pieces by the devil near the village of Rimlich, between twelve and one in the morning, let every reader judge for himself." There is no authority for the above very injurious insinuation, nor has Mr. Carlyle followed the best as to the date of Faust's disappearance. Nothing authentic was heard of him for nearly thirty years before. One anecdote, corroborative of the commonly received notion of his death, is worth recording. Neuman† relates, that when, during the Thirty Years' War, the enemy broke into Saxony, a detachment was quartered at a village called Breda, on the Elbe. The magistrate of the village sought out the commander, and informed him that his house had obtained a high celebrity through Faust's horrible death in it, as the blood-besprinkled walls still testified. At this information the conquerors stood astounded, and soon taking the alarm, endeavoured to save themselves by flight.

* *Volksbücher*, as translated by Mr. Roscoe.

† *Disquisitio de Fausto*, &c.

Faust had a disciple named Wagner, the son of a clergyman at Wasserburg. The name of Wagner also figures, as editor, on the title-pages of some works on magic attributed to Faust.

The most remarkable thing about this fable is its almost universal diffusion. It spread rapidly through France, Italy, Spain, England, Holland, and Poland, giving birth to numerous fictions, some of a high order of poetical merit. Amongst others, Calderon's *El Magico Prodigioso* has been attributed to it. St. Cyprian of Antioch was the model which Calderon really worked upon, but Goethe has been so unequivocally accused of plagiarism from this play, that I shall make a short digression for the purpose of conveying a general notion of the plot. Three scenes have been translated by Shelley.

The first scene is the neighbourhood of Antioch, where a solemnity in honour of Jupiter is in the act of celebration. Cyprian, who has begun to see the errors of polytheism, appears attended by two of his disciples carrying books. As he is meditating over a passage in Pliny relating to the nature and existence of God, the Evil One presents himself in the guise of a travelling gentleman who has lost his way. They have a dispute of some length, the devil defending the old superstition, and Cyprian attacking it. The devil has the worst of the argument, and makes a pretence for withdrawing himself, resolving to seduce Cyprian by means of a woman. For this purpose he selects Justine, one of the new converts to Christianity, who is living in Antioch under the care of her adopted father, Lysando.* She is beloved by Flora and Lælio, who are about to fight a duel, when they are interrupted by the accidental presence of Cyprian, who undertakes to see the lady, and ascertain which of them is favoured by her preference. He visits and falls in love with her himself, but is not more successful than the two young rivals have been; and his desires are at length worked up to such a pitch, that he resolves on making every sacrifice to attain the object of them. Whilst in this mood he witnesses a shipwreck, and

* This may remind the reader of Recha in Nathan the Wise.

offers the solitary survivor an asylum in his house. It is the demon, who professes himself able to procure Cyprian the possession of Justine, and, in testimony of his power, splits a rock (*penasco*) asunder, and discovers her asleep in the centre of it. Cyprian is thereby induced to sign with his blood a contract for the eventual surrender of his soul, upon condition that Justine be secured to him; which the devil contracts for in his turn. For the furtherance of his views, he studies magic, under the devil's instruction, until he has made himself a master of the art. Whilst Cyprian is thus accomplishing himself, Justine is beginning to relent, and, tempted by the devil, suffers amatory emotions to influence her to such a degree, that she is on the point of falling, but resists, and saves herself by faith. I am tempted to give an extract from Shelley's beautiful version of this scene; where the evil spirit is tempting the heroine :—

*Justine.*—

" 'Tis that enamour'd nightingale
Who gives me the reply;
He ever tells the same soft tale
Of passion and of constancy
To his mate, who, rapt and fond,
Listening sits, a bough beyond.
Be silent, nightingale!—no more
Make me think, in hearing thee
Thus tenderly thy love deplore,—
If a bird can feel his so,
What a man would feel for me?
And, voluptuous vine! O thou
Who seekest most when least pursuing,
To the trunk thou interlacest,
Art the verdure which embracest,
And the weight which is its ruin;
No more, with green embraces, vine,
Make me think on what thou lovest,—
For whilst thou thus thy boughs entwine,
I fear lest thou shouldst teach me, sophist,
How arms might be entangled too.
Light-enchanted sun-flower! thou
Who gazest, ever true and tender,
On the sun's revolving splendour!

Follow not his faithless glance
With thy faded countenance,
Nor teach my beating heart to fear,
If leaves can mourn without a tear,
How eyes must weep! O, nightingale,
Cease from thy enamour'd tale,—
Leafy vine, unwreathe thy bower,
Restless sun-flower, cease to move,—
Or tell me all, what poisonous power
Ye use against me—
*All.* Love! love! love!"

The devil, thus foiled in his expectations, can only bring Cyprian a phantom resembling her, and maintains that he has thereby fulfilled his contract, but in the end is obliged to own that he has not; that God—one God—the God of Christianity, prevents him from harming the maiden, herself a Christian. Cyprian draws his sword upon the devil, who is compelled to depart, leaving his intended victim to make his peace with God. This he does by becoming on the instant a complete convert to Christianity, the immediate result of which is that he is apprehended and condemned to die as a heretic in Antioch. Justine, in the mean time, has been exposed to a series of trials through the rivalry of Flora and Lælo, whose jealousy has been exasperated by various deceits put upon them by the devil; and at the period of Cyprian's condemnation, she also is condemned as a heretic. They suffer together after an affecting interview, in which their constancy is put to a severe trial, and the piece closes (if we except a few expressions of astonishment by the bystanders) with the appearance of the demon, mounted on a serpent, on high; who declares himself commanded by God to declare Justine's entire innocence.

There is a comic by-plot between the inferior character of the piece, with several bustling scenes between Floro, Lælio, Lysando, and Justine. The grand aim of the piece is obviously to exalt Christianity.

We may also refer to the histories of Virgilius, a magician who long preceded Faust,* in proof that we are not loosely

* See Roscoe's German Novelists, vol. i., p. 257. Paracelsus,

to attribute all traditions and fictions which have a necromantic doctor for their hero, to the latter. The works directly founded on or relating to Faust's history are numerous enough to satisfy the most ardent supporter of his dignity. Dr. Stieglitz makes the books alone amount to 106, and his catalogue is incomplete. For instance, he does not mention a modern French prose epopee of some note (I forget the precise title) in three volumes, published within the last six years; nor the old English work of 1594 mentioned by Mr. Roscoe * as lent to him by Mr. Douce; nor Mr. Roscoe's own volume; nor four out of six of the English dramatic adaptations. The Second Part of Faust had not appeared when Dr. Stieglitz wrote, nor could my own book have reached Germany early enough to be counted in his list. I also miss Dr. Franz Horn, who has given a detailed and very interesting account of the old puppet-show play.†

I proceed to mention the most remarkable of these productions.

First amongst those of the dramatic order, stand the old puppet-plays. Dr. Stieglitz mentions several of these as popular in the last century, but gives only a general account of them. I therefore follow Dr. Franz Horn, who is speak-

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Cornelius Agrippa, Cardanus, Thomas Campanella, Albertus Magnus, are enumerated by Dr. Stieglitz as early renowned for mysterious pursuits which went by the name of magical; and we might match our own Roger Bacon against any of them. See "The Famous Historie of Fryer Bacon, with the Lives and Deaths of the Two Conjurors Bungye and Vandermast," reprinted in 1815.

* "The Second Report of Doctor John Faustus, containing his Appearances, and the Deedes of Wagner, written by an English Gentleman, Student in Wittenberg, an University of Germany, in Saxony. Published for the delight of all those which desire Novelties, by a Friend of the same Gentleman. London, printed by Abell Jeffes, for Cuthbert Burby, and are to be sold at the middle shop, at Saint Milfred Church by the Stockes, 1594."

† In his *Freundliche Schriften*, (Th. 2), and also in his *Poesie und Beredsamkeit &c.*, vol. 2, p. 263. At p. 258, he gives a short account of the old puppet-play of Don Juan, whom he calls, in another work, the antithesis of Faust.

ing of a representation which he witnessed himself about the year 1807.

The first scene represents Faust sitting in his study with a large book before him, in much the same attitude in which he is represented by Marlow and Goethe. After some reflections on the vanity of knowledge, he steps into the magic circle and conjures up the devils, for the purpose, it would seem, of selecting one of them for his slave. He questions each in turn as to his comparative swiftness, and after rejecting one by one those who merely profess to be as swift as air, arrows, plagues, &c., he chooses the one who says he is as swift as the thoughts of men. "In later versions," says Dr. Horn, "Faust is made to choose the devil who is as swift as the transition from good to evil." Faust is interrupted by the entrance of Wagner, who is represented as a lively sort of person apeing his master. Then enters Kasperl, the Mr. Merryman of the piece, who soon throws Wagner into the shade. Indeed, on the hiring of Kasperl as Faust's servant by Wagner, which takes place after a humorous dialogue between the two, Wagner drops out of view and Kasperl figures as the only attendant upon Faust. So soon as Kasperl is left alone, he is driven by curiosity to peep into Faust's Book of Magic, and succeeds with much difficulty in spelling out two words: *Berlik*, a spell to call up devils, and *Berluk*, spell to send them away. He forthwith puts his new knowledge to the test, and amuses himself by repeating the words so rapidly one after the other, that it is only by the utmost exertion of their activity that the devils can keep pace with him and obey the word of command. In the end, however, he gets a knock-down blow or rebuff which closes the scene.

Faust is next represented as anxious to enter into a compact with the devil, with the view of adding to his own influence upon earth. The compact is ready, and Faust is bringing ink to subscribe it, when the devil with a laugh explains to him that his own blood will be required. He complies, and opens a vein in his hand; the blood forms itself into the letters H. F. (*Homo, fuge*), and the warning is followed up by the appearance of a guardian-angel, but in vain. Mephistopheles, who had retreated before the

angel, re-appears: and a raven flies off with the paper, now subscribed by Faust, in its beak.

The only use Faust makes of his newly-acquired power, is to wander from place to place playing tricks. The palace of an Italian duke is the scene of all those which are represented in this show; where he calls up Samson, Goliah, Solomon, Judith, &c. &c. for the amusement of the duchess. He is thus growing into high favour with her, when the duke, whether from jealousy or from some other cause which does not appear, makes an attempt to poison him, and Faust prudently moves off. I must not forget to mention that Kasperl is as facetious as usual during their sojourn in Italy, but on his master's sudden flight, he appears reduced to the most melancholy condition by solitude. For company's sake, he invokes a devil, and embraces it with the utmost warmth of affection when it appears. This devil is touched by his situation, promises to convey him back to Germany, and advises him to apply for the place of watchman when there. Kaspar* thanks him heartily for his flattering advice, but modestly declares that he cannot sing; to which the devil replies that the watchmen in Germany are not required to sing better than they can.

Faust is now again in his Fatherland, but his term is nearly expired, and he whiningly asks the devil, who by the contract is always to speak the truth, whether it be yet possible for him to come to God. The devil stammers out a soft, "I know not," and flies trembling away. Faust kneels down to pray, but his devotions are interrupted by the vision of Helen, sent by the Evil One to prevent him from relapsing into faith. He yields to the temptation, and all hope is at an end.

It is now the night of the catastrophe. As the clock strikes nine, a voice from above calls to Faust: *Bereite dich,—Prepare thyself;* and shortly afterwards the same voice exclaims: *Du bist angeklagt,—Thou art arraigned.* It strikes ten, and as Kasperl (in his capacity of watch-

* Dr. Horn spells the name sometimes *Kasperl*, and sometimes *Kaspar*.

man) calls the hour, the voice exclaims: *Du bist gerichtet, —Thou art judged.* "Thus then," says Franz Horn, "no retreat is any longer possible, for the judgment (*Urtheil* not *Verurtheil*) is passed, and though not yet pronounced, still quite clear to the forebodying spirit." On the stroke of midnight, the voice calls for the last time: *Du bist auf ewig verdammt,—Thou art damned to all eternity;* and after a short monologue, Faust falls into the power of the Evil One. The piece concludes with another exhibition of buffoonery by Kaspar, who comes upon the stage just as his master is borne off.

None of the other puppet-show plays of which we have any accurate account, differ materially from the above.

The pantomimes founded on Faust are numerous, but I have found it impossible to acquire more than a vague and hearsay knowledge of them, nor perhaps is a more particular knowledge desirable. Only two produced at Leipzig in 1770 and 1809, and one produced at Vienna in 1779, are recorded by Dr. Stieglitz; but Mr Winston, the Secretary to the Garrick Club, a gentleman remarkably well versed in dramatic history, has obligingly supplied me with a copy of the following three entries in his own private catalogue of performances:—

"Harlequin Dr. Faustus, with the Masques of the Deities, produced at Drury Lane in 1724. Published in Oct. 1724. By Thurmond, a dancing-master. Pantomime.

"Harlequin Dr. Faustus, 1766; a revival of the last, with alterations by Woodward.

"Harlequin Dr. Faustus, or the Devil will have his Own. Pantomime. 1793."

Marlow's play* seems to be the earliest regular drama

* It was acted in 1594 by the Lord Admiral's servants. From Mr. Collier's Annals of the Stage (vol. iii. p. 126), it appears that a considerable portion of Marlow's play, as it has come down to us, is the work of other hands. The earliest known edition is that of 1604; but it must have been written some time before, as it is supposed to have suggested "The Honourable History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay," published in 1594, by Greene. See Collier, vol. iii. p. 159, and Dyce's Edition of Greene's Works. Marlow's Faustus has been translated into German by W. Müller with a Preface by von Arnim, one of the editors of the Wunderhorn

founded on the fable; one by Mountfort, also an Englishman, the next.* A play extemporised by a company of actors at Mainz in 1746, is the first of which anything certain is recorded in Germany.† Since Marlow's time, between thirty and forty dramatic fictions have been founded on it. The great majority of these have been elicited by Goethe's. Maler Müller, and two or three others, undoubtedly preceded him, so far at least as publication is concerned;‡ but the designs differ widely, and no one, after reading Müller's, will suspect Goethe of borrowing much from it. There is considerable power in the soliloquies, and the scene in which the emblems of Wealth, Power, Pleasure, and Glory, are in turns exhibited to Faust, is very finely conceived; but the greater part is occupied by tedious colloquies between subordinate characters, and the plot has not time to develope itself before the Fragment concludes. There are two or three points of imperfect analogy, which I will name.

The first scene, instead of representing the Lord wagering with Mephistopheles that he cannot seduce Faust, represents Lucifer wagering with Mephistopheles that no truly great (that is firm, and stedfast) man is to be found upon earth. Mephistopheles undertakes to prove that Faust is such a man; so that in Goethe's drama we have Mephistopheles depreciating, and in Müller's exalting, the character of Faust. Again—Wagner makes his first entrance during one of Faust's soliloquies, which he breaks off; and Margaret is represented as conversing with her lover from her window in this manner:—

*Kölbel.* "Margaret, my charmer, my angel! Oh, that I were above there, in thy arms!

*Margaret.* "Hush! I hear my sister; my uncle coughs.

* Life and Death of Dr. Faustus, by W. Mountfort, brought out at Queen's Theatre, Dorset Gardens; published in 4to. 1697.

† Neuman, *Disquis. de Fausto*, says generally that it was dramatised in the seventeenth century.

‡ Johann Faust, an allegorical Drama in five Acts, was published at Munich in 1775. As to the chronological history of Goethe's Faust, see *ante*, p. 153, note.

Come round to the other window, and I have something more to say to you.

*Kölbel.* "With all my heart, love."

There is no want of charity in supposing that this love-adventure ended much in the same manner as that recorded by Goethe; and the expressions strongly resemble those, *ante*, p. 108. Some similarity in the soliloquies was to be anticipated, as they necessarily turn upon the same topics of discontent, but there is one reply made by Müller's Faust to the devil, which bears so close a likeness to one placed by Goethe in his mouth (*ante*, p. 49), that I shall quote it also as it stands:—

*Faust.* "Know'st thou then all my wishes?

*Sixth Devil.* "—And will leave them in the consummation far behind.

*Faust.* "How! if I required it, and thou wert to bear me to the uppermost stars,—to the uppermost part of the uppermost, shall I not bring a human heart along with me, which in its wanton wishes will nine times surpass thy flight? Learn from me that man requires more than God and Devil can give."

Previously to the publication of *Faust's Leben dramatisirt* (the piece I quote from), Müller had published (in 1776) a fragment entitled, "A Situation out of Faust's Life." It presents nothing remarkable.

Among the writers who have followed Goethe in writing poems, dramas, or dramatic scenes about Faust, are Lenz, Schreiber, Klinger, Von Soden, Schink, Von Chamisso, Voigt, Schöne, Berkowitz, Klingemann, Grabbe, Holtei, Harro Harring, Rosenkranz, Hofmann, Bechstein, and Pfizer; besides those who have published anonymously.

Lessing, it is well known, had drawn up two plans for a drama upon Faust; he has only left us one fragment of a scene. This has been translated by Lord F. L. Egerton (now Lord Ellesmere), and appended to his translation of Goethe's Faust. Madame de Stael suggests that Goethe's plan was borrowed from it, and she is probably right as regards the Prologue in Heaven. The only difference is that Lessing's is a Prologue in Hell, where one of the attendant spirits proposes to Satan the seduction of Faust,

who assents and declares the plan a feasible one, on being informed that Faust has an overweening desire of knowledge. The whole of this fragment would not more than fill two of my pages. See, as to Lessing's plans, his *Briefe die neueste Literatur betreffend*, Part i., p. 103; the *Analecten für die Literatur*, Part i., p. 110; and the Second Part of his Theatrical Legacy (*Nachlass*).

Dr. Stieglitz has no less than four Operas upon his list. Of those by Bäuerle and von Voss, I know nothing. That by Bernard and Spöhr has been received with considerable applause in Germany, but the plot is mostly made up out of the old traditionary stories, and the composer seems very rarely to have had Goethe's drama in his mind. An *Opera Seria*, entitled *Fausto*, was also produced at Paris in March, 1831, the music by Mademoiselle Louise Bertin; this I never saw, nor do I know whether it succeeded or not. The Ballet of Faust, imported last year (1832), must be fresh in everybody's recollection; the descent scene had a fine effect in Paris, but it was completely spoiled at our Italian Opera House by the shallowness of the stage. The devils were brought so near to the spectators, that the very materials of their infernal panoply were clearly distinguishable.

A "Romantic Musical Drama," called first "Faustus," and afterwards "the Devil and Dr. Faustus," the joint production of Messrs. Soane and Terry, was brought out at Drury Lane in May, 1825; and by the aid of Stansfield's scenery and Terry's excellent acting in Mephistopheles, it had a considerable run. It was afterwards published by Simpkin and Marshall.

The most successful attempt to set Faust to music is that of the late Prince Radzivil. His composition is spoken of in the highest terms of approbation, and I understand that the Princess (his widow) has printed, or is about to print, the whole for circulation among her friends. Goethe's approval of the attempt has been unequivocally expressed. —(*Works*, vol. xxx., p. 89.)

It appears from the correspondence between Goethe and Zelter, (vol. ii. pp. 424, 429), that Zelter once undertook to write music for Faust by the desire of the author; nor

must I forget to mention that Goethe's Faust has been adapted to the stage by Tieck. It was first acted in its altered state at Leipzig and Dresden on the 28th of August, 1829, the anniversary of Goethe's eightieth birthday, and is now a stock-piece at the principal theatres. A good deal of discussion took place at the time as to the fitness of the poem for theatrical representation at all ;* though Schlegel, who considers the question in his lectures on the drama (Lect. 15) and decides in the negative, appears to have set the question at rest.

To make this appendix complete, I shall here recapitulate the whole of the commentaries with which I am acquainted.

Ueber Goethe's Faust: Vorlesungen von Dr. Schubarth, Berlin, 1830.

Ueber Goethe's Faust und dessen Fortsetzung, nebst einem Anhange von dem ewigen Juden, Leipzig, 1824.

Aesthetische Vorlesungen ueber Goethe's Faust, &c., von Dr. Hinrichs, Halle, 1825.

Ueber Calderon's Tragoedie vom Wunderthatigen Magus; Ein Beitrag zum Verstandniss der Faustischen Fabel, von Karl Rosenkrantz, Halle und Leipzig, 1829.

Ueber Erklärung und Fortsetzung des Faust im Allgemeinen &c., von K. Rosenkrantz, Leipzig, 1831.

Doctor Faustus, Tragödie von Marlowe &c.; aus dem Englischen übersetzt von W. Müller. Mit einer Vorrede von Ludwig von Arnim, Berlin, 1808.

Herold's Stimme zu Goethe's Faust, von C. F. G——l, Leipzig, 1831.

Zur Beurtheilung Goethe's, mit Beziehung auf verwandte Literatur und Kunst, von Dr. Schubarth, 1820; a work in two volumes, of which a large part is occupied with Faust.

Goethe aus persönlichem Umgange dargestellt, von Falk ; the last 110 pages of which consist of a Commentary on Faust.

Vorlesungen über Goethe's Faust, von Dr. Rauch, 1830.

M. von Arnim's Preface to the German translation of Marlow's Faust.

* See Bechstein's Pamphlet, published at Stuttgardt, 1831.

In Schlegel's Lectures on Dramatic Literature, Lect. 15, there are a few remarks. Faust also forms the subject of some letters in the *Briefwechsel* between Schiller and Goethe, vol. iii. pp. 129—186.

It only remains to mention the artists who have taken the old tradition or the modern drama of Faust for their subject-matter. Of the former class, I know but two worth mentioning: one is Rembrandt, who has left a head of Faust, and a sketch of him in his study, sitting just as Goethe has described him, in the midst of books and instruments, with a magic circle ready drawn and a skeleton half hidden by a curtain in the room. The other is van Sichem, a Dutch artist, born about 1580. He has left two sketches: a scene between Faust and Mephistopheles, and a scene between Wagner and an attendant spirit, Auerhain by name. These are minutely described by Dr. Stieglitz, and I have seen a copy of the sketch by Rembrandt. The pictures in Auerbach's cellar are described, *ante*, p. 186.

The illustrators of Faust mentioned by Dr. Stieglitz (and I know of no others) are: Retzsch, with his English imitator Moses, and a French imitator who modestly conceals his name; Nauwerk, Nehrlich, Näke, Ramberg, Lacroix (for Stapfer's translation),* and Cornelius, whose designs were engraved by Ruschweyh in Rome. Of these, the most celebrated are Retzsch and Cornelius. It is quite unnecessary to speak of Retzsch, whose fame is now universally diffused. Cornelius was formerly at the head of the school of painting at Düsseldorf, and is now (1834) President of the Academy of Design at Munich. He enjoys the reputation of being the first historical painter in Germany, and his illustrations of Faust have great merit; but being in the largest folio, and three or four pounds in price, they are comparatively little known.

* See Goethe's Post. Works, vol. vi. p. 169.

THE END.

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